

Philosophy of Loss

Indigo Girls

On the night they killed Faye Tucker
I was gambling away my last dime
Yeah, well I pulled down the lever
And I sent up a prayer
That my luck would not be denied
My luck would not be denied So roll out the head of Faye Tucker
Yeah, well never you mind what they say
Well, you may be reborn
But it's all just for scorn
And that's what you'll take to the grave
That's what you'll take to the grave Well, the minister wants you to live now
And the governor wants you to fry
And whatever it was that you thought might occur
Well, they got something else on their minds
They got something else on their minds If you live, they gonna make you a campaigner
(If you live, they gonna make you a campaigner)
If you die, they gonna make you a grave
(If you die, they gonna make you a grave)
Either way it goes down
(Either way it goes down)
Your life's not your own
And that's why killin' don't pay
(Hey, your life's not your own)
That's why killin' don't pay Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh I thought I heard the angels' bells
But they were just the hounds of hell
I thought I heard the angels' bells
But they were just the hounds of hell What did you learn Faye Tucker?
Yeah, what will you take from this world?
Yeah, well mercy could prove us
But nothing would move us
To rise above just being cruel
To rise above just being cruel

Songwriters

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