Leaving Town

The Casket Lottery

Every time we talk you bring it up, and you get yourself down. but everytime you talk, i wanna rush over and shut your mouth. 'cause its these little things lately, sweep me off of my feet. knock me down for days with these little things. everytime we talk you start to cry, as if i'm just about to leave.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/