

Outlive

Jon Bryant

Take your cocaine cloak bury it in sand
Slavery is fine when you're living on a dime
Take your earthly gold tryna fix it to your soul
Ain't never gonna stick so long as clocks a tick

There's victory on a north bound train
With the rust to show it's been through the rain
Eighteen years brought my life to tears
When I outlived my last years

Take your shoes and your cap, won't you leave 'em at the door?
This ain't just a meal, it's the prayers before we kneel
Lift up your weary head and won't kiss the marks that heal?
And tears that fall will wash away the dust upon your lips

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Ooh, yeah, no