

Tomb of Liegia

Team Sleep

In 1969
I killed a man of mine
In a small Montana town
I was hunted down by houndsHear the night hawk cry
Their voices dry and hollow
Hear the crowd cheer
They cheer me to the gallowsIn 1985
I was doing time alive
I made a plan to escape
And live as the lady
Of the lakeHear the crowd of ghosts
Their voices dry and hollow
Can't you hear their calls
They cheer me to the gallows1995 was the year
I came up for trial
I listened to his song
And watched the sun
Make the shadows longHear the night hawk call
His voice is dry and hollow
Hear the crowd call
They cheer me to the gallowsHear the night hawk call
His voice is dry and hollow
Hear the night hawk cry
In a voice that's hollow

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