

The Ancient West

Have Mercy

It's been weeks sense I've seen a real smile
Oh I know I won't see it for awhile
I've counted inches from your yard to my door
And I want nothing more than to know for sure

It's been weeks since I've had a good thought
I'm telling secrets about the lies that you bought
You used to love to hear me sing
And we would talk about everything
It was beautiful to me

I don't want to be him anymore

Maybe I'll hear your voice in a crowded room
Picture us one day a bride and a groom
He'll walk in and I bet he will too
Does he feel the way I felt about you?

I muttered something quiet under my breath
Then he quickly grabbed his coat and his chest
I don't know how much time is left
So hang your head and pray for the best
Hang your head and pray for the best
Hang your head and pray for the best

I don't want to be him anymore

So keep me up and tell me every fear
(I don't want to be him anymore)
When you were young and the days passed like years
Between the booze and the "remember whens"
I'm telling all the same stories again

You pray to him he is a god to you
But does he hold your head and hear your blues?
I won't be the one who makes you choose
And give up everything that you can't lose
Old notions from the ancient west
They hang your head and pray for the best
So hang your head and pray for the best
Hang your head and pray for the best

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