

The Call, Too Many Tears

Now as you know
It's your time on this earth
From a rock in the cradle
To a ride in the hearse
We keep moving upward
Toward everything free
Kindly look downward
The more you'll see me
I've had six years of luck
I've had six on the line
And I've poured myself out
Like an old bitter wine
I've seen much of nothin'
And nothin's the gain
Thrown on my backside
I don't know my name