

Salt In The Wound

Delta Spirit

I want to disappear
Far from the folks I know
I want to get an answer
To why I was even born

No one here can tell me
What's been haunting me all my life
Well, this rat race has left me limping
'Cause I balanced on the edge of the knife

Why am I here?
Oh, what should I do?
Well, is this the point I'm trying to prove?

If there's a God in my head
Then there's a devil too
How can I tell the difference
When they both claim to be true?

Maybe God is God
Maybe the Devil is me
Well, I just throw my chains on
And tell myself that I'm free

Chains, are they really there?
Is this just in my head?
Well, I'll just stay in bed

Life sure has its meaning
Over years I have postured the sun
Thieves and preachers robbed me
For many hat that I've hung

Now with my heart wide open
I listen to the wind just for a word
Sure, I know it's futile
But that's all I have in this world

To look down from the hill and howl at the moon
All the tears I cried never salted any wounds
Well, the earth is so tender and cruel
Well, if you're not there it's still so beautiful