

COME BACK IF YOU CAN

Joe, the grim reaper, came with layoff on his mind.
He never saw that cursing shadow right behind.
So now you're finally here to take my job away.
Well, there's more than one tale on this termination day.

He read me the riot act. "You're out and I'm in."
I walked with head high, my pride paper thin.
It was three or four years before I heard his name again.
He was too premature to uncork that champagne.

Hey Joe, there's a cancer in your body with more wind than you have wings.
Hey Joe, there's a tempest in the room that couldn't care less if you're king.
Come back if you can.

See the pale white horse in the hall outside.
See the mist with your name and a cloud with your lies.
See the column of fire with your memories inside.
See the angel wrapped in blood with ending in his eyes.

Hey Joe, I'm not the hand that writes the story. I'm just a bit player on the stage.
Hey Joe, you better like my crown 'cause there ain't no keys to your cage.
Come back if you can.

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