

Blank & Jones

"God & Suicide"

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I can live with god and with suicide
The same thing holds if I close my eyes
It's a truth so pure it can kill you dead
A taste of heaven mixed with hell inside of my head

If a three-four cord can ignite a flame
And a girl like you can forget my name
Then I'm that far gone in this crooked grave
With a pistol for my creature and a feather for my day

When I do go down in a rain of toil
With a hand in my satchel and my knees in the soil
I can live with god and with suicide
A lover in her calico, a pony stands at her side

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