

Accidental Deth

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You're obsessed with finding a new brain,
But what you need is a new body.
It feels your brain has lived a thousand lives before
And the skin you call your home
Holds a heart that quits,
And knees that buckle in,
And lungs that can't breathe when they're alone.

And the days come to you like sailors;
You watch them as they drift away.
They meet the sunrise out at the horizon
And it's neither sink nor swim;
Least the water's beneath your chin.

There's blood spilled on the floor.
Everyone's staring at you-- what for?
Till you realize the blood is probably yours...

You feel you lost something. You want it back.
You're lying motionless on your back,
And your legs aren't taking anymore requests.

Those disobedient wrecks!
How you cared for them as they carried you
From class to class and coast to coast;
When you owed rent and you were broke,
Through recessions and addictions.

It's just your accidental death;
Your accidental death.
It's just your accidental death.
You're the indian in the cougar's nest.

Your fright gives way to memory;
Having coffee with your love,
Or the story your father told you long ago:
He was hunting with his own father
For deer. He pointed and spotted her,
Then tripped over some roots or some dead trees.
The gun went off; it was a mistake
And my father was only eight.
And as he watched the dying deer, he was changed
'Cause he felt sorry for what he'd done,
And then he put down his gun.

Will you feel sorry for what you've done?
Will you put down your gun?

It's just your accidental death;
Your accidental death.
But there's no accidental death
When you're the indian in the cougar's nest.

It's just your accidental death;
Your accidental death.
It's just your accidental death;
You're the indian in the cougar's nest