

Face The Hangman

Poison

Looking for what I need
I heard a tale that somewhere
That a dude had a real go at me

So like a rat race cowboy
I slipped into the human zoo
Headed down some trouble
Got myself a drink or two

Well I took to the streets
And I took to the bars
Marched right in but I didn't get far
Manager said hey boy there's the door
But I didn't leave until I evened the score

I gotta face the hangman
Gotta pay for what I done
I gotta face the hangman
Or by the noose I swing
In the morning sun

Like a tipsy gypsy
Looking like I'd been had
But like the story says
This wild-eyed boy is bad

I got a police squad car
Taxi to the local slam
They said
Son you're gonna pay for what you've done
But I don't give a damn

Just cause I like to drink and dance all night
An alley cat brawl in an old fist fight

Give me no lip boy or I'll kick you in the mouth
Watch you head fly north and your teeth fly south

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In the morning sun

Now the judge looked and me and said
"That boy, he definitely be guilty"
Oh let him swing

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