

# Mountains Make Me Crazy

The Weeks

These mountains make me crazy  
My legs can't seem to stand  
"And I'll be leaving in the morning with or without you" she said  
If I'm breaking what I'm building  
I've ripped out every single stone  
And you can break my soul or bones girl but you can't destroy my home  
No you can't destroy my home  
If the street lights they all flicker  
Just like candles in the street  
I will give my soul to strangers and let the bastards sell it cheap  
I've seen girls out on the street, lord  
Men drunk on the boulevard  
The kings all know my face lord and the jokers pulled my card  
Oh, the jokers pulled my card

They say that that doesn't kill you makes you stronger  
And I should be pretty strong or so it seems  
Cause I almost died a thousand times  
Oh, death it follows me  
I guess that's what separates us gods from kings

We will plant our dead in boxes  
And pray to God that something grows  
Leave the widow on her knees, Boys  
Dressed in black with empty hopes  
The children's screams are crazy  
Their eyes are blacked out from the smoke  
I can spare my bread and water, but I cannot spare my coat  
No, I cannot spare my coat  
Don't damn my imagination  
Cause my dreams are all I have  
Well In the day its damp and dirty  
But when I sleep it's not that bad  
Dirty hands they cling to boxcars  
Tender tears stain frozen cheeks  
We're all searching for salvation but we won't find it in these streets  
We won't find it in these streets

They say that that doesn't kill you makes you stronger  
And I should be pretty strong or so it seems  
Cause I almost died a thousand times  
Oh, death it follows me  
I guess that's what separates us gods from kings

Everybody lives for something  
I guess I must live to think  
You can have my thoughts at half the cost  
Because I think they're killing me  
The tree lines weave through fields  
Giant serpents of the south  
I've seen the sun set on the ocean  
I've seen the daylight drown itself

Poets drink their whiskey  
They point out problems in our lives  
Well you will never read his notebooks  
He won't be famous till he dies

Well without our hearts we're nothing  
And without our spines we're weak  
You can pump my blood or hold me up but that still want make me free  
No that still won't make me free