

Murder City Devils "Press Gang"

Visit "[Press Gang](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Pecked by the seagulls, hanging from the gallows
Twisting in the breeze, dripping something on the
streets
I can see him from my window, they can see him from
the water
Just a victim of the press gang
I knew him when he was breathing
He was a good man, he was a young man
He was like you, he was like me
It could've been me
It could've been me
Twisting in the breeze
(Cut him down, cut him down)
Left for the children on the street
(Cut him down, cut him down)
On the street
He should've kept his mouth shut
He never shoulda left that ship
Don't go drinking down by the docks
You don't know if you'll wake up
I knew him when he was breathing
He was a good man, he was a young man
He was like you, he was like me
It could've been me
It could've been me
Twisting in the breeze
(Cut him down, cut him down)
Left for the children on the street
(Cut him down, cut him down)
On the street
Woke up on the water
No one ever asked him if he wanted to go
Didn't have any options
He was smart - he got out when he could
Should've stayed in the Pacific
Should've stayed in the Pacific
Coulda had it good
Any island, any island wouldn't do
Any island wouldn't do
I knew him when he was breathing
He was a good man, he was a young man
He was like you, he was like me

It could've been you
It should've been me
But it shoulda been the press gang
(Cut him down, cut him down)
But it shoulda been the press gang
(Cut him down, cut him down)
Cut him down, cut him down
Cut him down
On the street

Visit [Murder City Devils](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.