

10,000 Maniacs "I'm Not The Man"

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It crawls on his back, won't ever let him be
Stares at the walls until the cinder blocks can breathe
His eyes have gone away, escaping over time
He rules a crowded nation inside his mind

He knows that night like his hand
He knows every move he made
Late shift, the bell that rang, a time card won't fade

10:05 his truck pulled home
10:05 he climbed his stair
About the time he was accused of being there

But I'm not the man
He goes free as I wait on the row for the man
To test the rope, he'll slip around my throat and silence
me

On the day he was tried, no witness testified
Nothing but evidence, not hard to falsify
His own confession was a prosecutor's prize
Made up of fear, of rage and of outright lies

But I'm not the man
He goes free as the candle vigil glows
As they burn my clothes

As the crowd cries, "Hang him slow!"
And I feel my blood go cold, he goes free

Call out the K K K, they're wild after me
And with that frenzied look of half-demented zeal
They'd love to serve me up my final meal

Who'll read my final rite and hear my last appeal?
Who struck this devil's deal?

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