

The Big Sleep

Murder by Death

At the end of the road he calls everyone home
And the fire will consume us striking through to the bone
At the end of the road you will soon hear him call
As the congregations crumble and the chapels will fall And the taste on your tongue, well, it comes, yeah, it
comes
With the bittersweet pang of remorse and pain
Till the judgment is made, the prosecution's won
The gavel has fallen and justice is done The courtroom clears, I'm left alone on the bench
My wife and children gone along with the defense
The bailiff leads me back to my cell
Like the river man ferrying me to hell I can't blame them, no, to hate me for what I've done
I hear them whispering in the hall, you live and die by the gun
All I can do is sit here and pray, I'll be forgiven on judgment day Tell my wife in our yard buried underneath the
pine
There's a shoe box full of money of which I never earned a dime
Use it to start over the way things should have been
Live honest and love again
Tell my wife, tell my kids, I never meant for this to happen When they flip the switch, please do not stay
I couldn't bear for you to remember me this way

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