

Lindsay Fuller

"One More Song"

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You were always looking to authenticate,
Well, a bullet in the brain's just another cliché.
I can see you standing in your final hour.
Hoping Jesus will forgive you for destroying his temple.

There were birds in the trees fell witness to it.
There were stars in the sky but they couldn't stop you.
Vultures of the air said, come on, do it, do it.
Let flow your blood, let flow your blood.

Half a glass of tea and a couple cigarettes.
Last supper of a man who's never gonna resurrect,
Far too young to have enough regrets.
To ever justify that kind of exit.

And the love you stomped, well it can't be broken
Nor the ground you soaked rendered barren.
Heard they burned your bones and send 'em flyin'
On some cold dry wind out of Colorado.

I'll admit I've often thought about it
Hell, I've even set a place at the table for it
Every time I hear it kill the engine
My heart it wants for one more song, one more song

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