

Heaven Bound And Glory Be

Kevin Devine

A reporter in a jailroom, whispering her source to a dying bulb
While the prince is in a fable, peaceful in his cradle, convinced of the impossible:

All those wicked words I used to build my wild Western truth!
I was just following the rules. Yeah, I did what I had to do.
So now its later than it needs to be
And in the dulcet tones of dream
The prince atop his chariot,
Heaven bound & glory be.

A mother in a market chases after children that she barely knows

While the father on the barstool, dropped off by his carpool, is playing a familiar role:

I used to be a conquering king. I watched the slow stars shoot & swing.

When I'd wake, the world would sing. Now, I can't hear anything .

So now its later than it needs to be
And while his stranger family sleeps
The king looks for his castle,
Heaven bound & glory be.

There's a myth we must've made
One we're spreading every day
In every dying dream we grieve
The humming hole we fight & feed
It's the loving lives we long for
Heaven bound & glory be

A man in a hotel room, tangled to his teeth by the telephone
He's waiting on a woman, wondering what she's doing,
And pacing so his pulse won't slow.
He drums his legs and pulls his hair; he carves her dimples in the air.

The raging world has spooked him scared, and he don't want her lost out there.

So now it's later than it needs to be
And though his aching eyes want sleep
Against all rationality
Against everything he believes
He prays for her protection,
Heaven bound & glory be.
I pray for your protection,
Heaven bound & glory be.