

Long Winters, The "Samaritan"

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Please don't report me to the police
I wanted to help but I can't stick around
Do what you have to do but remember I helped you out

If and when you see me again just pretend we never
met

I needed to do that for myself
Just get away from here and maybe it will never come
up again
This is what they mean by "standing in for the sane"

I wouldn't normally but my bread became hell
You sounded in pain and I knew nothing would change
by your scream

Just so you don't think everyone's the same way
Tomorrow I prob'ly won't remember I did a thing
You just need to make sure you're OK

I need to get the hell out of here
I'm sure the cops are on their way
Please forget my face

This is what they mean by "standing in for the sane"
They'll never bother anyone again

Hold my hand through this long walk
Tell me I can when I balk and go to fall
These are men on either side with threatening hands
Put my spinning head in a soft clamp

Going down a grey ladder
With a dry glare every ten feet
And no hands

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