

South

Damien Jurado

Tom and I out on the hillside
Waving at planes and pulling our wrists
No girl of mine is gonna see me cry
She'd be better off seeing me dead

Tom and I cover our eyes and decide
To make our way out on the next passing bird
I found my solace in a plateau of nothingness
Floating like grass, indecisive

My body is a passing leaf
Dead as it hits the ground
Useless to nature's need
Quite a sight not to see

Tom and I out on the hillside
We're both so insane and pushing our luck
You take New York and I will marry Lee
Let's see who comes back worse