

# Morrison

## Such Gold

What a lovely day in the town of Morrison  
Bag full of some poison  
I slept right through miles of hot pursuit, woke up sweating an ocean  
Asking what we did wrong, this could be the end  
Well it's been a good run boys  
These fine lines we walk, if you stray you'll get stuck there for good  
One drooling prick in the town of Morrison  
He hates you, you hate him  
Eyes locked up tight like a vault door screaming "I am coming for you"  
Asking what we did wrong, this could be the end  
Well it's been a good run man  
These fine lines we walk, if you stray you get stuck there for good  
There for good  
Stick to the plan, tomorrow will feel like nothing happened  
It will feel like any other day passing  
Tomorrow will feel like nothing happened  
Tomorrow, tomorrow will feel like  
Nothing ever happened and nothing ever will  
And that's exactly the feeling that gets some people killed  
So maybe something did happen and maybe something will  
But it's so hard to give a fuck when it isn't your blood that spilled  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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