

# Blindsided

## Black Star Riders

Why should I live in history?  
Condemned To a life of coulda been  
I quit takin' dope, I quit drinking whiskey  
I quit takin' chances I gave her the ring my mother gave me  
She said meet at the station 4:30  
So I sit here waiting, patiently  
Why should I live in history? When the world shines up dirt  
And calls it coal  
They're selling the light at the church  
At the end of the road  
When angel's wings run out of veins  
Looks like I'm blindsided once again Why should I live in history?  
Gave away my gun and joined the scene  
Resurrection Mary's gonna set me free  
Now, I'm a believer But this mocking bird is mocking me  
She's four hours late and I'm all at sea  
One little taste is all it takes  
To get me back to history When the world shines up dirt  
And calls it coal  
They're selling the light at the church  
At the end of the road  
When angel's wings run out of veins  
Looks like I'm blindsided once again If I gave a damn of what you thought  
I'd give you the bottle and ask  
Now the streets are dead and I'm ashamed  
Think I'll go call upon my past!  
I'm all out of hope  
I'm all out of you  
There's nothing left  
There's nothing new  
And your judgement day is long past due  
Now what am I supposed to do Why should I live in history?  
Underneath this tin foil moon  
I just got tired of waiting around  
For you to change your tune In my desire for your company  
If only time would let me be  
And stop the world from stopping me  
Why should I live in history? When the world shines up dirt  
And calls it coal

They're selling the light at the church  
At the end of the road  
When angel's wings run out of veins  
Looks like I'm blindsided once again

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