

# 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