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' chancesI 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 againWhy should I live in history?
Gave away my gun and joined the scene
Resurrection Mary's gonna set me free
Now, I'm a believerBut 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 historyWhen 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 againIf 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 doWhy should I live in history?
Underneath this tin foil moon
I just got tired of waiting around
For you to change your tuneIn 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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