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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