

Hang 'Em High

Van Halen

Somewhere, he lost it in a turn
Now trouble seems to fit him like a glove
First come, first served, he's serving it back
He travels light, without a pack, without love
He comes from nowhere and he turns on his own
Late for the hangin', yes he's headed for the moon
And hang 'em high
Leather 'cross his thighs
Blasting out the night, his cap hides his eyes
One eye on the road, price upon his head
One ear to the ground, he's listening to the dead
He comes from nowhere and he turns on his own
Late for the hangin', yes he's headed for the moon
And hang 'em high
Blind to himself and he's laughing up his scheme
Looking back in anger, the city is relieved
Vision of light, child of the night passing by
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