

Dead Man

Jars of Clay

January One
I got a lot of things on my mind
I'm looking at my body
Through a new spy satellite I try to lift a finger
But I don't think I can make the call
So tell me if I move
'Cause I don't feel anything at all So carry me
I'm just a dead man
Lying on the carpet
Can't find a heartbeat Make me breathe
I wanna be a new man
Tired of the old one
Out with the old plan I woke up from a dream
About an empty funeral
But it's better than the party
Full of people I don't really know Well, they've got hearts to break and burn
Dirty hands to feel the earth
There's something in my veins
But I can't seem to make it work
It won't work So carry me
I'm just a dead man
Lying on the carpet
Can't find a heartbeat Make me breathe
I wanna be a new man
Tired of the old one
Out with the old plan Can you find a beat inside of me?
Any pulse, getting worse
Any pulse, getting worse
Inside of me, can you find a beat? Carry me
I'm just a dead man
Lying on the carpet
Can't find a heartbeat Make me breathe
I wanna be a new man
Tired of the old one
Out with the old plan Carry me
I'm just a dead man
Lying on the carpet
Can't find a heartbeat Make me breathe
I wanna be a new man

Tired of the old one
Out with the old plan

Songwriters

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