

I'm gonna fight 'em off
A seven nation army couldn't hold me back
They're gonna rip it off
Taking their time right behind my back

And I'm talking to myself at night
Because I can't forget
Back and forth through my mind
Behind a cigarette

And the message coming from my eyes
Says leave it alone

Don't want to hear about it

Every single one's got a story to tell

Everyone knows about it

From the Queen of England to the hounds of hell

And if I catch it coming back my way
I'm gonna serve it to you
And that ain't what you want to hear
But that's what I'll do

And the feeling coming from my bones
Says find a home

I'm going to Wichita

Far from this opera for evermore
I'm gonna work the straw

Make the sweat drip out of every pore

And I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding
Right before the Lord
All the words are gonna bleed from me
And I will think no more

