

6ths, 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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