

Book Of James

We Are Augustines

On a park bench sat a crimson beating heart
And behind him the girls played double dutch in the park
The sun began to burn his snow white skin
I guess you're headin' somewhere or endin' up somewhere..

Storm clouds began to form in his head
And crisscrossed his mind like a restless angry ocean
And the howling of hardship and heartache
Kneeled and grinned in his face

He stood there in his boots unable to move
I drove all night here to tell you that I love you

And here lies my green eyes
Rolled back in my head, but they're alive
And all these words can all get spoken
Well I know we tried and you're forgiven
You're forgiven

He made his way down the boulevard
Near the 99 cent stores and the garbage in the yards
And he began to sing
About the crickets and the backroads where we used to play

I guess you're either headin' somewhere or endin' up somewhere
Cause I tried the bible, I tried the bottle,
I Tried the needle, I tried to love people
And in the end there ain't nothin' to say
And in the end there ain't nothin' you can say anyway
And I stand here in my shoes, unable to move
My hat in my hands, at the bottom of the ocean.

And here lies my green eyes
Rolled back in my head but they're alive
And all the words can all get spoken
Well I know we tried and you're forgiven

You're forgiven