

Ring Out

Justin Vernon

To the sermon on the mount,
I am listening.
Tough guy's running his mouth,
I am glistening in.
Save Your Spit is heading south,
and I am getting in the way.

Said, "Wait one minute, son, you're right;
they're just listening.
Worried, sinned, and lacking sight,
wanting christening.
Go shine this motherfucking light
on all the people who can hear."

This is tougher than I thought,
owning all the things I bought.

And JC's up for another bow,
and I am ringing him out.

Something's got me on the corner,
and I am whimpering.
Somewhere deep inside your coat,
I am weathering.
Wishing somehow you were near,
'cause I am withering alone.

You arrived and ordered stout,
I stared in wordlessness.
I just kept noticing your mouth,
and how your face just fit
into every aching void,
what I've always missed some way.

This is tougher than I thought,
holding you, the grace I've caught.

'Cause you're made of everything I want
and I am ringing you out

like a morning bell.
I am ringing you out,
Like the kitchen rags of God.
I am ringing you out,
Like my voice across the hills.
I am ringing you out,

like water on your feet,
and you are everything to me.
You are everything to me.
I am ringing you out.