

Gold In Her Pockets

Husky

So you quit your job
and you cut your sleeves
Springtime makes you wanna leave
The feeling's made it's home deep in your bones
Trying to find Australia
Looking for the sun
Looking for the heart to run
With the gold in her pockets and a green thumb
If I make it to the surface where it's calm
Where the night time air it wakes you
And fills my lungs
(On a distant shore life is just a????)
And the moonlight won't forsake me
Fills my lungs
I'll be the king of my days
Your wooden chair as my thrown
Eyes of a white queen as lace
Your little heart over-grown
Suddenly I looked
Looked away
I never was one to be brave
As always I missed my chance to numb
So we meet half-way in Hawaii
Disappear into the sea
Upon a melting palace
(...???)
If I make it to the surface where it's calm
Where the night time air it wakes you
And fills my lungs
(On a distant shore life is just a????)
And the moonlight won't forsake me
Fills my lungs
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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