

Walkabouts, Up In The Graveyard

The graveyard sits by the Prescott mill.
Where my old man lost his arm,
And for that I was ready to kill.
But he just looked tired,
And said: "Don't bury me near that place."

When he finally died
I was in the desert war.
But no one makes a funeral wait,
So they dressed him up in his wedding clothes,
And buried him by the mill,
In the place he said he'd never stay.

All you gotta do, is look around.
You can change the darkness
Into somethin' proud.
But up in the graveyard,
Some things never change.

Came back stateside,
Tried to set things right.
Drove out to the graveyard,
Underneath a half-moon sky.
With a pick and a shovel
I started turning over stones.

Just past midnight
I got cornered by some lights.
Two sirens howlin',
Patrol cars coming down from both sides.
The sheriff put on the handcuffs.
Said: "A night in jail will cool your head."

All you gotta do, is look around.
You can change the darkness
Into somethin' proud.
But up in the graveyard,
Some things never change.

Now he still lies 'neath the mill fire smoke.
A good man to his well-made bed,
Another ten, just ready to go.
But the ground there don't rest easy,
'Cause he won't let it rest that way.

You can bury deep, but you won't forget.
A heart will never leave you alone,
Even if you want to be left,
Up in the graveyard
Where some things never change.

All you gotta do, is look around.
You can change the darkness
Into somethin' proud.
But up in the graveyard,
Some things never change.

Some things never change. X3