

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