

# Number With No Name

Ben Harper

I'm serenaded by a chorus of a thousand burning cigarettes  
You've been taking chances, mama  
While I've been placing bets  
So tell it to the ashes, they know we served  
It may be good for the soul but it's hard on the nerves

The very thing that drives you, can drive you insane  
Got a head full of thought crimes and a number with no name  
Got an eleventh hour Jesus and a mouth full of blame  
A casket lined with silver dollars and a number with no name

There's nowhere to run  
I've got no one to tell  
My face has become a mask and I'm not wearing it well  
For five days straight  
I've been breathing fire  
Don't have room on my body  
For another scar

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