

Sleeping Pills

A Silent Film

I am running from my government
Wanted for the crimes I commit
I left behind all the things that I love
Took a train to the eastern border
Told my daughter I will be back for her
Bought a ticket with no destination.

I see faces everywhere I go
Forced smiles and furrowed brow
Is that a gun or a violin?
I am under the impression that
There is something underneath that hat
Tiny bomb or sleeping pills.

Are you on the wrong side
Are you on the wrong side
Of what is right? And
Are you on the wrong road
Are you on the wrong road
From where you want to be?

Maybe I could turn and face my demons
Tell the suits that I had my reasons
I could take whatever's coming to me
Be a father behind a locked door
Keep your letters in an empty drawer
Whatever happens it's the green mile for me.