

As Old As The Grave

Eaves

Oeh, misery is turning the ground
As old as the grave
As old as the graveOeh, misery is turning the ground
As old as the grave
As old as the graveFather, you're drunk
Easy now
Mother in ocean
Is raining now
Still you got them eyes from thirstYou lay yourself down a bullet to the brain
And all world's words can't tell you that you're sane
Homeless beneath
Devil's moon
Find comfort in the dirt
I don't get down
No I
check in the dream whilst i workYou lay yourself down a bullet to the brain
And all world's words can't tell you that you're sane
You lay yourself down a bullet to the brain
And all world's words can't tell you that you're saneSaneSaneOeh, misery is turning the ground
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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