

You told me you had money coming down the way  
"Can I borrow fifty bucks, man, just to get me through the day"  
You promised you were free this time of all of your old ways  
But I bought your story last time, and I can't afford to buy to  
day

And I think I see the drummers now  
They're coming down the road  
They're striking up a funeral beat  
They heard you're getting old

I know you. You ain't fought 'em  
You let 'em play the song  
Then you fell in step when they asked you  
If you wanted to come along

What a wicked web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive  
Spinning out a house of make-believe  
We're like a serpent on the ear of Eve

Well, brother if you mean to tell the truth  
You better improve your diction  
Cause the words that you been letting slide  
Are definitely fiction

I been looking for a place  
To lay my sorrow down  
And I found out where to lay your lies  
Up on that dying ground

God knows what your debt has cost  
It's already been paid  
On a Roman cross, a screaming man  
And a cave where He was laid