

Lyle Lovett, Lungs

(Townes Van Zandt)

Well won't you lend your lungs to me
Mine are collapsing
Plant my feet and bitterly breathe
Up the time that's passing
And breath I'll take and breath I'll give
And pray the day's not poison
Stand among the ones that live
In lonely indecision

Fingers walk the darkness down
Mind is on the midnight
Gather up the gold you've found
You fool it's only moonlight
And if you try to take it home
Your hands will turn to butter
You better leave this dream alone
Try to find another

Salvation sat and crossed herself
Called the devil partner
Wisdom burned upon a shelf
Who'll kill the raging cancer
Seal the river at its mouth
Take the water prisoner
Fill the sky with screams and cries
Bathe in fiery answers

Jesus was an only son
And love his only concept
Strangers cry in foreign tongues
And dirty up the doorstep
And I for one and you for two
Ain't got the time for outside
Just keep your injured looks to you
We'll tell the world that we tried