

# Murder By Death, End Of The Line

All the kids have run inside,  
Grabbed a spot under the stairs  
They've barricaded all the windows  
And rigged the doorknobs shut with chairs  
What are they waiting for, they don't know  
They just keep their fingers crossed  
And maybe pray to Mary or Jesus  
Christ I can hear them knocking down the door

The wait it is over, this bottle is done  
So we clench our fists and fight our demons

There's a girl with a flower pot  
Full of dirt and bullet shells  
She puts it by her window  
Gives it sunlight, restores its health  
After a month or two  
The shells start to grow into bunches of barbed wire  
They spread across the walls, the windows, and the floors  
And their grip never tires

The wait it is over, this bottle is done  
So we clench our fists and fight our demons

Lay low, keep your head down  
Listen for the sound of the dusty train  
That's comin' to sweep us all away  
I can hear the rails a rattlin'  
Again the hectic fray  
So set the bone with a cardboard splint  
And strike the nail against the flint  
And set the fields on fire for him  
This time I am stronger now  
And I can fight it  
I'll be waitin' at the end of the line  
At the end of the line