

Isobel Campbell

"Salvation"

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Salvation, salvation
I never really wanted to believe
I always thought you flattered to deceive

Salvation, salvation
My blood is flowing slowly like the tide
And blood is thick and so's my own gray hide

Got to get up and moan
Got to get up and moan
Got to get up and moan
Got to get up and moan

And I went out in that bad old world to roam
And I was like a stranger coming home

Salvation, salvation
I'm fortune's son and I took what I could get
I loved you, dear, and I never will forget

Salvation, salvation
When my bridges burned, all I saw was you
On the other side, too good to be true

Got to get up and moan
Got to get up and moan
Got to get up and moan
Got to get up and moan

And I went out in that bad old world to roam
And I was like a stranger coming home
And I went out in that bad old world to roam
Yes, and I was like a stranger coming home

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