

# Kevin Devine, Go Haunt Someone Else

The moralist on the mountaintop  
The cap gun cowboy caught playing dress up  
Patrols his cartoon beat with his costume clothes  
The damn fool with his ten-top chip  
His bourgeois blues and his heartbreak habit  
Slings his lightening bolts, his arrows & stones

Well, you could do it forever  
It won't make it better  
Cause you won't find your mark  
You could use a mirror  
To see your target clearer,  
All the bad blood that hijacked your heart  
But you got what you asked for, so don't even start:  
You were never a victim.  
So own what you did, son, admit what you are.

Dead weight in a tightrope trance  
The pain pill preacher astray in his wasteland  
Clenched teeth and a canyon he can't close  
But there's me racing right along  
The jukebox jester, stuck on the same song  
A mouthful of lies, a head full of holes

Until I got worried  
And saw the life I could lead  
If I backed up off that rope  
And let the ground come to me  
Steady under my knees  
I let my anger burn into hope  
I asked for perspective, and it untied my hands  
I see the role I played. I chose my own way.  
I can't blame you for that.

So when you're sorry  
And one day you will be  
I wish you all the best  
And hope that you drop softly  
And it don't end too badly  
And your raging head can finally rest  
And you can be honest and rescue yourself  
But I'll walk my own road. I'll go where you won't go.  
You won't put me through hell.  
Cause now I see through you. Believe what you need to.  
Go haunt someone else.