

# Joseph, Better You Than Me

## The Killers

Well, your eyes just haven't been the same, Joseph  
Are you bad at dealing with the fame, Joseph?  
There's a pale moonshine above you  
Do you see both sides? Do they shove you around? Is the touchstone forcing you to hide, Joseph?  
Are the rumors eating you alive, Joseph?  
When the holy night is upon you  
Will you do what's right, the position is yours From the temple walls to the New York night  
Our decisions rest on a child  
When she took her stand did she hold your hand?  
Will your faith stand still or run away, run away? When they've driven you so far that you think you're gonna  
drop  
Do you wish you were back there at the carpenter shop?  
With the plane and the lathe, the work never drove you mad  
You're a maker, a creator, not just somebody's dad From the temple walls to the New York night  
Our decisions rest on a man  
When I take the stand will he hold my hand?  
Will my faith stand still or run away, run away? And the desert, it's a hell of a place to find heaven  
Forty years lost in the wilderness looking for God  
And you climb to the top of the mountain  
Looking down on the city where you were born  
All the years since you left gave you time to sit back and reflect Better you than me, better you than me  
Better you than me, yes  
When the holy night is upon you  
Better you, better you  
Do you see both sides? Do they shove you around? Better you than me, Joseph  
Better than you than me, better you than me  
Joseph, Joseph, Joseph, Joseph  
Than me, better you than me  
Better you, better you, better you than me Well, your eyes just haven't been the same, Joseph

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