Exiles

Son Volt

Shots are filled and boredom killed
The last chance purple of dawn
Pagan roads and catacombs
Lost on the way to the heartBar souls and shifty eyes
Grievances to the government
San Francisco, New York, New York
The best religion is faith in manToo far along to live alone
Chasing a world to call your ownThe sting of mortality
A reminder renewal only happens within
The damage has been determined
There's a different set of rules closing inHistory repeats while the sick machine roars
Hustlers and wolves walk freely through the door
But when you go leave a smile on your face
We're exiles now pulling out of this placeToo far along to let alone
Chasing a world to call our own
Too far along to let alone
Chasing a world to call our own

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