

# Lake Winona

## The Careful Ones

hold my own i won't, i won't  
pull the rope to keep close, keep close  
won't you carefully rest, place your hand on my chest, oh i see myself an old man, an old man  
with arms painted blue black, blue black  
harvest of plans with your frame leaned back, oh the lake was filled with light, with light  
a spark you heard from inside, inside  
and it called you near, erased my fears for the night won't you make your home with me in my arms  
you were made from my bones, for me for my arms

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>