

JACK KETCH



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*A tale of a hanging in Edinburgh's old public execution site; the Grassmarket, in the 17th century.
A real life hangman, Ketch's name became a generic term for that grisly occupation.*

Further Reading: THE COMMON HANGMAN by JAMES BLAND

weigh down this alibi, fill it with motion
watching your face belie these unwanted questions
the face of your god is dusted with reason
bury the spear in the back of your love

(chorus)

i've got a barrel of wine for every time, to break your invention
i've got a closet of spies to see through your eyes and murder your only way home

regretfully you can't be here at my trial, something came up
you said 'pay the man well and dress for the occasion. pray for a quick and a merciful blow'

(chorus)

i've got...etc.

Waiting to be led out, walked down, laughed out, strung up for show
condemned where the green Grassmarket grows
gently swaying in the breeze, gently swaying in the breeze, gently swaying in the breeze

a song for the hangman, the jack of his trade
a song for the happy crowd, all there to spectate
a prayer and a jig from the star of the show
cut me down, then claim my clothes

(chorus)