Hine Rupert "I Think A Man Will Hang Soon"

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I think a man will hang soon

He's hiding in a back room

His morals are confused now

Like walls they're bound to crack soon

The room turns to a corner

His choice is getting smaller

There'll be no need for violence

For years he's thought it out in silence

I think a man will hang soon

Contorted by the full moon

Someone should hide the noose now

This place may make us blind soon

And no one shares his sadness

So it changes into madness

He'll chant throughout his trial

He will be sentenced on arrival

A woman scorned is witness

And they believe her innocence

In sweet revenge she has one need

The ace is safe inside her sleeve

The ace is safe

I think a man will hang soon

His face is not his fortune

I think a man will hang soon

The scent's disguised by perfume

She will accept no rival

The bitch's hand is on the Bible

I think a man will hang soon

He only broke the curfew

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