

Murder Ballad In G Minor

The Rosewood Thieves

There once lived a man high on a hill,
His wife and his children are living there still,
He wasn't a man of many needs,
He worked so hard 'til the day that he was killed,
He moved to the town where his mother was born,
He got on a train and his ticket was torn,
He found and he married the most beautiful girl,
But you better watch out she's evil they warn,
And he said "No, no, no. It can't be true.",
They said "Oh my God you don't what that woman can do.",

I look at her eyes the magic I swear,
Her wet country lips and her long brown hair,
The way she rolls her pants when she's walking through the stream,
The way she holds a knife when she's slicing a pear,
And they said "She might look perfect but she'll bring you grief. She's done it before, yeah she's done it to me.
When she was young, she was left on the steps of a church. But nobody would take her not even the priest.",
He said "No, no, no. It cannot be true.",
But they said "Oh my God you don't know what that woman can do.",

On his birthday on May the 5th,
His family gathered 'round the kitchen and they gave him a gift,
His children handed him a mandolin,
And he blew out the candles and she gave him one last kiss,
She said "Follow me." and she took him to the barn,
And tied him up with ropes around his arms,
She poured a bucket of gasoline,
And she tossed her cigarette and ran and waited for the fire alarm,
And he screamed "No, no, no! Oh no it can't be true! But I'm starting to believe in what this evil woman can do!",

Because you don't listen this is what you get,
She told everybody it was an accident,
But a couple a nights ago we all heard her confess,
To somebody in a bathroom while we listened through the vent.

Lyrics submitted by MakeshiftMuse.

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