

Trunks & Tales

"A Faith In Heathens"

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If the looks, they don't kill us
I suggest we drive straight through the night
Church bells they rung on the east side of town
Bathed in the dawn's early light
Hopped a train down to Springfield, Missouri
Picked an imaginary fight
Swore with this heart that I was raised wrong
But I swear my momma raised me damn right
She raised me damn right

Stand in the bible belt, this god forsaken land
Stand here with sisters and brothers
Hand in unlovable hand
Take ourselves back to Portland, Seattle, or Orange
It's just the same
If we can't live together
We'll live to push through the sleet and the rain and the
pain

You swore you heard crickets in the basement
The silence was singing my tune
Faithful believers, heathens like me
Congregate round the warmth of a room
Now I stand with my back to the masses
Here on the crossroad tonight
Bring the children back into the school house
A faith and a vision of free sight
Those preachers said "stand with me
Brother, my friend
Won't you hold my hand while I pray?"
And I say "no sir,
These ghosts are not real
I need not atone for my ways,
Need not be saved"

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