Soften The Blows

Lisa Marie Presley

When the well has no water to hold
And the wheels start to run off the road
Where do we goWhen we bury the embers that glow
And the seeds that we planted won't grow
Like we were toldHey man what in the hell do we know
We strike out and then we strike gold
Whoever is running the show
There's one thing that I need to know
Could you soften the blowsWhen a bold man's afraid to be bold
And a fish finds the water too cold
Where does he goWhen the liar finds truth must be told
And the loner hates being alone
Who does he holdHey man what in the hell do we know
We strike out and then we strike gold
Whoever is running the show
There's one thing I'd like to be told
That you'll soften the blowsNever turn your back on the ocean and never talk back
Don't make those funny faces, your face could stick like thatHey man what in the hell do we know
We strike out and then we strike gold
Whoever is running the show
There's one thing I'd like to be told
That you'll soften the blows
Could you soften the blows

Songwriters
ED HARCOURT, LISA MARIE PRESLEY, JAMES DEARNESS HOGARTHPublished by
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