

Rupert Hine

"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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