

Son Volt "Exiles"

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Shots are filled and boredom killed
The last chance purple of dawn
Pagan roads and catacombs
Lost on the way to the heart

Bar souls and shifty eyes
Grievances to the government
San Francisco, New York, New York
The best religion is faith in man

Too far along to live alone
Chasing a world to call your own

The sting of mortality
A reminder renewal only happens within
The damage has been determined
There's a different set of rules closing in

History repeats while the sick machine roars
Hustlers and wolves walk freely through the door
But when you go leave a smile on your face
We're exiles now pulling out of this place

Too far along to let alone
Chasing a world to call our own
Too far along to let alone
Chasing a world to call our own

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