

Fault Line

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

I've been waiting on the fault line,
Living evil take me on
I'll be standing with my dying bed
If you care to come along Racing with the rising tide to my father's door
Racing with the rising tide to my father's door I've been lying in the bright light,
See my shadow from below
Never wanted from another man,
Never wanted for my own Drowning in the rising tide at my father's door
Drowning in the rising tide at my father's door Through a window to the last mile,
My living picture on a wall
From the banks of the far side,
I see the lights come ashore Racing from the rising tide to my father's door
Racing from the rising tide to my father's door Racing with the rising tide to my father's door

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