

# Jeff Finlin, For The Life In Me

Pulled out from Eden  
And left it behind  
Till the weight of the world  
Came screaming in behind  
Cut my wrist to insist  
On a thousand bad dreams  
Till the sound of my trumpet  
Was the sound of a scream  
Removed what they told me  
Was right and sublime  
To drink in fifths and  
Drive in shifts  
Through the alleys at night  
Moved my mind over  
Till my heart was the high beam  
And if you ask me why I do it  
Ill say its for the life in me

You see my eyes were blinded  
With the rules of the thumb  
The thieves they owned the village  
The Saints were all bums  
They said Id have to come in their colors  
Or Id never see the sun  
Couldnt call it as it was  
So to the highway Id become

Its a wonder all them pilgrims  
Crossed the plains and seven seas  
To stand in awe and wonder  
And die up in the trees  
Youll never wonder why  
When you suck the air the breathe  
Youll sing in toothless wonder  
Man its for the life in me

So if youre busy dying warm  
In the silk sheets of your bed  
And you forget that being born  
Is a daily piece of bread  
Theres a place that you can drift  
If you turn an open eye  
In from all the madness  
For a glance at your insides  
For a star lays at the end of every  
Nerve that you paint  
Its everything you are and all that you aint  
What waits there in the distance  
Somehow sets me free  
So dont stand and wonder why Im gone  
Its probably for the life in me