

A little blood and vomit on the car seat
And the tooth is sitting in my lap
Brother if you're hungry but not wounded
Then it's time to stop and check the map

Pilgrim
Where's your head at?
Are you paying the birds to sing?
Well it won't work
On the true path
Where the wretched are growing wings

If the ancient wisdom came in bottles
I would tell my terror where to go
But I don't know who would do the dishes
'Cause I'd be lying wasted in the road

Pilgrim
Where's your head at?
Are you paying the birds to sing?
Meet me
On the true path
I'll be dizzy from growing wings

My tears
My tears
My kicking up the love dirt
I fear
It's the only way

Pilgrim
Whatcha lookin' at me for?
My disaster has come and gone
It left me
By the roadside
With my shadow
And one more song