

Cody says he didn't start the fire
His parents know he probably did
He's always playing with a light
He's just a different kind of kid
And Cody says He didn't raise the dead
Says "religion's just a trick
To keep hard-working folks in line."
He says it makes his stomach sick

So who's gonna carry us away?
Eagles with glory-painted wings?
We keep on waiting for the miracle to come
Pour down the mountain like a heaven-fed stream

Cody's always got one on the line;
He likes to walk 'em by the wrist
He does his pulling with his eyes
He does his talking with his fists
Bottle rockets on an August night
Raid the coolers in the trucks
If we're lucky we'll get loud and we'll drink
Whiskey from a plastic jug

So who's gonna carry us away?
Eagles with glory-painted wings?
We keep on waiting for the miracle to come
Fall from the firmament and give us nice things
Round and round it goes
Where it stops, nobody knows, nobody knows

So who's gonna carry us away?
Eagles with glory-painted wings?
We keep on waiting for the miracle to come
Roll down the mountain to the sound of sad strings
We keep on waiting for the miracle
For the miracle
We keep on waiting for the miracle
For the miracle