

Common Rider, Longshot

when i was the one with the ruined look
clustering around my face and
every last corner of the day was bruised and gray
who drove tired in the rain
just to dump my gin down the drain
arguing me back from the ledge,
i can still hear you say:

"every single thing is bound to come and go"

[Chorus:]

woah everything collides
and the rain starts falling down
it's a longshot longshot
but underdogs don't drown
woah step into the bullets
but never touch the ground
it's a longshot longshot
be we won't be shot down

so who's this with the car collision ache
and the very last dime
telling they can't keep guard one more blood night
don't you know i am coming
with the lucky strikes and something
you used to say now tell me if i got it right:

"every single thing is bound to come and go"

so people do weird things to each other
that the consolation book doesn't cover
and if this night's been practicing you
in a page of rain on the old war wound
flatline blue and the taste of loss
call me i'll wade the tides with you boss
we will take this flood apart
and drag this lake for its watery heat