

there's a story on a thimble
on a dimple, on a pea
and it's absolutely true until the end
when they pan out in the titles
we can see you're still alive
and the maitre'd is not your special friend

there's a road in a wrong place
twice as far out
and a bitch on a bridge
yeh the bridge was a bitch
with a heavenly drawn out roll of her lips
she undid the straps and smiled

that man will not hang
that man he will never hang

there's a man you should meet
and he might be under arrest
but believe me when i tell you he's ok
he ran the mohawk out of living rooms across the land
and introduced me to the joys of doubt

there's a dream, there's a barn
there was a story, it was a boring one
but honestly i tried to stay awake
born to hang and proud of it
i base my claim on credit

that man will not hang
that man he will never hang

he realised he wanted to have children with this girl
he pulled her to his side and quietly
gave away his heart like it was his to give away

wednesday the studio come knocking
excuse them but they need their property
gave away his heart like it was his to give away