

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