The Only Ones

Common Rider

though the hammer's blind
though the weapon's primed
though the water's mined
you are not the last
you're not iron cast
not a broken mast
the way that a crude anxiety knocks around underneath the crosswalk
the way that the roar of unsaid things drowns out all the small talk
yeah, ghost walk, till the dead grow tired of the nightthough you are alone
you have never been the only one
we will reach from our points in the dark
and see where luck comes fromthe god of increase
is not a god of peace
and it troubles me
to the burning ups
to the whiskey cups
to the purple dusk
faith in places where the mind can't go but the heart hangs around
traced in the faces where the eyes recall what's still important now
yeah, trust this, and the whole blue world will be yours and minethough you are alone
you have never been the only one
we will reach from our points in the dark
and see where luck comes fromin the city of shut down lights
in the crosshairs of enemy sights
we will reach from the dark
till we excavate a sky(calling ... calling ...)though you are alone
you have never been the only one
we will reach from our points in the dark
and see where luck comes fromthough you are alone
you have never been the only one
we will reach from our points in the dark
and see where luck comes fromsee where luck comes from
see where luck comes from

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