

# Me and Lazarus

## Iron & Wine

Me and Lazarus, we shovel all the ashes out  
Black bare linens blowing 'round  
Back and forth and up and down, whoa whoa whoa  
Guess I had nowhere else to go Me and Lazarus kept bailing out that riverboat  
Floating by the Quiet Rose  
Bobbing in the ebb and flow, whoa whoa whoa  
Guess I had nowhere else to go He's an emancipated punk and he can dance  
But he's got a hole in the pocket of his pants  
Must be a symptom of outstanding circumstances  
Whoa, oh Me and Lazarus, we flutter with a baby spoon  
We were flowing through the room  
Waterlogged and way too soon, whoa whoa whoa  
Guess I had nowhere else to go Me and Lazarus, we pick up papa's white boy blues  
Handmade towels and Sunday shoes  
Never made the local news, whoa whoa whoa  
Guess I had nowhere else to go And I'm a liberated loser that can roam  
But where my pocket was I'm peeking through a hole  
A couple second chances surely would console me  
Whoa, whoa

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