

A little blood and vomit on the car seat  
And the tooth is sitting in my lap  
Brother if you're hungry but not wounded  
Then it's time to stop and check the map

Pilgrim  
Where's your head at?  
Are you paying the birds to sing?  
Well it won't work  
On the true path  
Where the wretched are growing wings

If the ancient wisdom came in bottles  
I would tell my terror where to go  
But I don't know who would do the dishes  
'Cause I'd be lying wasted in the road

Pilgrim  
Where's your head at?  
Are you paying the birds to sing?  
Meet me  
On the true path  
I'll be dizzy from growing wings

My tears  
My tears  
My kicking up the love dirt  
I fear  
It's the only way

Pilgrim  
Whatcha lookin' at me for?  
My disaster has come and gone  
It left me  
By the roadside  
With my shadow  
And one more song