Junk Bones

Ramshackle Glory

Got the bones of a junkie beneath my skin
I've got the heart of a saint, but who doesn't these days?
The kingdom of Heaven is in our grasp
So long as we leave out all the "Heaven" and "kingdom" crap

She died without a name, and the world just kept on spinning
No time for that now, not if we want to go out swinging

Rev the engine just one last time
Let the heat gauge rise all the way to the line
Ride the motor until it dies
Coast all of the rest of the way into the city line

Then I'll walk for miles just to meet you at a diner at midnigh
t
I've been looking for truth, and maybe that's a start, alright

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