

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 quit
I seen three men hangin' from a sycamore
Their bodies were stiff as a two by four
And their heads were tilted down towards the ground
And 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 them
Get on with it, put off the fuss you chicken shit
Get on with it, can't you see it's time to quit
Old 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 book
And 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

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