

The Afghan Whigs, Lost in the Woods

Surprise, surprise
I'll have you know I've come to see you die
I'm hard to find, you'll never tell
You know me by now, you know me by now
You do, you do

Reason why, start the conversation
Call it occupation, we'll be here awhile
Reason now, before it's too late
Before you betray yourself
And I to you, to you

I went to the levy, dove into the water
Dove into the water, unchaining my life
Fake the believer, sanctified redeemer
Camouflaged deceiver, so covetous, I
But you... baby

Sitting outside in the cold,
I can see that you're not alone
That's vanity swallowing you, come see
That baby, soon she'll be picking her teeth

Not dead, I'll see you all again
In time we all descend
Not yet, and I won't leave
'Til I know what I need to know
You know me by now, you know me by now
You do...

Baby, fear has a mind of its own
Undress, if you see in your bones
And I see how it waited for you
And I see how it baited the hook
Now you're gone and you ain't coming back

Sitting outside in the cold,
I can see that you're not alone
Calamity following you, come see
Now baby, sin is a line of a poem
Unknown with a need to know
A throne in a room with a view
But you're lost in the woods