

Wanderlust

Every Time I Die

I've drowned my conscience and cast another stone.
I took to preaching while dancing on the code.
I can't see where I've been and only god knows where I'll be.
But there must be a place for a wretch like me.

Oh, lord knows I'm tired,
But I, I, I won't rest my head until I'm home.
And if my hands find themselves another body, well,
You can't blame them for trying to keep warm.

Morals are simply a matter of time,
And where you lay your head's a question of pride.
But when it's said and done you'll find in the light,
That privilege and wit make me misfortune's child.

Can't tell collapse that it needs to slow down.
Can't tell death that it shouldn't come around.
And when they take my head and put it on a stake,
I know that guilt and disgrace keep the dead man awake.
Bartering your figure for a paralyzing love,
What have you done?
What have you done?

I tipped the scaffold and laughed until I fell.
Girl if you need me, grab another from the well.
I can't imagine what hell has in store,
But I know if I'm there I won't wander anymore.

Oh, lord knows I'm tired,
But I, I, I won't rest my head until I'm home.
And if my hands find themselves another body, well
You can't blame them for trying to keep warm.

Oh, lord knows I'm weak,
But I, I, I can't clear my head if I'm asleep.

Morals are simply a matter of tide,
And where you lay your head's a question of pride.
But when it's said and done you'll find in the light
That privilege and wit make me misfortune's child

Can't tell collapse that it needs to slow down.
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And when they take my head and put it on a stake,
I know that guilt and disgrace keep the dead man awake.

We've lived under this dark cloud forever.
Waited for the bad light to break.

Just let me tell that one again,
With a little more feeling.
We slept at the crossroads together,
Tried to make an honest mistake.
Just let me tell that one more time,
Without a smile on my face.

And now the road is empty.

As every promise is.
If life is pointless then point taken, say amen.
So light another candle and point my body out to sea,
Because your heart is no place for a wretch like me.

Another stranger passing.
A common dissonance.
If life is pointless then point taken, say amen.
So light another candle and point my body out to sea,
Because your side is no place for a wretch like me.

When they unearth these passages,
Will I appear to be proud?
Not if you're listening close enough.
Not if you're sounding it out.