

# Botched Execution

## Shovels & Rope

They botched my execution back in 1996  
I climbed out of a window and I hopped over the fence  
Had to dig myself a tunnel, put my feet on the cement  
And started runnin' runnin' runnin' and ain't nobody seen me since  
So, now I gotta find a friend, someone to tell  
I didn't do it  
But my picture's in the paper and there's no way that I can prove it  
And the body's in the closet 'cause I never got to move it  
Now the neighbor's kids are talking sayin' everybody knew it  
All my little seeds have grown  
Sooner later come back home  
Leave a trail of crumbs a little lure for them to bite on  
In a Motel 6, thank God nobody left the light on  
Dressed myself in women's clothing and a wig that I had tried on  
Tried to cleanse myself of all those alibis I had relied on  
Now I'm lying on my back looking at the ceiling  
When suddenly I am distracted by that old familiar feeling  
With the table and the devil and the cards that he was dealing  
I was sure enough a slave and some poor soul I would be stealing tonight  
All my little seeds have grown  
Sooner later come back home  
Hitched my skirt, climbed up a car on the railroad  
Found myself a'gazing down the barrel at the crossroad  
Hide out in the circus, rob a bank, hit the payload  
Or wait out in the darkness with the freaks and kinda lay low  
A storm had downed a power line, laying on the trainway  
Standing in a puddle, felt a shock and in a ditch lay  
In my final moments I could hear the lucky judge say  
Well, I guess the execution went as scheduled anyways  
All my little seeds have grown  
Sooner later come back home  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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