

Wide Mouth Mason, Midnight Rain

Three men jump off an overpass
One hits rock and the other glass
Last one grabs a rail and calls the other tow fools
Tell me now which one are you
At the last out post of the midnight rain
A man relives the past with his shadow again
Prays a toast to his bride and pours a long tall suicide
Would you do the same if it was you

But everything is turning out
And everything is coming round
The sun will shine on solid ground
Tomorrow when it comes out
Everything is turning out
And everything is coming round
The things that hurt you set you free
Yes come home to me

Scatter my ashes in a hotel room
I paid a high price to smell that sweet perfume
A man outside and his face is vaguely familiar
Oh, Tell me now what if it was you

But everything is turning out, turning out
And everything is coming round, coming round
The sun will shine on solid ground
Tomorrow when it comes out
Everything is turning out, tuning out
And everything is coming round, coming round
The things that hurt you set you free
Yes come home to me
Yes come home to me
Yes come home to me
Yes come home to me
Yeah....