

Counting Crows, Wiseblood

I'm an outcast that no one can save anymore
and the days of my youth, have all long gone by now
I was the kind of boy the devil would offer a smoke or a drink to
or a ride downtown to some God forsaken land

One Sunday morning at dawn you know they baptized my soul
but they held me down so long Christ I almost drowned
Yeah I was the kind of boy who never learned to smile
so I kicked and I screamed
'till I tore myself lose from all these great big hands Oh Yeah

Chorus:

Wiseblood knows how to walk the way the wind blows
Wiseblood hears grace whisper right behind

My mommma, she turned around and said
"Little boy you better wake up....cause your a walking dead"
Oh she was the kind a girl who never touched a smoke or a drink
she just smoldered like an empty church left to burn in the wind