

# Southern Sky

## John Murry

I was asleep  
I woke up to the sound of it  
sashayin'™ down the hall  
Remnants of secrets  
of precious lies  
and I'm terrified of it all  
I've got no past  
there is no future  
this sickness follows me around  
I've got no time  
the hour's nearing  
and I'm gonna burn this old house down

She knows my face  
my broken body  
and I still see it in her eyes  
the crucifix that bound our bodies  
underneath the southern sky  
Trapped in a crowd  
cheated by misfortune  
I pray this light will be her guide  
into my arms  
these crooked arms  
underneath the southern sky

The devil's paint brush  
hold's just one colour  
it pushes out before  
as you'd laugh and tell me  
playin'™ with matches  
will only keep me warm  
Stars were falling  
all around us  
in this filthy little town  
and while I slept there  
you screamed into your pillow  
and I'm so sorry  
but I never heard a sound

She knows my face  
my broken body  
and I still see it in her eyes  
the crucifix that bound our bodies  
underneath the southern sky  
Trapped in a crowd  
cheated by misfortune  
I pray this light will be her guide  
into my arms  
these crooked arms  
underneath the southern sky

She knows my face  
my broken body  
and I still see it in her eyes  
that crucifix that bound our bodies  
underneath the southern sky  
Trapped in the crowd  
we were cheated by misfortune  
and I pray this light will be her guide  
into my arms  
into these broken twisted arms  
underneath the southern sky

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(spoken coda)

Walk away from there, OK

The deputies have backed off, I need you to slow down, where you at?

That's a direct order, do it now

Yeh, we don't want to do anything to scare your children, that's the last thing we want to do, we don't want to

scare anybody

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Lyrics submitted by Michael Lee.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>