Age of Assassins

Two Gallants

Oh when the summer sun come cutting
Like a clean razor blade
And I wake to the day and all the visions I've made
Reached out my hand for the curl of her hair
And whisper my dreams to the girl who's not there
Gather some memory from the night before
Where'd she go? she go, where'd she go?
Screaming of threats and slam of a door

Well I don't know, don't know, don't know
So I look to the window and the city below
From this bed of mine
Where I eat sweet jelly rolls

Think I'll put on my face
I'd like to fix me a drink
'Cause somewhere someone knows just what I think
Last night's but a question that hangs likes a noose
'Round my throat, my throat
Surely tonight, I'll invite its abuse

Well there's no hope, no hope, no hope

Goodness me, oh my
Oh my god, I still might be fine
Get through all the pains I fake
Poor boy could use a break
A break from my own daily hate, oh
"Pain is something no one else knows"
That's what I hear them say
But everyone bereaves the day
I said weary weary walk away

So I take to the streets like the dead to the grave
You light me a smoke because it's right to behave
And I'm all juiced up all morning because morning is when
Heros stand tall in the statues of men
And all the pigeons adore me and peck at my feet
Oh the fame, the fame, the fame

Someday they may use my head as a seat

Well I can't wait, can't wait, can't wait

Goodness me, oh my
Oh my god, I still might get by
Get through all the pains I fake
Poor boy could use a break
A break from my own daily hate, oh
"Pain is something no one else knows"
That's what I hear them say
But everyone bereaves the day
I said weary weary walk away

When I die alone bury me deep
Way out west past Sunset Street
So I can hear old 29 when she goes rollin' by
And when they come to claim my skin
And I go back where I begin
Place the stones at my head and feet
Tell them all I've gone to sleep

And as the city unravels her metal bedroll
I dirty her sheets with the stumble I stroll
And the people all stop just to watch me go by
With a thirst in my throat and a tear in my eye
So riddle me this while I lend you my soul in a song, in a song, a song
And balance the sky on these shoulders of mine

Until the dawn, the dawn, the dawn

Goodness me, oh my
Oh my god, I still might get by
Get through all the pains I fake
Poor boy could use a break
A break from my own daily hate, oh
"Pain is something no one else knows"
That's what I hear them say
But everyone bereaves the day
I said weary weary walk away

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