

# The Wallflowers, I've Been Delivered

I could break free from the  
wood of a coffin  
if I need  
But nothin's hard as  
Gettin' free from places  
I've already been

I've been waste-deep  
in the burnin' meadows  
of my mind  
In the engine  
In cold December  
shootin' fire from the hose

Now turn off your lights  
'cause I'm not comin' home  
'til I'm delivered for the first time

I was first-born to a parade  
that follows in rows  
down a narrow cold black river  
faceless shadows  
movin' slow

I would move swift when  
the sounds of a trumpet would blow  
I've been the puppet  
I've been the strings  
I know the vacant face it brings

Now the bells of curfew  
They may ring before I'm through  
But soon  
I'll be delivered for the first time

You might keep clean  
in the back of an angel motorcade  
It doesn't matter who walks in  
you know, the joke is still the same  
You'll just wake up  
like a disposable lover  
decomposed  
I've been gone  
I've been remembered  
I've been alive  
I've been a ghost

So now, if downtown explodes  
I'll still be on this road  
'til I'm delivered for the first time

I have drawn blood  
from the neckline  
when vampires were in fashion  
You know I'd even learn  
to cut my throat  
If I thought I could fit in

'Cause I, I once heard  
that you gotta learn  
how to blend in to this mess  
Where nothin's hard  
nothin's precious  
and nothin's smooth or flawless

Now, no more amused  
just screaming to be delivered  
for the first time

Now I'm 10 miles in the deep  
and mighty blue sea  
Looking back, towards a long white beach  
burnin' up into yellow flames

And I just wave back  
like a little boy up on a pony  
in a show  
'cause I can't fix  
something this complex  
any more than I can build a rose

So just keep on letting go  
'cause I must be close  
to being delivered for the first time

Now I'd rather bleed out  
a long stream from being lonely  
and feel blessed  
Well than drown, laying face down  
in a puddle of respect  
I was once lost  
in the corridors of the arena  
in blindfolds  
I've been the bull  
I've been the whip  
I just pulled down the matador

So now, turn on your lights  
'cause I'm comin' home  
I've been delivered for the first time