All Gone

Crawdad Republic

Smoke had died across the land.
Morning shook my weary head.
I don't know where I'm goin', hardly where I've been.
Ain't no lord above who'd grant pardon on my sins.When you're low your body keeps,
but the mind cradles disease.
A level head backed up against the wall,
a grade as steep as a mountain's tall.And your love's gone,
and your love for yourself is gone.
And your love is all gone,
and your love for yourself is all gone.When you're dry from out and in,
there's no grace, there are no friends.
With no hope, just a demon in my skin,
if time is kind this war will see my end.Met a man, 1860,
had a banjo on his knee.
He rung my head, told me how to get along,
shook my bones when he sang for me this song.He sang, "Your love's gone,
yeah, your love for yourself is gone."
Said, "Your love is all gone."
Said, "Your love for yourself is all gone."And your love's gone,
and your love for yourself is gone.
And your love is all gone,
yeah, your love for yourself is all gone.

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