

## Murder by Death

### "Three Men Hunting"

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Get on with it  
Put off the fuss, you chickenshit  
Get on with it  
Can't you see it's time to quit?

I seen three men hanging from a sycamore  
Thier bodies were stiff as a two by four  
And their heads were tilted down towards the ground

And it aint been long since they been up there  
That thier bodies turned cold hangin in the air  
They mighta froze before that noose got to them

Old scratch has dealt us a dirty hand  
He had the look of a saint but the greed of a man  
and his face was worn and wrinkled like a leather book

And if I put this revolver to my head  
Will God turn against me instead  
of taking pity on a broken man?

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