

Tar and Feathers

Bad dream, small town
Seems like I know my way around
A crowd of people, I hear them say
I shouldn't let the sun rise over me

They look like they know me
And they look like they don't like me
They bring tar and feathers
They bring tar and feathers
And pitchforks and stones

I feel the moon come down on me
I see the moon hide in the tree
Yeah, the moonlight in the tree
I hear the crowd come after me

They look like they know me
And they look like they don't like me
They bring tar and feathers
They bring tar and feathers
And pitchforks and stones

But I don't wanna get stoned now
They're starting to hit me
And some of them bite me
I think they don't like me
They bring tar and feathers
They bring tar and feathers
And pitchforks and stones