

Hans Theessink

"Hunted Man"

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I'm running, running, running
Feet they hardly touch the ground
Policedogs on my trail
'Cause I shot my woman down

I caught my baby
On a midnight creep
Blew a bullet through her head
Before she woke up from her sleep

I'm a hunted man
Can't find no hiding place
Gotta keep on moving
Like the wild geese flyin' to the west

Gonna charge me for murder
Murder in the first degree
Take me down to the jail
Spend my time in misery

Judge and jury
Gonna send me to the 'lectric chair
Gonna meet my baby
When I fly away from here

Got a rabbit-bone
And I got a mojo-bone
All the good luck charms in the world
Can't help me none

Dark is the night
Cold is the ground
Cryin' lord have mercy
On a poor boy death-cell bound

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