

Baltimore Blues No. 1

Deer Tick

Kiss all your saviors goodbye
Offer them up to the dead
No kidding you know who's right
And whose got a price on their head

No doubt I'd sell you all out
For a pocket full of silver and gold
Way back when, when they made me one of them

Don't you know they're gonna' save my soul

I can't hang around with you like this my friend
Our time has come to an end

I can't play around with you no more
No, I'm seeing this open door

And I know you saw right through me
Afraid I'm taking you for a ride

But when you're dead you're dead
When you're gone you're gone
I got my conscience at both of my sides

I set out to disappear
And out there I found a new home
But listen Jack, you're on the wrong side of the tracks
At least now I don't have to walk it all alone

Can you hear the sound of the crawling flesh?
Now can you smell the burning desire?
This place is too small to hide
All the ghosts that's kicking around inside

What this town was entirely built upon
You can find it right between the eyes
Its a bullet hole that'll steal your soul
And roll you for your money and your diamonds