

Me and Lazarus (live)

Iron & Wine

Me and Lazarus, we shovel all the ashes out
Black bare linens blowing 'round
Back and forth and up and down Oh, oh, whoa
Guess I had nowhere else to go Me and Lazarus kept bailing on that riverboat
Floating by the choir rose
Bobbing in the ebb and flow Whoa, whoa, whoa
Guess I had nowhere else to go He's an emancipated punk and he can dance
But he's got a hole in the pocket of his pants
Must be a symptom of outstanding circumstances Whoa, whoa, whoa Me and Lazarus, we fiddle with a baby
spoon
Fever flowing through the room
Far too long and way too soon Oh, whoa, whoa
Guess I had nowhere else to go Me and Lazarus, we pick up papa's white boy blues
Hand-me-downs and Sunday shoes
Never made the local news Whoa, whoa, whoa
Guess I had nowhere else to go And I'm a liberated loser that can roam
But where my pocket was I'm peeking through a hole
A couple second chances surely would console me Whoa, whoa, whoa

Songwriters

BEAM, SAMUEL ERVIN Published by

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