

# Gave It Away

Kris Delmhorst

You live in your prison, the one that you choose  
You'd do anything to have nothing to lose  
And you got scared of escaping just a little too soon  
You give up your shovel and dig with a spoon You gave it away, gave it away Oh no, now you're out in the cold  
With your rockabye body, your butterfly soul  
Oh no, don't you grow old  
You're just finding your way With the current behind you and a clear summer sky  
You call yourself stranded, a boat by your side  
And your fistful of wishes and your handful of hopes  
You stash them away in the pit of your throat You save them away, save them away Oh no, now it's taking its toll  
On your rockabye body your butterfly soul  
Oh no, don't you grow old  
You're just finding your way, finding it And I got a dream for you  
Sometime that you'll admit to the tide  
You'll push out in the ocean  
And go for a ride You're sailing away, sailing away Oh no, don't you let go  
Of your rockabye body, your lullaby soul  
Oh no, don't you grow old  
You just find your way, find your way, find your way  
Back to me, back to me

Songwriters

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