

Caedmon's Call, Potiphar's Door

When I was a little boy, I couldn't know the cost of going to war
When I counted 'em and walked that aisle, you know that I couldn't count that high
But now I can count that high
And Im counting' 1, 2, 3, 4
Dont wanna fight this good fight no more

So Im knocking on Potiphar's door sayin'
"Hey, on second thought, I might be in for some more"
So I'm knocking on Potiphar's door
While the keeper of the keys and the knocker on the door says
"Dont you live for what I died for"

So Im staring' through the window screen
Wishing I could do all those things Ive seen
I know it's sin that leads to death but it looks like fun to me
And fun is the one thing I need
Because this race has knocked the wind all out of me

There are so many things I wish I had done before I repented
And when I said it, sometimes I wonder if I really meant it
I have this bad habit of raisin' the dead
And inviting them to eat at the table in my head

The old house it has been plundered, the deed has changed hands
The owner is all bound up and exiled to a foreign land