

Indian Giver

Every Time I Die

No broken hearted people,
no crash,
no flame,
no sermon at a casket
nor a howl into the grave.

Every bone was in position.
Every hair was in it's place.
A light comes. (4x)

Pulled off a dark country road.
New Roman suicide note.
All the way, all the way closed.
So it goes.

No organs to be salvaged,
no teeth to be compared.
We asked for no police involvement
because we knew you weren't there.
We threw a birthday party
and at the table in your chair,
a lightness. (4x)

Pulled off a dark country road.
New Roman suicide note.
All the way, all the way closed.
So it goes.

As long as your name is on my list
or your story written in the choruses,
then true death couldn't get you.
But when it spoke for the last time,
the weight is lifted.
A third eye.
So I make a vow to forget you.