

Rob Zombie

"Tales from The Scarecrowman"

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I'm the scarecrowman, I'm swingin'
Swingin'-i'm the scarecrowman,
Swingin' swingin' from the hangin'
Tree-the clock-clock-clock
On the wall is ticking away
My time-the sentence is
Past, now I'm paying for my
Crimes-i reach out-out for the
Hands of time, but they're
Out of reach-i said I reach out-
Out for the setting sun but
It's out-gone out of my reach-
The dust in the wind is blowing its
Way back to horror hill-little girl's
Voodoo dolly sitting-on the windows sill-
The broken glass sparkles in the light-sign
On the door tells me no one home tonight-
Said I'm the scarecrowman wasting
Away and I'm swingin' swingin'-
On the hangin'
Tree~

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