

Chris Whitley, Din

Well, when I got your letter, I could not contain
The urge to go beyond our inheritance again
And the drug of ages, in pages of your pen
I got to put it down
Maybe you got glazed by all the shit you had
To taste for to descend, to let me in
Maybe it's okay now if you turn and run away
Anesthetic days of crusades and consent, the idiot intent
And though our love was likely your disease is so competent
You're so proud of the few risks you've taken, child
But no it's nothing new, we all continue
Maybe it's okay now
If you turn and run away, well, yet again
Vacant above the din, vacant above the din
[Incomprehensible]
I tried to dissuade the agents in your mind
Who'll rape and campaign until you resign
And I'd return your letter but I'm feeling unrefined
I'd rather put you down
Vacant in the eyes as you conform
And compromise yourself in sense
And like pretense
Maybe it's okay now
If you turn and run away, well, yet again
Vacant above the din, above the din
Above the din, above the din