

# Dead Man (Carry Me)

Jars of Clay

January 1, I've got a lot of things on my mind  
I'm looking at my body through a new spy satellite  
Try to lift a finger, but I don't think I can make the call  
So tell me if I move, 'cause I don't feel anything at all ohh

So Carry Me,  
I'm just a dead man  
Lying on the carpet  
Can't find a heartbeat  
Make me breathe,  
I wanna be a new man  
Tired of the old one  
Out with the old plan  
ohh

I woke up from a dream about an empty funeral  
But it was better than the party full of people I don't really know  
They've got hearts to break and burn  
Dirty hands to feel the earth  
There's something in my veins,  
But I can't seem to make it work... won't work

So Carry Me,  
I'm just a dead man  
Lying on the carpet  
Can't find a heartbeat  
Make me breathe,  
I wanna be a new man  
Tired of the old one  
Out with the old plan

Can you find a beat inside of me?  
Any pulse?  
Getting worse?  
Any pulse?  
Getting worse?  
Inside of me, can you find a beat?

Carry Me,  
I'm just a dead man  
Lying on the carpet  
Can't find a heartbeat  
Make me breathe,  
I wanna be a new man  
Tired of the old one  
Out with the old plan (2x)