

Murder by Death "The Big Sleep"

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At the end of the road he calls everyone home
And the fire will consume us
Striking through to the bone
At the end of the road you will soon hear him call
As the congregations crumble and the chapels will fall

And the taste on your tongue
Well it comes yeah it comes
With the bittersweet pang of remorse and pain
Till the judgment is made
The prosecution's won
The gavel has won and justice is done

The courtroom clears and I'm left alone on the bench
My wife and children gone along with my defense
The bailiff leads me back to my cell
Like the riverman ferrying me to hell

I can't blame them, no
To hate me for what I've done
I hear them whispering in the hall
You live and die by the gun
All I can do is sit here and pray
I'll be forgiven on judgment day

Tell my wife in our yard buried underneath the pine
Theres a shoebox full of money of which I never earned
a dime
Use it to start over the way things should have been
Live honest, and love again
Tell my wife, tell my kids
I never meant for this to happen

When they flip the switch please do not stay
I couldn't bear for you to remember me this way

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