

The Good Book

Tired Pony

You were saved by the good book,
I was saved by the half full glass,
So come on take a good look,
Cause this party will be your last. And they've closed down the old bar,
This town's like a empty box,
And they can't have gone that far,
Cause I can still see some swing in the box. The fall it feels like flying,
There's a dangerous hope,
Cause the ground comes at you faster than you'd think,
Lurking in the shadows,
With the bears and wolves,
Cause that's where you feel the most upon these days. When you called I was screening,
It confused me that hear your voice,
It was like I was dreaming,
And ten years became a life
I could barely remember,
Just enough to open the wounds,
In the darkest December,
I can howl at the early moon.

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