

Mark Eitzel, Go Away

The butcher shop in the air
Is heavy with all the choice cuts
The Columbus God of Hope
Twists a knife in your guts
And all we talk about
Is how disappointed you are every day
A blank face on a child
Who can't reply to anything you say

Go away
Go away
Go away

The prison guards just try and sell me
These little yellow pills
They say they'll cover up the pain
For a wound that never heals
And all I got
All I got was the last look
You wore on your face
And if I live to be a thousand
That's one thing I'll never replace

Go away
Go away go away
Go away go away

I know you've got a plank to walk
I know you've got a kite to fly
And I'll do everything I can
To help you say goodbye
just wanted to fill your soul with light
And free us both from the Ohio day
My touch just makes you draw
Farther and farther
And farther away

Go away
Go away
Go away go away
Go away

Go away
Go away go away go away
Go away go away