

Go Haunt Someone Else

[Kevin Devine](#)

The moralist on the mountain top
The cap gun cowboy caught playin' dress up
Patrols his cartoon beat with his costume clothes
The damn fool with his ten ton chip
His bourgeois blues and his heartbreak habit
Slings his lightning bolts
His arrows and stones
But you could do it forever
It won't make you better
'Cause you won't find your mark
You could use a mirror
To see your target clearer
But bad blood hijacked your heart
But you got what you asked for
So don't even start
You're never a victim
So own what you did son
Admit what you are
Dead weight in a tightrope trance
The pain pill creatures stray in his wasteland
Clenched teeth and a canyon he can't cross
There's me racing right along
The jukebox jester stuck on the same song
Mouth full of lies a head full of holes
Until I got worried
You saw the life I could lead
If I backed up off that rope
And let the ground come to me
Steady under my knees
And my anger blurrin' into hope
I asked for perspective
And it untied my hands
I see the relapsed way
I chose my own way
Can't blame me for that
So when you're sorry
And one day you will be
I wish you all the best
I hope that you drop softly
And it don't end too badly
And your ragin' head can finally rest
And you could be honest
And rescue yourself
But ill walk my own way
I'll go where you won't go
You won't put me through hell, no, no
'Cause now I see through you
Believe what you need to
Go haunt someone else

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