

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 hereI 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 thisI'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 crimeI 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 thisI'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 roughI 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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