

"There's no place for me."

A man of nowhere, a man of black heart from the dead end streets.

"Regret runs through me. I am no one, I am nothing, I am a man of defeat. What's left for me?"

Thought of those open roads, his mother praying all alone, that vagrant anthem and the field sung hymns, the cowardice forever following him.

"What's left for me? The world has turned it's back on me. There's no place for me."

A sullen walk to the chapel stairs.

"Regret runs through me."

A hard pull on that white oak door to face up those fears.

"What brings you here my son?"

"I've been a horrible man. I killed my father, I killed my brother, I left my mother in your God's hands."

"Clasp your hands and count your sins. Kneel at the pew until the sermon begins. No judgment cast down this day, will set you free. You are forgiven my son, you are blessed and redeemed. You've found absolution here son, but only from me."

"What's left for me?"

A sullen walk to the steeple top to look over the city.

He carves his name in that old brass bell, so when it rings he can hear it in hell.

One last look to that western sky, one last wish he could have changed his life.

"I ain't no wicked man."

He let his fleet slip from under him, unwanted.