

# The Big Sleep (Album Version)

## 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

Songwriters

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by  
RAM ISLAND SONGS (\*SEE NOTES\*)

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