

Rod Steward

"Hangman's Knee"

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(hopkins, beck, newman, stewart, wood) Hangman,
hangman, slack your noose Slack it, oh slack it Slack it
for a while There ain't no use in your hurrying me Ain't
nothing gonna change things now Now I ain't trying to
prove your judge is wrong And your jury, oh your jury I
guess I'll know the way out And if you kill me with my
canvas shirt Good god, you could put my lawyer in
jail Listen It's just this twenty two minutes to prepare
yourself I haven't been in this position before Wash your
hands, get your .? . Find the waistcoat, lock the
door. And oh! Get your .? . Oh yeah, get your .? . lock the
door Come on Listen to this one Oh hangman, hangman,
slack your noose Oh slack it, please slack it Oh just slack
it awhile, give me one more chance There ain't no use
in you hurryin' me Good god, nothing's gonna stop me
now Oh Don't you worry Cause you never get your .?
. Well, might get your waistcoat on Ha-ha Heh-heh

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