Wanderlust

Every Time I Die

I've drowned my conscience and cast another stone
I took to preaching while dancing on the code
I can't see where I've been and only God knows where I'll be
But there must be a place for a wretch like me
Oh, Lord knows I'm tired
But I, I, I won't rest my head until I'm home
And if my hands find themselves another body
Well, you can't blame them for trying to keep warm
Morals are simply a matter of time
And where you lay your head's a question of pride
But when it's said and done you'll find in the light
That privilege and wit make me misfortune's child
Can't tell collapse that it needs to slow down
Can't tell death that it shouldn't come around
And when they take my head and put it on a stake
I know that guilt and disgrace keep the dead man awake
Bartering your figure for a paralyzing love
What have you done? What have you done?
I tipped the scaffold and laughed until I fell
Girl, if you need me grab another from the well
I can't imagine what hell has in store
But I know if I'm there I won't wander anymore
Oh, Lord knows I'm tired
But I, I, I won't rest my head until I'm home
And if my hands find themselves another body
Well, you can't blame them for trying to keep warm
Oh, Lord knows I'm weak
But I, I, I can't clear my head if I'm asleep

Morals are simply a matter of tide
And where you lay your head's a question of pride
But when it's said and done you'll find in the light
That privilege and wit make me misfortune's child
Can't tell collapse that it needs to slow down
Can't tell death that it shouldn't come around
And when they take my head and put it on a stake
I know that guilt and disgrace keep the dead man awake
We've lived under this dark cloud forever
Waited for the bad light to break

Just let me tell that one again
With a little more feeling
We slept at the crossroads together
Tried to make an honest mistake
Just let me tell that one more time
Without a smile on my face
And now the road is empty as every promise is
If life is pointless then point taken, say Amen
So light another candle and point my body out to sea
Because your heart is no place for a wretch like me
Another stranger passing, a common dissonance
If life is pointless then point taken, say Amen
So light another candle and point my body out to sea
Because your side is no place for a wretch like me
When they unearth these passages
Will I appear to be proud?
Not if you're listening close enough
Not if you're sounding it out

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