

End Of The Line

Murder by Death

All the kids have run inside grabbed a spot under the stairs they've barricaded all the windows and rigged the doorknobs shut with chairs what are they waiting for they don't know they just keep their fingers crossed and maybe pray to mary or jesus christ I can hear them knocking down the door the wait it is over this bottle is done so we clench our fists and fight our demons there's a girl with a flower pot full of dirt and bullet shells she puts it by her window gives it sunlight restores its health after a month or two the shells start to grow into branches of barbed wire they spread across the walls the windows and the floors and their grip never tires lay low lay low keep your head down lay low lay low listen for the sound of the dusty train that's comin' to sweep us all away I can hear the rails a rattlin' against the hectic fray so set the bone with a cardboard split and strike the nail against the flint and set the fields on fire let the devil come let him come I'll be waitin' for him this time I am stronger now and I can fight it I'll be waitin' at the end of the line at the end of the line.

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