

Walkabouts, Nothing Is A Stranger

Spent another season in the valley of the bones
But higher grounds was callin, callin me back home
109 answers to 110 proofs
Back up to my bed o' nails and my leakin roof

Hold me sober and hold me still
Hold my past up against my will
Nothing's wrong when your head is gone
Nothing is a stranger to me now

All that good behavior I knew it wouldn't last
At the funeral of fossils, I buried up the past
But just like I predicted the past came jumpin' up
Jumped up like a devil who had finally seen enough

Hold me sober and hold me still
Hold my past up against my will
Nothing's wrong when your head is gone
Nothing is a stranger to me now

Saw a lighthouse in the wheatfield where I drove off the road
But, when I got there, there was nothing but darkness in a hole
And down inside I saw my favorite place
Furniture all busted and the arson on her face

Nothing is a stranger to me
Nothing is a stranger to me
Nothing is a stranger to me now