

Counting Crows

"Wiseblood"

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(Kurt Stevenson, Patrick Winningham, & Chris Boesel)

I'm an outcast that no one can save anymore
and the days of my youth, have all long gone by
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 I walk the way the wind blows
Wiseblood hears grace whisper right behind
My momma, she turned around and said
"Little boy you better wake up.... cause you're the
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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