

Dirt Poor Robins "I Shot A Man"

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I shot a man, I heard him fall
I heard his desperate dying call
I saw his eyes grow dim in shade
I saw his color drain and fade

I didn't know that final blow
Would claim his life and end it so
I wash and wash to clean these hands
Because I shot a man

I shot a man, now all I see
Is red, the shade of history
It's love in blood and hate the same
It burns my conscience with it's flame

I couldn't tell the requiem bell
Would ring and bring this living hell
Now heaven tight's I cannot spin
Because I shot a man

I shot a man because I knew
My darkest depths he peered into
He saw inside this hard of skin
He saw inside and still climbed in
He looked at me and I could see
The cost of immortality

I shot him through the feet and hands
My God, oh God, I shot a man.

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