

# Exiles

## Son Volt

Shots are filled and boredom killed  
The last chance purple of dawn  
Pagan roads and catacombs  
Lost on the way to the heartBar souls and shifty eyes  
Grievances to the government  
San Francisco, New York, New York  
The best religion is faith in manToo far along to live alone  
Chasing a world to call your own  
The sting of mortality  
A reminder renewal only happens within  
The damage has been determined  
There's a different set of rules closing inHistory repeats while the sick machine roars  
Hustlers and wolves walk freely through the door  
But when you go leave a smile on your face  
We're exiles now pulling out of this place  
Too far along to let alone  
Chasing a world to call our own  
Too far along to let alone  
Chasing a world to call our own

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>