

Tarkio, Save Yourself

Here there is no revelry
The sadness needs no leavening
So loose your boots and sit yourself down
Deep inside the water tank
Over by the riverbank
There I saw my little girl drown

Call it a detour
Ugly and impure
Save yourself
Where is the life line
Here on the highline
Save yourself

I came back here at 24
My friends all say what you're doing this for
Well my father died and passed this shit to me
Rub my hands in turpentine
My prospect's now being undermined
With bankers knocking daily at my door

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Ugly and impure
Save yourself
Where is the life line
Here on the highline
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Lost inside the peloton
With the Jerry Lewis telethon
Ticking soft till I fall fast asleep
Slipped away with candlelight
Leather chaps and cattle drives
This is not the life I meant to lead

Call it a detour
Ugly and impure
Save yourself
But where is the life line
Here on the highline
Save yourself

Save yourself