

Men They Could't Hang, The "Life Of A Small Fry"

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A wretched party stood and prayed
Under the lashing rain and thunder
The ropes fell through the handles, the coffin sloping
under
The earth slipped through black fingers
At the graveside where she stooped
And an ill wind howling through her veil
For a man who served no good, he served no good
He never was an evil man, hard but fair, his mother
said
A timid youth of ridicule, each schoolday made him
quake with dread
In the showers and the rugby field, the bullies came to
play
Most nights he'd weep and piss the bed
But he vowed they all would pay, they all would pay!
Like his father in the coldstream guards, he was soon
in married quarters
Licked his way up through the ranks, he had no time for
sons and daughters
She waits on him, the sweet young thing
Repenting at her leisure
Like a blinkered mount he charges on

How much longer is her tether
How how she laughed, while so lovingly she spurned
him
For time had stole ungraciously all the dreams she'd
been yearning
No joyous cries of children, is this marriage granite
firm
It breaks his heart that seeds can't grow, from a bag of
watered sperm
He joined the prison service, she broke the chains and
left him
For the first time he was all alone, a demon's soul
possessed him
An institute of misery, in a painful sea of darkness
And from inside his tortured mind, cruel, bleak and
heartless
An angry mob was breaking out from the chokey cells

and 'D' wing
Tonight the hard lags call me tune, come the dawn, no
birds will sing
No more raining down the stick, a violent end draws
nigh
No hope, no tears, no mercy, for the life of this small
fry!

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