

Lefty Frizzell

"Why Don't You Kill Me?"

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While everyone is yearning, to seek the ancient
learning.
We stare into the darkness, of mankind in his sleep,
They pray that they are righteous, but sadly they all lie
to us.
And the solitary preacher, ignores them as they weep,
He looks down from his vantage point, the rich man's
head they now anoint,
And he teaches them the meaning, of people dying for
a cause.
He leads the blind to battle, like herds of holy cattle,
And he watches from a distance, as they play their
games of war.

Father of the night, unleash the seeds of hate,
Be watchful for the morning, for there is no time to
waste.
The kiss of pride excites you, in rows of crimson stone.
The kiss of life deceives you, too long to be alone.
Why don't you kill me, why don't you kill me.

At dusk he waits in silence, preparing for the night.
Draining off his memories to train his heart to fight
Searching for a reason, he plays the game so well.
Waiting for an answer, he raps the gates of hell.
Why don't you kill me, why don't you kill me.

And when the game is over, the loser pays his price.
Gives man another reason to scream into the night.
The lives that seem so empty, regret that they were
born.
The warrior holds his breath, as he watches for the
dawn.
Why don't you kill me, why don't you kill me.

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