

## The Ancient West

Have Mercy

It's been weeks sense I've seen a real smile  
Oh I know I won't see it for awhile  
I've counted inches from your yard to my door  
And I want nothing more than to know for sure

It's been weeks since I've had a good thought  
I'm telling secrets about the lies that you bought  
You used to love to hear me sing  
And we would talk about everything  
It was beautiful to me

I don't want to be him anymore

Maybe I'll hear your voice in a crowded room  
Picture us one day a bride and a groom  
He'll walk in and I bet he will too  
Does he feel the way I felt about you?

I muttered something quiet under my breath  
Then he quickly grabbed his coat and his chest  
I don't know how much time is left  
So hang your head and pray for the best  
Hang your head and pray for the best  
Hang your head and pray for the best

I don't want to be him anymore

So keep me up and tell me every fear  
(I don't want to be him anymore)  
When you were young and the days passed like years  
Between the booze and the "remember whens"  
I'm telling all the same stories again

You pray to him he is a god to you  
But does he hold your head and hear your blues?  
I won't be the one who makes you choose  
And give up everything that you can't lose  
Old notions from the ancient west  
They hang your head and pray for the best  
So hang your head and pray for the best  
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