

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?