

The Murder City Devils

"Press Gang"

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Pecked by the seagulls hanging from the gallows
Swinging in the breeze dripping something on the
street
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 have been me, it could have been me
Twisting in the breeze {cut him down, cut him down}
Left for the children on the streets {cut him down, cut
him down}
He should have kept his mouth shut.
He never should have 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 have been me
It could have been me
Twisting in the breeze {cut him down, cut him down}
Left for the children on the streets {cut him down, cut
him down}
Woke up on the water,
No one ever asked him if he wanted, to go
He never had any options
He was smart
He got out when he could
Should have stayed in the pacific
Should have stayed in the pacific
Could have had it good
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 have been you. It should have been me
But it should have been the press gang {cut him down,
cut him down}
But it should have been the press gang {cut him down,

cut him down}
Cut him down cut him down

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