

# L'Astronaut

## Every Time I Die

Drifting on refuse paraded through the town square  
Waving to the families of victims of the flood  
Straddling the front door of a Catholic orphanage I decorated it myself  
Thank you, you're too much  
Honestly, it was nothing We should all just thank God I'm alive  
We should all just thank God I'm alive Don't shout I get a little confused sometimes  
I can't make out a word you're saying  
I've got a 21 gun salute playing  
Over, and over, and over in my head  
Can't it wait? I'm on call to be somewhere  
Somewhere I'm not  
In case the cleaning lady has found my head Forgive my delay lieutenant  
I'm the man the whole county requires Take your gun out of my mouth  
You are ruining my appetite  
Get your bear trap off of my neck  
I'm already running, I'm running late Your distress is confounding the tightrope walker  
Just so we're clear, you're saying we're all lost?  
Maybe I'm wrong but weren't we just dancing?  
Oh, the way we moved had every marauder curious  
Sniffing at the trash in our shoes  
Sharpening knives on the grindstone watch gears I don't miss that much  
About anything you said  
After all, we've never met I'll get it right, I'll get it right, I'll get it right  
Stick my tongue down the throat of the moon

Songwriters

Michael Novak; Andrew John Williams; Jordan Taylor Buckley; Keith Michael Buckley Published by  
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pending.

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