

And

The Chariot

Maybe I should speak. We can count our blessings in the rain. Talking is so cheap, save the parlor tricks, count your money a lone.

Holding on to the free. I want to show you all what I mean. careful what you say And never underestimate the wait. I know you hear the songs that we could sing but do not stay. I hope you know the change. I love the change and now we got the change, we make the song sound like what we want. Who am I to tell you what is wrong? Talking is so cheap, so save the politics, you can never get rid of me. I tell you everything, I write it down. (Whats the destination?) Well, I sew my body to yours so that I can speak but my serpent-hands are holding me, but, my razor tongue will fix it all away. It might be two dimensional, but the story is great. I sew my body to yours so as I can see the lovers in the front row and all the ghosts in the back seat. I sew my body to yours, so as I am free. There's two versions of my fate... and so we shall see. Put me in the dirt.