Swampland

Magoon

Quicksand, I'm in it's grip
Quicksand, I'm in it's grip
A sinken in the mud
Patron saint of the bog
They come with boots of blood
With pitchfork and with club
And they're chantin' out my name
And they got doggies screamin' on a chainLucy, I'll love you till the end
They hunt me like a dog
Down in swamp landSo come my executioner
Come my bounty hunter
Come my county killers
I cannot run no more
I cannot run no more
I cannot run no more
No, I can't, noOh, Lucy, you won't see this face again
When I caught you swing and burn
Down in swamp landThe trees are veiled in fog
The trees are veiled in fog
Like so many jilted brides
Hey and now they're all breakin down and cryin'
Splashing tears upon my face
Splashing tears cold upon my face
And they smell of gasoline, I screamLucy, you made a sinner right out of me
And now I'm burnin' like a saint
Down in swamp landSo come my executioner
Come my bounty hunter
Come my county killers
I cannot run no more
I cannot run no more
I cannot run no more
I cannot run no more
No, I can'tDown in swamp land

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