

The Lines of My Earth

Sixpence None the Richer

The lines of my earth, so brittle, unfertile and ready to die
I need a drink but the well has gone dry
And we're in the habit of saying the same things all over again
For the money we shall make This is the last song that I write 'til you tell me otherwise
And it's because I just don't feel it
This is the last song, 'til you tell me other wise
And it's because I just don't feel it anymore It should be our time this fertile youth's black soil is ready for rain
The harvest is nice but the well has gone dry
And they're in the habit of saying the same things all over again
About the money we shall make This is the last song that I write 'til you tell me otherwise
And it's because I just don't feel it
This is the last song, 'til you tell me other wise
And it's because I just don't feel it anymore This is the last song that I write 'til you tell me otherwise
And it's because I just don't feel it
This is the last song, 'til you tell me other wise
And it's because I just don't feel it anymore

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