

## **Hard times on a hangin' day**

You wake up to the churchbell tolls  
Up on boot hill they're diggin' holes  
Law and order has got you at last  
Hard times comin and they comin' fast

Law and order has put you here  
And now you're crying in despair  
The churchbell rings its hangin' day  
Hard times comin its time to pay

No more shall you be free  
They'll send you to the eternity  
All your crimes you now must pay  
Hard times for you on hangin' day

Beyond the bars the sun comes up  
They're 'bout to hang you at eight o'clock  
Someone ask you 'bout your last meal  
You beg for mercy and begin to kneel

Law and order has judge you well  
Lots of tears in a damp cold cell  
Your four best friends will hang there too  
Ain't no silver ain't no gold for you

Well we know  
Your childhood was cruel and sad  
You were beaten and treated bad  
You'll soon be hangin' on the square  
There must be some way out of here

There must be some kind of a way out of here

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Författaren Tears of a clown låttexter med Poeter.se id #106069 innehar upphovsrätten