

# Murder By Death, Spring Break 1899

The sun is comin' up over the hill...  
Or maybe it's not I can't even tell  
But there's a warmth on my face  
That isn't the blood  
And my tears are turnin'  
The snow into mud

And I can't feel my left leg  
But I think it's still there  
Did I kill anybody?  
Hell, I never fight fair

What state am I in?  
Am I still on the run?  
Has it really been so long  
Since I've seen the sun?

My instincts are telling me  
To pick up and go  
But I can't feel my fingers  
And I can't move my toes  
There's a drained bourbon bottle  
Layin' next to my head  
And the piss and the vomit  
Are the sheets on my bed

Is it you? Could it be you?  
Don't want it to

I went out all night drinking  
So I took the bait  
And I jumped off the interstate  
To Highway 8  
To the bars full of girls  
Who all know me by name  
They all drink the same drinks  
And they all fuck the same

Now my eyes are turnin' red  
In this hotel bar  
And she's breathing out smoke  
As she motions towards the door  
The kindness of a stranger  
Or a trick of the trade?  
God knows I'm not the first mistake  
That she's made

Is it you? Could it be you?  
Don't want it to  
Is it you? Could it be you?  
Don't want it to

I been down and out  
I been spit on for so long  
I stored my shame in my belly  
'till I needed to be strong

In my last guilty whim  
I stole a map and a truck  
It's pure chance  
That i haven't already been picked up  
But from here on the slate's clean  
I'm headin' way south  
Always heard the girls were pretty there

I got to find out!  
Look Ma your son's a travelin' man!  
I don't know what I did  
But I'll do all the good that I can....

Could it be you?  
Could it be you?  
Could it be you?  
Could it be you?  
Could it be you?