

Dying of thirst  
Could i still be alive or worse  
Where was i last  
Parked on the street when a shadow was cast  
Taking me out, when a struggle ensued  
What was that hole in my shirt  
And the blood that spilled to the floor  
Like a dead man's

The focus is blurred  
And the voice off camera is heard  
And the lighting's to blame  
Tell the assistant director the same  
Pulling away to a final dissolve  
Soundtrack provides a lush bed of strings  
Before the screen fades to black  
And the credits rise above  
Like the soul of a dead man  
Wandering on  
Like a dead man  
Wandering on