

# Dancing On Their Grave

## Nowherebound

Dancing on their Grave

Made an offer on a gypsy home,  
Sipped a beer to quench the thirst.  
But the highways where this boy did roam,  
Left love at a loss for words.

Got a chance to play a losing game,  
With the princess and the whore.  
And the headstone of this gambler's grave reads,  
"Love don't live here no more."

But them stones growing moss, just rolled away,  
And that rock kept on rolling day by day,  
And the debt of wandering minstrels must by now,  
Surely be paid, I pray.

So lift your spirits one and all,  
Swallow hard before your pride rethaws,  
Then burn that bridge to memory lane,  
And let 'em go dancing on their grave.

Heard a song of youthful true romance,  
But I can't recall the words.  
Had a long awaited second chance,  
But it ended like the first.

Found a box of weathered photographs,  
Of the loves that I have worn.  
And the faces of my checkered past,  
All soulless, cracked, and torn.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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