

Will Wakefield, The Carpenter's Dead

She walks across the bricks
with black toenails, barefoot and beautiful
She stands upon the wall
smiles down at me, like an angel

But I know she's hurtin' inside
regrets, mirrored in her eyes
she's all alone, but she's surrounded
But she won't let me in
and now she's shut that door
I wish I could help, I wish I could do more

Then she screamed the carpenter's dead!
there's nothing left but wine and bread
a shot rang out and the room turned red
here's my communion, the matchbook read

she said like a needle
in a haystack, one in a crowd
you clutch tight cause the
needle gives you life, tracks in your arm

But I love her for whatever she is
and I don't know just what she is
cause I can't tell
who can say what she is
cause she's nothing to me
but she's everything to me, she's everything to me □if hell is below, then why does heat rise
baby up to the heavens, yeah up to the sky?
I don't have any answers for you
She said I didn't expect you to

She said can you see him? But nothing was there
She said can you see her? she's everywhere
Jesus, where are you now
Jesus, where are you now

Well maybe the carpenter is dead
but look inside yourself instead
you're hanging on to life by a thread
I've always loved you, was all she said