

Self, Dead Man

We can write the chapters of existance starting now,
Starting now
We'll throw it all down
I can see the shadows in the water on the ground,
On the ground
They follow me around

Behind every story there's a quick end
Behind every smile there's a clown
To understand I guess I'd have to be a dead man
Trying not to laugh out loud

I can hear a lonely operator on the phone,
On the phone
She can't call home
Over seas the burns are third degree
And the collection plate's been passed and received by me
I wish I could tell you all you children why your here,
Why your here
We'd all sing along
Is there something cause theres no way of knowing till your gone,
When I'm gone I'll prove you all wrong

Behind every woman is a good man
Trying not to put the head out
To understand I guess I'd have to be a dead man
Trying not to laugh out loud

Behind every story there's a quick end
Behind every smile there's a clown
To understand I guess I'd have to be a dead man
Trying not to laugh out

Behind every woman is a good man
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