

Lonnie Donegan

"The Mercy Seat"

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It began when they took me from home
And put me in Dead Row,
Of which I am nearly wholly innocent,
And I'll tell you again
I... am... not... afraid... to... die.

I began to warm and chill
To objects and their fields,
A ragged cup and a twisted mop
The face of Jesus in my soup.
Those sinister dinner deals,
The meal trolley's wicked wheels,
A hooked bone rising from my food,
All things either good or ungood.

And the mercy seat is waiting,
And I think my head is burning,
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this weighing up of truth.
An eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth,
And anyway I told the truth
And I'm not afraid to die.

Interpret signs in catalogue,
A blackened tooth, a scarlet fog,
The walls are the baddest, blackest kind,
They are a sick breath at my hind
They are a sick breath at my hind
They are a sick breath at my hind
They are a sick breath gathering at my hind.

I hear stories from the chamber,
How Christ was born into a manger,
And like some ragged stranger, he died upon the
cross.
And might I say it seems so fitting in it's way,
He was a carpenter by trade,
Or at least that's what I'm told.

My hand tattooed E.V.I.L. across it's brother's fist,
That filthy five! They did nothing to resist!

In Heaven His throne is made of gold,
And the Ark of his Testament is stowed,
A throne from which I'm told,
All history does unfold.
Down here it's made of wood and wire,
And my body is on fire,
And God is never far away.

Into the mercy seat I climb,
My head is shaved, my head is wired.
And like a moth that tries
To enter the bright eye.
So I go shuffling out of life,
Just to hide in death awhile.
And anyway I never lied.

My kill-hand is called E.V.I.L.
Wears a wedding band that's G.O.O.D.
'Tis a long-suffering shackle

Collaring all that rebel blood.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this weighing up of truth.
An eye for an eye,
And a tooth for a tooth,
And anyway I told the truth,
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is burning
And I think my head is glowing
And in a way I'm hoping
To be done with all this weighing up of truth.
An eye for an eye,
And a tooth for a tooth,
And I've got nothing left to lose
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is glowing,
And I think my head is smoking,
And in a way I'm hoping
To be done with all this looks of disbelief.
An eye for an eye,
And a tooth for a tooth,
And anyway there was no proof,
Nor a motive why.

And the mercy seat is smoking,
And I think my head is melting,

And in a way I'm helping
To be done with all this twisted of the truth.
A lie for a lie,
And a truth for a truth,
And I've got nothing left to lose,
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is melting,
And I think my blood is boiling,
And in a way I'm spoiling
All the fun with all this truth and consequence.
An eye for an eye,
And a truth for a truth,
And anyway I told the truth
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is waiting,
And I think my head is burning,
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof.
A life for a life,
And a truth for a truth,
And anyway there was no proof,
But I'm not afraid to lie.

And the mercy seat is waiting,
And I think my head is burning,
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of truth.
An eye for an eye,
And a truth for a truth,
And anyway I told the truth...
But I'm afraid I told a lie.

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