

I Shot an Arrow

Murder By Death

Tires burnin' in the backyard
smoke risin' on the plains
girl's singing that stupid song again
the thunder makes an awful din
street fills in like a tomb
folks seek shelter
but there's no room I had a dream too big for the world get me out of here
take me to the edge of town
to the underground
it can't be that far
get me out of here
doesn't matter where
I don't care
anywhere but here the food lines wind and shiver and shake
what's it gonna take to get by
and this weave of events
fools attribute to fate is like calling bones meat
'cause they're on your plate
it's just a lie

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