There's a dead deer in the road up ahead
Must be an omen
From an hour ago or so
Must have been chosen
And the day moves fast, and the day moves slow
Don't I know it
And I never met a morning that I didn't like
And I never met a night that I wouldn't try twice
You should go before the dawn
Cast no shadows
But I'm already gone, mmm

And grab provisions
There's nothing for a hundred miles
And cast your vision on the dark road
For a while

Storm is coming now
It sits in a cloud
And soon the sky will open up its big mouth
I feel it in my bones
I feel so alone
My heart's the guitar, and my mouth the piano
I have many teeth in many different keys
Honey, if you're good then don't do it for free
Do what I have to do
Say what I have to say
Put a quarter in my jukebox then be on your way

And grab provisions
There's nothing for a hundred miles
And cast your vision on a memory
For a while

Puerto Rican bride with tears in her eyes on her wedding day
Oh, loves a parade, but don't just give it away, choose carefully
Confetti in my hand, are you ready to be a man
Are you inside the kingdom or just dead where you stand?
And the tin cans drum on the pavement
And somebody yells, "Someone save us"
You were a wishing well inside of hell
And I'd stand over you and I'd laugh as it fell
Wish you would come again, as lovers or friends
I don't care but till then

Grab provisions
There's nothing for a hundred miles
And cast your vision on a melody
For a while

Oh, sound off, one, two, three, four Who's at the door?
And five, six, who is this?
And seven, eight, I'm feeling fine
And sound off, one, two
Three, four, get on the floor
And five, six, pick up sticks

And seven, eight, who's at the gate Oh, and sound off, one, two Three, four, who's at my door And five, six, who is this? And seven, eight

Grab provisions
There's nothing for a hundred miles
And cast your vision on the dark road
For a while