

Straight Lines to Bad Lands

South

It construction I'll honour your soul
Laid down something more beautiful
I'm temped to rewrite it all
This time I know I'm going In straight lines to bad lands
I'm leaving nothing to chance
Courageous mind
My left hand
Reaches for you in holding Oh for dear life, cut from old cloth
Tarred by the same brush
As I sit here in the widow 3rd
For the first I feel I won't fall I believe in
I believe in when

Songwriters

CADBURY, JOEL / MCDONALD, JAMIE / SHAW, BRETT Published by

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