No Passenger

Boiled In Lead

Walkin' down an empty street in a city I don't know
Whistlin something catchy as I make my way through snow.
Ain't got no gloves so I keep my hands balled up in fists;
I'm tryin' not to think how it all came down to this.
I been searching for a sparrow in a city full of wrens
I been asking for the cost so I can make amends
I been waiting for the questions so my answers will make sense
I been looking for the way home but the snow is much too dense.
They said "Why are you here?" I said, "I'm doin' time
Cause I'm willing to break laws but I won't commit no crime."
If there's more to making choices than luck and happenstance,
I hope I do it right next time I get the chance.
This city seems so cold, and it isn't just the wind.
I would be easy to say, "I'm here because I sinned."
I'm here because someday someone will need a ride
And I'll throw away my drink and say, "The coach awaits outside."

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