

Ben Harper

"Number With No Name"

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I'm serenaded by a chorus of a thousand burning
cigarettes
You've been taking chances, mama
While I've been placing bets
So tell it to the ashes, they know we served
It may be good for the soul but it's hard on the nerves

The very thing that drives you, can drive you insane
Got a head full of thought crimes and a number with no
name
Got an eleventh hour Jesus and a mouth full of blame
A casket lined with silver dollars and a number with no
name

There's nowhere to run
I've got no one to tell
My face has become a mask and I'm not wearing it well
For five days straight
I've been breathing fire
Don't have room on my body
For another scar

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name
Got an eleventh hour Jesus and a mouth full of blame
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