

Gold Mine Guttled (Her Space Holiday mix)

Bright Eyes

It was Don DeLillo, whiskey neat
And a blinking midnight clock
Speakers on a TV stand
Just a turntable to watch
And the smoke came out our mouths
On all those hooded sweatshirt walks
We were a stroke of luck
We were a gold mine, they gutted us And from the sidelines you see me run
Until I'm out of breath
Living the good life, I left for dead
The sorrowful Midwest
Well I did my best...
To keep my head
It was grass stain jeans and incompletes
And a girl from class to touch
But you think about yourself too much
And you ruin who you love
Well all these claims at consciousness
My stray dog freedom
Let's have a nice clean cut
Like a bag we buy and divy up
And from the sidelines, I see you run
Until you're out of breath
And all those white lines that sped us up
We hurried to our death
Well I lagged behind...
So you got ahead
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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