

## Jars Of Clay "Dead Man"

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January One

I got a lot of things on my mind  
I'm looking at my body  
Through a new spy satellite

I try to lift a finger  
But I don't think I can make the call  
So tell me if I move  
'Cause I don't feel anything at all

So carry me  
I'm just a dead man  
Lying on the carpet  
Can't find a heartbeat

Make me breathe  
I wanna be a new man  
Tired of the old one  
Out with the old plan

I woke up from a dream  
About an empty funeral  
But it's better than the party  
Full of people I don't really know

Well, they've got hearts to break and burn  
Dirty hands to feel the earth  
There's something in my veins  
But I can't seem to make it work  
It won't work

So carry me  
I'm just a dead man  
Lying on the carpet  
Can't find a heartbeat

Make me breathe  
I wanna be a new man  
Tired of the old one  
Out with the old plan

Can you find a beat inside of me?

Any pulse, getting worse  
Any pulse, getting worse  
Inside of me, can you find a beat?

Carry me  
I'm just a dead man  
Lying on the carpet  
Can't find a heartbeat

Make me breathe  
I wanna be a new man  
Tired of the old one  
Out with the old plan

Carry me  
I'm just a dead man  
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