

The Sons Of Robert Mitchum

"Build My Gallows High"

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Build my gallows high, don't leave me hanging
Fill the auditorium,
With the faithful, weak and the brave
Fill it with false, religious men;
Let them pray my soul to save
Fill it with my enemies, their friends and my accusers
Stack the bastards 10 rows deep;
Let them stand by my abusers

Let them fill their bellies with exotic meats,
Earth apples, rice and quinces
Let them through to the vomitorium,
As my body writhes and winces
Let the ligature around my neck, be true and do it's job
As the Long Drop waits, my final act, to entertain this
heartless mob
Build my gallows high, don't leave me hanging

Bring on the midget fanfare;
Bring on the coloured dancing girls and
The heathens from the colonies;
That you stole from the new world
Bring my friends and my acquaintances
And my surviving sister dear
Let them see the point you make of me,
Pay homage to your fear
Build my gallows high, don't leave me hanging
Save a seat for the money lenders, and save one for
my landlord
Save some cheap seats for the down on their luck, it's
all they can afford
"Help me lord" I would shout out, if I believed that it
was so
And if there is a devil, in passing I will tell him that you
mother-f***ers
Say "hello"
Don't leave me hanging here alive

