

# As Old as the Grave

## Eaves

For all the misery is turning the ground up  
As old as the grave  
As old as the grave and  
For the misery is turning the ground up  
As old as the grave  
As old as the grave Father, you're drunk  
Easy now  
Only the bottle sees your best in worst  
Mother an ocean  
Is raining down  
Still you got them eyes from thirst  
You lay yourself down the bullet to the brain  
And all the world's words can't tell you that you're sane  
Homeless beneath  
The devil's moon  
Find comfort in the dirt  
I don't get down

No I check in the dream in whilst I work And you lay yourself down the bullet to the brain  
And all the world's words can't tell you that you're sane and you lay yourself down the bullet to the brain  
And all the world's words can't tell you that you're sane Sane  
Sane

All the misery is turning the ground up  
As old as the grave  
As old as the grave and  
For the misery is turning the ground up  
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For the misery is turning the ground up  
As old as the grave  
As old as the grave  
Father, you're drunk.

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