

Jars Of Clay, Dead Man (Carry Me)

January 1, I got a lot of things on my mind
Looking at my body through a new spy satellite
I try to lift a finger but I don't think I can make the call
So, tell me if I move 'cause I don't feel anything at all....

So carry Me, I'm just a dead man lying on the carpet can't find a heartbeat
Make me breathe, I want to be a new man,
tired of the old one, off with the old plan

I woke up from a dream about an empty funeral
But it was better than the party full of people I don't really know.
Well, they've got hearts to break and burn, dirty hands to feel the earth
There is something in my veins but I can't seem to make it work...won't work

So, carry me, I'm just a dead man lying on the carpet, can't find a heartbeat
Make me breathe, I want to be a new man,
tired of the old one, out with the old plan..

Can you find a beat, inside of me?
Any pulse? Getting worse.
Any pulse, getting worse?
Inside of me....
Can you find a beat.

Carry me, I'm just a dead man lying on the carpet, can't find a heartbeat
make me breathe, I want to be a new man, tired of the old one, out with the old plan
Carry me, I'm just a dead man lying on the carpet can't find a heartbeat..
make me breathe, I want to be a new man, tired of the old one, out with the old plan.