

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.