

Killing A Dead Man

Grant-Lee Phillips

Oh, you rush and you run
To the ends of the earth
Is your work ever done
Oh, and what is it worth
Blood on your hands
Killing a dead man time and again
Time and again

Oh, this curse of your name
Ain't no shower of stones
That'll wash it away
So you wander alone

Blood on your hands
Killing a dead man time and again
Time and again, time and again

Knelt by the low waters and wept
Split every last secret you kept

Oh, my troublesome twin
On the verge of collapse
Will this night put an end
To your sorrow at last

Blood on your hands
Killing a dead man time and again
Time and again, time and again, time and again
Time and again, time and again
Time and again, time and again
Time and again, time and again