

Death row

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By Davyd Homan

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1 A gap in ir - on bar - s

5 Lets a beam of light hit the ground. Hes in pris-on in this

9 dus-ty out back western town. They know he shot a man

13 shot him in the head Lay - ing in that pool of

17 blood stone dead.

21 Yes

25 he can hear a knock-ing. As the gal - lows go up out side.

29 To mor-row we see justice now its his turn to die The

33 gall-lows sil - o - weted. By a. blaz - ing sun

37 His days on this earth are now just one.

41

45 On bend - ed knees he rea - chers. for the mys - tere - ous G-d of

49 love. In the night G-d herad him call - ing him up a -

53 C A- F A- F A- F
bove he wakes up on the floor By the rattle of
57 E- A- F A- F E-
keys Now the time has come and deaths at the door.

61 G F E- G C E-
65 G Now he is lead to slaug - hter. Hands and

69 feet in cold ir - on chains. Yet he knows hes go - ing To
ride a - gain on the plains. The light vades from his eyes.

73 G C A- F A- F
77 A- F E- A- F A- F
While the sun does raise. I've just seen a. wise man turn to the

81 E-
light

85 G F