

The Zombie Song

Cool Hand Luke

We're like zombies
Like the walking dead
With X's (excess) in our eyes
And music in our heads
We've forgotten
Our First Love
And made it pictures
Of crosses and doves

Remember when we were real
Back when we could feel?
Once we were in this,
Now we're of this
Jesus, turn these tables over

We all follow
But we're standing still
Reciting dead words
With hopeless zeal
We're all preachers
With our mouths closed
Clothing messages
In sugar coats

Remember when we were real
Back when we could feel?
Once we were in this,
Now we're of this
Jesus, turn these tables over

I wanna hide beneath the pretty paint
I wanna be okay with everything
I wanna be transformed and stay the same
I wanna be dry in the rain

Remember when we were real
Back when we could feel?
Once we were in this,
Now we are of this
Jesus, turn these tables over

Running in this stupid circle (x's 7, then in
background)

Our souvenirs won't be worth a single thing
And Truth will never be "in"