

# DEAD AMERICAN WRITERS

## Connected: Tired Pony

Here's to every time that you rock a boat  
Here's to every word that you ever wrote  
There were clues but it was never clear  
You've got to choose your own way out of here I could say anything you need, anyone you knew  
Anything you see, anything you say  
Anything you need, anyone you knew, anything you  
It would be this, it would be this I've been waiting for the spark myself  
I've been scrambling in the dark for health  
I have read your words a thousand times  
All this spark but smashed up love and crime I could say anything you need, anyone you see  
Anything you knew, anything you say  
Anything you need, anyone you knew, anything you  
It would be this, it would be this I've been choking on the bones and tears  
You are the smoking gun that thrown the years  
A broken heart won't get you far enough  
I'll beat up waiting through the tire and rough I could say anything you need, anyone you see  
Anything you knew, anything you say  
Anything you need, anyone you knew, anything you  
It would be this, it would be this

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