

Lyrics - GONE (2015)

Knockin' 'em down

' used to play with my friends, out of town,
stick in my hand, every day was like the 4th of July

then a friend got hit by a car
after that when I picked up a stick my mama said "son just don't"

then sticks, sticks turned to stones, stones turned to guns, guns to deaths
heavy on my soul

so the season of the fallen began wiping sinners across the border and
draining towns

oh, she said she was only seventeen, her daddy said son don't you let her
walk on home alone

everyday she said daddy I don't care I said sir I don't think I just knock 'em
down

locked up in here I met a guy with no real sins like mine
turned himself in one day, oh, just to keep from dying

told him my tale, my deeds and my woes
"unlike you said, we're not that different at all"

he said he was only seventeen when his daddy said son you don't - have to
walk this road/path alone
everyday he said daddy I don't dare he said son if things come - you chose! -
knock 'em down

Lump in your Throat

"when that lump in your throat doesn't go away by crying"
she read "don't shut out the pain, girl, let it all out"

"how many songs must I hear to be deceived, oh lord?
I parked my car in a foreign land, my messenger's fleeing through the night"

she whispers "I'm sent home crying, but I won't quit trying"

"I see urban lovers hurting since the moment they woke up,
and girls hiding their broken hearts in the folds of their pretty little dresses"

"I hear hearts popping along with mine all over this land" she said
"yet as alone as the midnight rambler, I feel this is the end stop of my travels"

she whispers "I'm sent home crying, but I won't quit trying"

"oh I'll be on my own
she said: "I'll be on my own, then"

But on a summer night,
as she's stealing kisses softly,
underneath that sorrow, she tastes
a promise of redemption

well I'm sent home crying, but I won't quit trying

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The Burning and the Flood

saw 'em coming,
they passed me by without a glance
they kept going,
they held torches in their hands

blood-soaked blacktops
rain-softened concrete
pave their way,
as the river turns black

peasants in their fields
witness castles crumbling down
and my king and my queen stand weeping on their hill
as they watch it, all
burns

then blood grows poisonous
don't feel pain, though pain is all I know
like a kid that pawns his own guitar but
keeps his rusty strings

with time the river turns blue again
quenches it all away
kid buys his guitar back and
those strings still ring

peasants in the fields
light fires and dance the night away
and the king and the queen,
minds and hearts (set) on the new day
remembering how
it all burned

Roll Out Mama

eyes getting tired, wandering through the mirror
I see you coming, I see you going
oh, how pretty you are

glistening and glinting eyes, two headlights in the night
you climb in, I roar alive in 2nd gear at last

I wonder if it's just a scheme to keep me waiting waiting at home

roll me in the fire
fumbling with my hair and my keys
gotta get going, gotta get moving along
you gotta keep me waiting on, waiting at home

make yourself at ease babe
I'm steering out of the lane
making a stop right there on the side of the road

hands on the wheel, eyes still on the road
she leans back and says, I'm ready when you are
wonder if it's just a scheme to keep me waiting, waiting at home

little bit of caution, little bit of loving me
racing through the tracks to a place I'll never reach

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More than Kisses	<p>Kings behind broken shields, history in the making well, people keep on dying, somewhere someone is christening babies</p> <p>“oh I've been so blind, should've given her more than kisses”</p> <p>a thousand songs are being written, but none are being sung well people keep on smiling, but somewhere someone is quietening babies</p> <p>“oh I've been so blind, should've given her more than kisses”</p> <p>unlike young lovers leaving in the morning, barely showing their faces anymore, pain won't leave you until it's told to</p>
Trouble	<p>Up there another man, working They've put me aside, resting</p> <p>I used to work at night, chanting Well I don't any more, ain't it saddening?</p> <p>How can it be? I'm too old to be this young How can it be this country needs my bones in the ground All I got is a six-stringed soul shovel and the power to wield it</p> <p>With another man, dancing I saw her Saturday night, her lips were trembling</p> <p>How can it be? I'm too old to be this young How can it be this country needs/sinks/drinks my bones in the ground All I got is a six-stringed soul shovel and the power to wield it</p>
Dance Señorita	<p>here she comes walking, here she gets off her cloud she's got a noose in her hands, can't see her eyes somehow she tells me to find the nearest tall tree and extending her arm, to hang myself with it</p> <p>I don't think I'm ready, I said, I don't even know what I got yet couldn't you go 'round and find someone else in my stead that charming hooded figure granted my last wish but she took my flesh from me</p> <p>she said alright kid, I will take her then dance señorita, dance with your feet in the wind dance señorita, dance hanging from that tree you're never coming down you ain't never coming down again</p> <p>suddenly I woke up, strangled my own cold sweat relief showering over me like I'd been divinely blessed but looking outside, I spotted a tree, with a familiar rope hanging from it melting in tears I screamed, take me back with you, I will dance with you</p> <p>dance señorita, dance with your feet in the wind dance señorita, dance hanging from that tree you're never coming down</p>

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The Waiting

I'm not getting any younger
this place is getting smaller boy

seems like there ain't nobody to turn to

oh if only I could get myself a little meeting with the stars one night
that'd keep me from hurting, if I knew if it was worth waiting

I've seen my body, tall and strong, being shackled to broken brain
and my heart being shown a parade of dreams that are never coming true

i'm getting tired of waiting

been getting ready for a long long time
chafing just from standing there trying, a thought:

“that hunger that breaks you
might also just redeem you”

not unlike the drunken in the night
who tells the barman “keep ‘em coming, alright?”

I'm out there fighting demons
which gives purpose to my breathing

I see my horse, tired and trembling
being tied by someone else's reins
and my heart being shown a parade of dreams that are never coming true

Gone

Hi, my name is Johnny, federal prisoner 49, 3049
I have never killed anyone, but not for lack of trying
All I got is this feeling inside
like I'd been robbed of entire years of my life
like I woke up one morning and saw that all I had was gone

I have a wife and a son, he must be six years old, he never came along
She stopped coming after a few years, I don't know, I never shed a tear,
she's better off
And when you realize that you've been walking alone all this time
and when you realize you've been sleeping on the floor instead of with your
wife
and when you realize that all you had has gone

I write to my mother, letters, at least once a week
I don't know if anybody reads 'em to her or if she's able at all
I asked her how she could love me after all she's seen of me
I asked her how she could love me after all she's been through
She answered “I'll be the one to, when everybody else has gone”