

Pot of Gold

Deer Tick

It's a big house,
With all this things you assume and sure of
In the big world
With all these things you never heard of. But fix me up now, if it seems that I need fixing
Correct me, if I stand to be correct it, mhm It's a sad song
All these worlds you heard enough of
Pray for what you are
With only side you wanna follow Left me up now, let me walk amongst the gifted
If I'm asking too much, just as please, be comfort in, oh Every morning when you're mean
To keep your hands clean
It's running down your arms
Casting shadows on your heart You show me how to die
Cut the price on how to cry
You show me out of time
Yes I'll catch you by and by
Mhm yeah. It's a deep hole, when you dug with all your lyin'
It's a fact poor
And you don't know, I know it's flyin'
And save his need and savings
When the shore you
But lovers need to let down
But you figure out with heartens Every morning when you're mean
To keep those hands clean
But it's running down your arms
Oh it's tearing you apart. You've spoken to the sky
And you lied a million times
Show me how to die
I guess I'll catch you on the side
Mhm

Songwriters

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