

Death Is the Easy Way

My Morning Jacket

Some say, death is the easy way and I think they're right
'Cause nights tick, by like a long week except when you stop by
And I know that tryin' gets nothing done and I see you're about dry
'Cause nothing gets you high, you're poor the day you die And alcohol it only makes you tired
But seein' you feels good, and its always understood
That anything much sweeter would make me die

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