

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

Songwriters

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