

# The "The Mercy Beat"

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There's a high wind blowin, & the stars are shining  
bright,  
Oh what a night, this is gonna be--  
I think I'll let the world sleep without me.  
I got one eye open, one eye closed.  
& my thin body's trembling beneath the bedclothes,  
My hearts beatin' against the roof of my mouth  
--It's almost time to get out of this house.  
I got one hand on the radio, one hand on the wheel,  
I got my right foot on the floorboard,--  
& I'm preparing to kill or be killed.  
There's a high wind blowin', & the stars are shining  
bright.  
& the rain upon the tarmac,  
--helps me sail through the traffic lights,  
I'm heading down to the dock of the bay,  
--to feel the power of the waves,  
I'm gonna move up close to that wind,  
& wrestle with the thoughts solitude always brings.  
Y'see I'm stuck between hell & the deep blue sea,  
& I know that water's sucked under better man than  
me,  
I was just another western guy,  
--with desires that couldn't be satisfied,  
So one day, I asked the angels for inspiration,  
--but the devil bought me a drink,  
& he's been buying them ever since,  
he's had the liquor on my tongue  
  
--feel like the sea upon the sand,  
he's had me signing confessions  
--from this shaking hand,  
he's had me struggling to hang onto hope--  
Like a drunken sailor in a tugboat  
with a bottle of vodka in my overcoat,  
& my dog eared bible lost--overboard  
Y'see he tricked me into temptation,  
So I've tricked him into this confrontation,  
I never said I was the man I appeared to be  
not the flesh wrapped around the bones of necessity.  
Or the soul on fire--scribbling thoughts for posterity.

I'm gonna have little lucifer, runnin' off to purgatory,  
--with his tail between his legs,  
I'm gonna teach him a lesson  
--he ain't ever gonna forget.  
All the vultures & crows are fixin up some tombstones  
but they won't be chewing the meat off my bones.  
There's a high wind blowin' & the stars are shining  
bright.  
Me & him are gonna have a little knife fight,  
--in the bowels of the big city skyline,  
Oh this feelin' inside runs dark & deep  
--Tonight my hearts not thumping  
--A Mercy Beat  
I was just another western guy,  
with desires that couldn't be--satisfied.  
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