

Me Without You, Son Of A Widow

I'll ring your doorbell
Until you let me in
And I can no longer tell
Where 'you' end and 'I' begin

Grape on the vine
We've been alone a long time
Grape on the vine
Why not be crushed to make wine?

Pay no attention to me
Dancing with my girl
We have every intention to be
Failures in this world

Grape on the vine
We've been alone a long time
Grape on the vine
Why not be crushed to make wine?

Six of my closest friends
Will dig up the ground
All my accomplishments
Gently lowered down

Grape on the vine
We've been alone a long time
Grape on the vine
Why not be crushed to make wine?

(All is the same to the souls of those so much resigned)

The son of the widow
You raised from the dead
Where did his soul go
When he died again?