

# Baltimore Blues No. 1

## Deer Tick

Kiss all your saviors goodbye  
Offer them up to the dead  
No kidding you know who's right  
And whose got a price on their head

No doubt I'd sell you all out  
For a pocket full of silver and gold  
Way back when, when they made me one of them

Don't you know they're gonna' save my soul

I can't hang around with you like this my friend  
Our time has come to an end

I can't play around with you no more  
No, I'm seeing this open door

And I know you saw right through me  
Afraid I'm taking you for a ride

But when you're dead you're dead  
When you're gone you're gone  
I got my conscience at both of my sides

I set out to disappear  
And out there I found a new home  
But listen Jack, you're on the wrong side of the tracks  
At least now I don't have to walk it all alone

Can you hear the sound of the crawling flesh?  
Now can you smell the burning desire?  
This place is too small to hide  
All the ghosts that's kicking around inside

What this town was entirely built upon  
You can find it right between the eyes  
Its a bullet hole that'll steal your soul  
And roll you for your money and your diamonds

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