Pigs Is Pigs

Every Time I Die

Oh Lord I am saved
Judge says I am fit to swing
'Bout time I have prayed
My woman just might wear my ring
Oh you know I'm no good
You know I'm no good
At court ordered goodbyes
But when I'm gone you'll see, I'll be a better man yet
For the dispossession, take it back in to your arms
Better keep me close to your heart
You better keep me close to your heart
The defiant had me cornered in a store
And it let me walk out the front door
At the scene of the crime
Hang 'em high, keep your thoughts breached
Let 'em swing, make 'em swing till it hurts
And if you still believe that men guilty of love can't survive
Then hang 'em high or not at all
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no
Oh you know it gets hard
It just gets so hard going limp in your arms
I'm approaching a smoking gun
There's no chance of me walking out of here alive
This is all very literal
I can't bring myself around to write an excuse this time
We're liberated by the hearts that are prisoners
We're taken hostage by the ones that we break
Throw the book, throw the book
Throw the book, throw the book
You had me strung up by the tail
And you put me back
Hang 'em high, keep your thoughts breached
Let 'em swing, make 'em swing till it hurts
And if you still believe that men guilty of love can't survive
Then hang 'em high or not at all
Where did you get the privilege to pardon me?

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