

End of the Line

Murder By Death

All the kids have run inside,
Grabbed a spot under the stairs
They've barricaded all the windows
And rigged the doorknobs shut with chairs
What are they waiting for, they don't know
They just keep their fingers crossed
And maybe pray to Mary or Jesus
Christ I can hear them knocking down the door
The wait it is over, this bottle is done
So we clench our fists and fight our demons
There's a girl with a flower pot
Full of dirt and bullet shells
She puts it by her window
Gives it sunlight, restores its health
After a month or two
The shells start to grow into bunches of barbed wire
They spread across the walls, the windows, and the floors
And their grip never tires
The wait it is over, this bottle is done
So we clench our fists and fight our demons
Lay low, keep your head down
Listen for the sound of the dusty train
That's comin' to sweep us all away
I can hear the rails a rattlin'
Again the hectic fray
So set the bone with a cardboard splint
And strike the nail against the flint
And set the fields on fire for him
This time I am stronger now
And I can fight it
I'll be waitin' at the end of the line
At the end of the line

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