

The Way It Will Be

Gillian Welch

I lost you awhile ago but still I don't know why
I can't say your name without a crow flying by
I got to watch my back now that you turned me around
Got me walking backwards into my hometown

Throw me a rope on the rolling tide
What did you want it to be?
You said it's him or me
The way you made it, that's the way it will be

It was seven years on the burning shore
With Gatling guns and paint
Working the lowlands door-to-door
Like a Latter Day Saint
Then you turn me out at the top of the stairs
You took all the glory that you just couldn't share

I've never been so disabused, I've never been so mad
I've never been served anything that tasted so bad
You might need a friend any day now, any day
Oh, my brother, be careful, you are drifting away

Throw me a rope on the rolling tide
What did you want it to be?
You said it's him or me
The way you made it, that's the way it will be
The way you made it, that's the way it will be