

William Elliott Whitmore

"From The Cell Door To The Gallows"

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Well, I heard 6 shots ring out in succession and it broke
the night air like a giant wave
And in my knife blade I saw my own reflection and the
devil was at the front gate

And just when you wish that you were dead
Oh may the light shine down upon your head

Well, it's a long walk from the cell door to the gallows
It's a long walk for a prisoner to take
And when your last resort is pray to the lord that the
noose is weak enough to break

Oh shine, shine, shine, shine, shine down
Oh shine down upon my head

Well there's certain things you just can't escape from
No matter how far and how fast you decide to run
And when the last thing to take has been taken
And the last prayer has rolled off your tongue
/]

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