

# Twistin'

## Slaid Cleaves

Years ago on an April day  
A crowd gathered from miles around  
Over a thousand, I heard one say  
All around me on the square in town  
Ladies dressed up in their best  
Kids ran around and played  
They all come to see me I guessed  
Me and the sheriff and a man in chains  
The Reverend Sam began a prayer  
To the women, the men, the boys and girls  
"We are graveyard sons and daughters  
Passing through an unfriendly world"  
A few last words and down he goes  
Teeth bared in an awful grin  
A cheer rises up from the crowd  
As I hold him, twistin in the wind  
Men held up their babies to see  
Reporters jotted down a tale  
Hawkers brought out lemonade  
And the ladies headed for the hangin' day sale  
From time to time these folks would come  
And all but one would walk away  
I'd shudder as the rope snapped tight  
But I got used to hanging day  
Now they don't gather round no more  
Though I'm tall and stouter still  
Now they do it all behind closed doors  
They say it's a better way to kill  
The Reverend Sam began a prayer  
To the women, the men, the boys and girls  
"We are graveyard sons and daughters  
Passing through an unfriendly world"  
A few last words and down he goes  
Teeth bared in an awful grin  
A cheer rises up from the crowd  
As I hold him, twistin in the wind  
One more poor boy dead and gone  
Twistin in the wind

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