

Hanging On (For DRC)

Mark Lanegan

By all rights we should be gone
But you and me still hanging on
A thousand ways we should've died
We had another land to find
In wilderness, valley and over hill
Searching for more pain to kill
While in the depths of steep despair
A hand of double solitaire

Through asphalt wilds and concrete wilds
Always with the will to smile
To disasters and tragedy
Always to another day
Under dark skies of deepest grey
Just to find another way
Live forever on my fiend
Only you and the devil know where I've been

Some say we should be gone
You and me hanging on
The times and ways we could've died
We had other lands to find
From corner store to corner phone
Our comrades dropped like meat from bone
We have a few more hands to play
Stay until my dying day

We've known each other all too well
Walking side by side through fields of hell
You've always held your tongue
Despite what evil thing I'd done
All that's left are you and me
Someday we will be free

The police say we should be gone
You and me still hanging on
The doctors say we should be gone
You and me still hanging on
You and me still hanging on