

Waking the Dead

Matthew Perryman Jones

The sun is sinking
And I'm still dragging this bag of bones
Like a home-sick beggar
With a rockstar swagger
And a heart of stone

My feet are on the riverbed
My hands are far from innocent
Have mercy on my soul

Where did I go wrong?
I lost my head
I want to dance on fire
And be born again
I can hear the voice
That's waking up the dead

Everything changes
And colors start fading and the stars go dim
and the clock keeps ticking
while the rattlesnake's shaking
As it sheds its skin

Kill your heart and never take a chance
Lock it up inside a picket fence-
The illusions of control

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