

We Are Undone

Two Gallants

Father has the marketplace done us any good
Like you always claimed it would?
The field is dry and barren
And there's blight upon the vine
As long as your cup's full
Everything is fine. Son has your sympathy done any good
Like you always claimed it would?
You sing to the choir
And they know every line
But when they leave your world
They return to mine. You think your voice is real
I thunder while you squeal
So you can ring their ears
But I'm the one they hear

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>