

Fault Line

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

I've been waiting on the fault line
Living evil take me on
I'll be standing with my dying bed
If you care to come along

Racing with the rising tide
To my father's door

I been lying in the bright light
See my shadow from below
Never wanted from another man
Never wanted for my own

Drowning in the rising tide
At my father's door

Through a window to the last mile
My living picture on a wall
From the banks of the far side
I see the lights come ashore

Racing from the rising tide
To my father's door
Racing from the rising tide
To my father's door
Racing with the rising tide
To my father's door