

Should I close my eyes and get in that line  
Hold my bags in file with the boarders? Should I take  
your name down on a penciled list  
Or a tape recorder?

Or should I take you down in the nighttime  
To the banks by the deep black water?  
Time will make you mine, in an hour's time  
Time will make you older

They're pulling wreckage from the lake  
All night and day outside my window  
The sky was quiet, cold, and wide  
The night they died above my pillow

And God will take care of us, at least some of us  
At least those of us that He wants  
And disappear from most of us  
Keep clear from most of us  
Besides those of us that he haunts.