

# Soften The Blows

[Lisa Marie Presley](#)

When the well has no water to hold  
And the wheels start to run off the road  
Where do we go?

When we bury the embers that glow  
And the seeds that we planted won't grow  
Like we were told

Hey man, what in the hell do we know  
We strike out and then we strike gold  
Whoever is running the show

There's one thing that I need to know  
Could you soften the blows

When a bold man's afraid to be bold  
And a fish finds the water too cold  
Where does he go?

When the liar finds the truth must be told  
And the loner hates being alone

Who does he hold?

Hey man, what in the hell do we know  
We strike out and then we strike gold  
Whoever is running the show

There's one thing I'd like to be told  
That you'll soften the blows

Never turn your back on the ocean and never talk back  
Don't make those funny faces, your face could stick like that

Hey man, what in the hell do we know  
We strike out and then we strike gold  
Whoever is running the show

There's one thing I'd like to be told  
That you'll soften the blows  
Could you soften the blows?

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