

Should I close my eyes and get in that line
Hold my bags in file with the boarders? Should I take
your name down on a penciled list
Or a tape recorder?

Or should I take you down in the nighttime
To the banks by the deep black water?
Time will make you mine, in an hour's time
Time will make you older

They're pulling wreckage from the lake
All night and day outside my window
The sky was quiet, cold, and wide
The night they died above my pillow

And God will take care of us, at least some of us
At least those of us that He wants
And disappear from most of us
Keep clear from most of us
Besides those of us that he haunts.