Three Men Hanging

Murder By Death

Get on with it, put off the fuss you chicken shit
Get on with it, can't you see it's time to quitI seen three men hangin' from a sycamore
Their bodies were stiff as a two by four
And their heads were tilted down towards the groundAnd it ain't been long since they been up there
That their bodies turned cold hangin' in that air
And they might have froze before that news got to themGet on with it, put off the fuss you chicken shit
Get on with it, can't you see it's time to quitOld scratch has dealt us a dirty hand
He had the look of a saint but the greed of the man
And his face was worn and wrinkled like a leather bookAnd if I put this revolver to my head
Will God turn against me instead
Of taking pity on a broken man?Get on with it, get on with it
Get on with it, get on with it

Songwriters
Matthew Taylor Armstrong;Alexander Schrodt;Sarah Jackson Balliet;Adam Michael TurlaPublished by RAM ISLAND SONGS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/