

Resurrect Me

Jon Foreman

It takes a long time to kill a man
fifty-five years at least
until he breaks down
starts to look underground
to go off, and get him some peace I want to die a lot quicker than that
if it's my only way out
I've been counting up the cost
getting up on that cross
I want to know what this is all about Father Time/ steals our days
like a thief
there's no price/ that I wouldn't pay
to get some relief
I've become the empty shell
of a man I don't like so well
I am a living, breathing hell
come on and resurrect me! I tried to drown the pain
with a friend of mine
It didn't seem to help
She's got a pretty face
with her wedding lace
But I'm still waking up with myself I know what it means to choke it down
up down until your legs get weak
I know what it's like
on a Saturday night
To be alone in a crowded street Father Time steals our days
like a thief
There's no price that I haven't
paid
to get some relief
I've become the shell of a man
I can't begin to even understand
Have I forgotten who I am?
come on and resurrect me! Resurrect me
Resurrect me

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