MorrisonÂ

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.

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