

## Me and Lazarus

Iron & Wine

Me and Lazarus, we shovel all the ashes out  
Black bare linens blowing 'round  
Back and forth and up and down  
oh oh woah, guess I had nowhere else to go

Me and Lazarus kept bailing on the riverboat  
Floating by the choir rose  
Bobbing in the ebb and flow  
oh oh woah, guess I had nowhere else to go

He's an emancipated punk and he can dance  
But he's got a hole in the pocket of his pants  
Must be a symptom of outstanding circumstances  
Woah

Me and Lazarus, we fiddle with a baby spoon  
Fever flowing through the room  
Far too long and way too soon  
oh oh woah, guess I had nowhere else to go

Me and Lazarus, we pick up papa's white boy blues  
Hand-me downs and Sunday shoes  
Never made the local news  
oh oh woah, guess I had nowhere else to go

And I'm a liberated loser that can roll  
But where my pocket was I'm peeking through a hole  
A couple second-chances surely would console me  
Woah