

# Resurrect Me

Jon Foreman

It takes a long time to kill a man  
Fifty-five years at least  
Until he breaks down  
Starts to look underground  
To go off and get him some peace

I want to die a lot quicker than that  
If my it's my only way out  
I've been counting up the costs  
Getting up on that cross  
I want to know what this all about

Father Time  
Steals our days  
Like a thief  
There's no price that I wouldn't pay  
To get some relief  
I've become an empty shell  
Of a man I don't like so well  
I am a living, breathing hell,  
Come on and resurrect me

I tried to drown the pain with a friend of mine  
It didn't seem to help  
Ah she's got a pretty face  
With her wedding lace  
But I'm still waking up with myself

I know what it means to choke it down  
Up, down till your legs get weak  
I know what it's like on a Saturday night  
To be alone on a crowded street

Father Time  
Steals our days  
Like a thief  
There's no price that I haven't paid  
To get some relief  
I've become a shell of a man  
I can't begin to even understand  
Have I forgotten who I am?  
Come on and resurrect me

Resurrect me  
Come on and resurrect me