

Every Time I Feel the Shift

T-Bone Burnett

If we were to pass an Eleventh Commandment
In twenty years people would be shocked to learn
That there had once been only ten
And wouldn't care if there had been

It all comes down to a moment of truth
Clock ticking in a soundproof booth
From Corpus Christi to Duluth
From Genghis Kahn to Babe Ruth

If I could only see through glass
I would know what has come to pass
I wouldn't hurry but I'd get there fast
What's last is first, what's first is last

Every time you feel the shift
You conjure fire in a hieroglyph
When you're out for revenge dig two graves
When you run from the truth it comes in waves

We're marching up to Zion
The beautiful city of God

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