

Spring Break 1899

Murder By Death

The sun was comin' up over the hill
Or maybe it's not, I can't even tell
But there's a warmth on my face that isn't the blood
And my tears are turnin' the snow into mud
And I can't feel my left leg but I think it's still there
Did I kill anybody? Hell, I never fight fair
What state am I in? Am I still on the run?
Has it really been so long since I've seen the sun?
My instincts are tellin' me to pick up and go
But I can't feel my fingers and I can't move my toes
There's a drained Bourbon bottle layin' next to my head
And the piss and the vomit are the sheets on my bed
Is it you? Could it be you? Don't want it to
I went out all night drinking, so I took the bait
And I jumped off the interstate to Highway 8
To the bars full of girls who all know me by name
They all drink the same drinks and they all fuck the same
Now my eyes are turnin' red in this hotel bar
And she's breathin' out smoke as she motions towards the door
The kindness of a stranger or a trick of the trade?
God knows, I'm not the first mistake that she's made
Is it you? Could it be you? Don't want it to
I been down and out, I been spit on for so long
I stored my shame in my belly, 'til I needed to be strong
And my last guilty moment, stole a map and a truck
It's pure chance that I haven't already been picked up
But from here on the slate's clean, I'm headin' way south
Always heard the girls were pretty there, I got to find out
Look ma, your son's a travelin' man
I don't know what I did, now I'll do all the good I can
Could it be you? Could it be you?
Could it be you? Could it be you? Could it be you?

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