

# The Call, Too Many Tears

Now as you know  
It's your time on this earth  
From a rock in the cradle  
To a ride in the hearse  
We keep moving upward  
Toward everything free  
Kindly look downward  
The more you'll see me  
I've had six years of luck  
I've had six on the line  
And I've poured myself out  
Like an old bitter wine  
I've seen much of nothin'  
And nothin's the gain  
Thrown on my backside  
I don't know my name