

Firewater, Isle Of Dogs

How many time do I have to lie
Before you believe me?
And how many time do you have to beat me
Before I learn how to play?
And where are the authorities
When you need somebody blown away
And how many arrows do I have to suffer
Before I'm a martyr?
Is it true that you have to do good
Before people will
Pay for a look at your bones?
You've got to be kidding me
Does this mean that I'll never be a saint?

With my pockets full of platitudes
And my dusty crown of thorns
Yeah it's used but barely worn
And I have crawled broke and desperate
Through the dumpsters of the Lord

And once I was an ugly sea
I wrestled in my sleep
And hurled foul threats and curses
At the sky
I pounded on the stubborn shore
Cause it can never be a symphony
If nobody cries

And how many bodies and how many boxes
Before it's all over?
And how many time do I have to cry
Before they wash me away?
Head I do: It's a comedy
Tails I don't: And I see another day

With my pockets full of platitudes
And my dusty crown of thorns
Yeah it's used but barely worn
And I have crawled broke and desperate
Through the dumpsters of the Lord

Once I was a rusted ship
Forsaken on the rocks
A tangle of green ligament and bone
I wrangled with the sullen sea
For it can never be a tragedy
If nobody dies