

# Redemption

Jason Eady

There's a picture on the table, broken glass on the floor  
A cigarette in my hand I'm going off to war  
Images of silhouettes plastered on my brain  
Bitter taste on my tongue, familiar mixed with pain  
I'm driving down the highway, shadows in headlights  
Justice dressed in sheets of gray with trails of black and white

Chorus:

A man can be a diamond a man can be a steal  
A man can be a poet and not have the words to feel  
Mercy is a preacher held captive under fire  
Redemption smells like gasoline and burns like desire

She steps out under cover, turns around and waves  
I light up that cigarette and I watch her drive away  
Doors can open easy but sometimes they close hard  
I left him laying where I found him and I got back in my car  
She's already gone to bed by the time that I get home  
I make myself some coffee and I sit up alone

(Chorus)

The sunshine in the morning feels like water on my bones  
I hear her through the walls as she screams into the phone  
There's a picture on the table, broken glass on the floor  
A pistol in my gripping hand, I open up the door