

# Johnny Cash - The Mercy Seat

Tom: F

It all began when they took me from my home and put me  
 on  
 Death Row, a crime for which I'm totally innocent, you wired,  
 know.  
 I began to warm and chill to objects and  
 their fields,  
 a ragged cup, a twisted mop, the face of Jesus in  
 my soup,  
 those sinister dinner deals, the meal trolley's  
 wicked wheels,  
 a hooked bone rising from my food,  
 and all things either good or ungood.  
 And the mercy seat is waiting, and I think my  
 head is burning,  
 and in a way I'm yearning to be done with all this  
 weighing of the truth.  
 An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,  
 and anyway I told the truth, and I'm not afraid to die.  
 I hear stories from the chamber, Christ was born into  
 a manger,  
 and like some ragged stranger he died upon the cross.  
 Might I say it seems so fitting in its way,  
 he was a carpenter by trade, or at least that's what I'm  
 told.  
 My kill-hands tatooed E.V.I.L. across it's  
 brother's fist,  
 that filthy five! They did nothing to challenge or resist.  
 In Heaven His throne is made of gold,  
 the ark of His Testament is stowed,  
 a throne from which I'm told all history does unfold.

It's made of wood and wire, and my body is on fire  
 and God is never far away.  
 Into the mercy seat I climb, my head is shaved, my head is  
 and like a moth that tries to enter the bright eye,  
 I go shuffling out of life, just to hide in death a while,  
 and anyway I never lied.  
 And the mercy seat is waiting, and I think my head is  
 burning,  
 and in a way I'm yearning to be done with all this weighing  
 of the truth.  
 An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,  
 and anyway I told the truth, and I'm not afraid to die.  
 And the mercy seat is burning, and I think my head is  
 glowing,  
 and in a way I'm hoping to be done with all this twisting  
 of the truth.  
 An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,  
 and anyway there was no proof, and I'm not afraid to die.  
 And the mercy seat is glowing, and I think my head  
 is smoking,  
 and in a way I'm hoping to be done with all these looks of  
 disbelief.  
 A life for a life, and a truth for a truth,  
 and I've got nothing left to lose, and I'm not afraid to  
 die.  
 And the mercy seat is smoking, and I think my head  
 is melting,  
 and in a way that's helping to be done with all this  
 twisting of the truth.  
 An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,  
 and anyway I told the truth, but I'm afraid I told a lie.

( Am Am7 Am7 G Gm Bb F Am ) (3x)

## Acordes



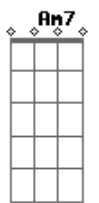
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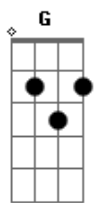
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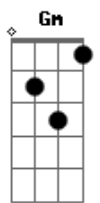
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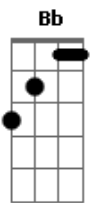
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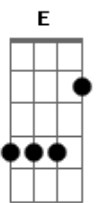
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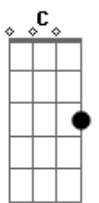
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