

# Punishment

## Tired Pony

Are you waiting for punishment  
Or are you waiting for love  
They tend to blur in the middle bit  
No need to put your hands up and surrender just yet  
Let's go searching for God again  
Let's go and offer him out  
Let's get ourselves to another place  
At least we'll see the dirt under different skies and time  
We've reached the end of our golden days at last  
There's nothing wrong with a fire to cleanse the past  
Get what you need and let's blow this god damn town  
Don't leave a trace or a single sight or sound  
This shit can get underneath your skin  
This shit can eat you alive  
I know your patience is wearing thin  
But maybe you should snap and just let it fall away  
We've reached the end of our golden days at last  
There's nothing wrong with a fire to cleanse the past  
Get what you need and let's blow this god damn town  
Don't leave a trace or a single sight or sound  
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