

Brad Shepik

"You Won't Know"

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Hey, hey, hey Mr. Hangman,
Go get your rope.
(Your rope, your rope, your rope, your rope.)
Your daughters weren't careful,
I fear that I am a slippery slope.
Now even if I lay my head down at night,
After a day I got perfectly right,
She won't know.
She won't know.

So pray little Kay, love is just god on a good day.
And you can't blame your mother;
She's trying not to see you as her worst mistake.
And I wish that I could tell you right now, I love you.
But it looks like I won't be around.

You won't know.
You won't know.
You won't know.
You won't know.

So believe in me,
Believe if you think I'll let you down,
Well, I won't.

They can fire everything they've got,
And when you think I'm sunk,
I will float on and on.
I have burned the bush that covered my light.
Even though I'm scared I won't burn that bright.

You won't know.
You won't know.
You won't know.
You won't know.

We're never gonna feel as full as we felt.
So let's go outside and we'll play William Tell.
Take your time drawing a bead,
I'll stand as still as you need,
'Cause you're so good at talking smack.

You're a heart attack,
But you're the apple of my eye anyway.
My smiling face,
It's on your plate,
It's on a silver plate.

So they say,
They say in Heaven there's no husbands and wives.
On the day,
That I show up they'll be completely out of their
forgiveness supplies.
And I can't use the telephone,
To tell you that I'm dead and gone,
So you won't know.
You won't know.
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You won't...

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