

Hanging Tree

Bob Mould

Another exit on the freeway
Another bridge I cannot bear to cross alone
And I've been on the mend
I've been getting ready to change my name again And once I had a love so fair
Once I had a reason to keep on
You left a paragraph taped upon my door
It said, 'Don't wait up 'cause I ain't comin' home' So I've been driving far and wide to find my call in life
Been looking for a place where I belong
I guess a little pain never killed anyone
Well, I guess I feel that way again Well, I can't come clean, I cannot stay
Got no reason to explain
I've been here too long, I need a change
And I hope you'll understand Stained glass window never gonna carry my name
Been laid to rest in a field of sticks and stones
And above my head all that's left are footsteps
Of some kid too young, too far away from home So don't send me invitations to your big parade
Place of residence unknown
In my eyes there is no compromise
There is no calm before the storm These things happen all the time
Should I throw myself from the hanging tree?
Is there a place for those of us who don't belong?
Well, I haven't found it yet

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