

A Long Time Away

Shearwater

Shuddering brakes
on the road to Jerusalem
It's so easy to drift
 when your eyes are so tired
And in the rush to the scene
 you are one of the millions
In a dirty old town
 that some killing made holy

Crying, give us the last rites
Or give us our dreaming,
Or give us the thunder's rolling—ah!

Well, look around, old friend
Nothing is laid to rest
It just grows unattended
And you've been a long time away

A break in the clouds
 like a crack in a cylinder
But now there's blood on the beach
 and a wreck in the water
And as the shadow arrives
 on the face of your innocence
You feel the shock in your eyes
 and a shaking in your own hands

And look around, old friend
You live under house arrest
And you sleep undefended
And you've been a long time away
Riding a wild life
But you let go of the reins
And you answer to me now
And you've been a long time away

And it never goes dark
Under these lights
It never goes cold
Under fire
Bring the drums
Bring the lights
Bring the wires