

Churchbells, Ghosts

Mark Lanegan

Strange things happen in the city
Strange things happen in the street
Here I am, here I am out here walking
Walkin' in wilderness so deep
In every passing car I hear her calling
In every one she speeds away
Lord, help me now because I'm bleeding
And I don't want to fall away

All my life I've held this hammer
Hammered boulders into stones
Now I choke on tears of anger
And I am quickly growing cold
Lord, I wish that you could see me

I stagger now a wounded Atlas
Nothing else but blood and bone
Lord, help me now because I'm drowning
My boat don't know the way to shore

Now I find myself in Kansas
Here I am, here I am, an aging hustler
Born without a mother, born without a soul
I'd ask somebody for a quarter
If there were someone for me to phone
Lord, don't you hear me? I am calling
Lord, help me now, don't let me fall

I find myself in Charlotte, find myself in Jacksonville
Here I am, I'm disappearing
There's nothing left for me to kill
In every train that's running by me
I hear her singin' in the wheels
Lord, help me now, I'm going over
Lord, help me now, I'm going down

Lord, don't you hear me crying?
Don't you hear me saying goodbye?