

End Of The Line

Murder by Death

All the kids have
Run inside
Grabbed a spot under the stairs

They've barricaded
All the windows
And rigged the doorknobs shut with chairs

What are they waiting for
They don't know
They just keep their fingers crossed and maybe

Pray to mary
Or jesus christ
I can hear them knocking down the door

The wait it is over
This bottle is done
So we clench our fists
And fight our demons

There's a girl with
A flower pot
Full of dirt and bullet shells

She puts it by her window
Gives it sunlight
Restores its health

After a month or two
The shells start to grow
Into branches of barbed wire

They spread across the walls
The windows and the floors
And their grip
Never tires

The wait it is over
This bottle is done
So we clench our fists
And fight our demons

lay low lay low keep your head down
Lay low lay low listen for the sound
Of the dusty train that's comin'
To sweep us all away
I can hear the rails a rattlin' against the hectic fray so
Set the bone with a cardboard split
And strike the nail against the flint
And set the fields on fire

Let the devil come
Let him come
I'll be waitin' for him this time
I am stronger now and I can fight it
I'll be waitin' at the end of the line

I'll be waiting
I'll be waiting for him there

At the end of the line.