

Birthday Party, The

"Swampland"

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Quicksand, I'm in it's grip

Quicksand, I'm in it's grip

A sinken in the mud

Patron saint of the bog

They come with boots of blood

With pitchfork and with club

And they're chantin' out my name

And they got doggies screamin' on a chain

Lucy, I'll love you till the end

They hunt me like a dog

Down in swamp land

So come my executioner

Come my bounty hunter

Come my county killers

I cannot run no more

I cannot run no more

I cannot run no more

No, I can't, no

Oh, Lucy, you won't see this face again

When I caught you swing and burn

Down in swamp land

The trees are veiled in fog
The trees are veiled in fog
Like so many jilted brides
Hey and now they're all breakin down and cryin'
Splashing tears upon my face
Splashing tears cold upon my face
And they smell of gasoline, I scream
Lucy, you made a sinner right out of me
And now I'm burnin' like a saint
Down in swamp land
So come my executioner
Come my bounty hunter
Come my county killers
I cannot run no more
I cannot run no more
I cannot run no more
I cannot run no more
No, I can't
Down in swamp land

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