

Lungs Like Gallows

Senses Fail

I give blood to prove to myself
That I can matter to somebody else
Is what makes a man the dirt on his hands?
Don't put your faith in the desert sandThe wind is always blowing
There are gallows deep inside my lungs
That's where I hung ambitionIs it luck that's knocking right on my back door?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors
Give me seven moreI give blood not for the cause
But to slowly give up the person I was
Holding my breath won't help
Everything went to hellSo now I steal back pennies from the well
Because my wishes failed
I am screaming at my own shadow
To stop living like a ghostIs it luck that's knocking right on my back door?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors
Give me seven moreI don't need her, I'm not that desperate
Come visit me in twenty years and maybe then
'Cause I'm not done screaming yet
You can call off the intervention
'Cause I don't need your attentionIs it luck that's knocking right on my back door?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors
Give me seven moreI don't need her, I'm not that desperate
I don't need her, I'm not that desperate

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