

## Counting Crows "Wise Blood"

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I'm an outcast that no one can save anymore  
and the days of my youth, have all long gone by now  
I was the kind of boy the devil would offer a smoke or a  
drink to  
or a ride downtown to some God forsaken land

One Sunday morning at dawn you know they baptized  
my soul  
but they held me down so long Christ I almost drowned  
Yeah I was the kind of boy who never learned to smile  
so I kicked and I screamed  
'till I tore myself lose from all these great big hands Oh  
Yeah

Chorus:

Wiseblood knows how to walk the way the wind blows

Wiseblood hears grace whisper right behind

My mommma, she turned around and said  
"Little boy you better wake up....cause your a walking  
dead"  
Oh she was the kind a girl who never touched a smoke  
or a drink  
she just smoldered like an empty church left to burn in  
the wind

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