

# Gaining One

## Fair to Midland

North star  
Bring luck Call the nurse i'm dropping in anchor  
Making stops at the pass  
Caught in the mix of the two with an offer  
Left with three times the guilt Please don't decide to roll your eyes  
I'm speaking from my heart  
She bought a book and now she's  
Reading much more into things  
Dear searched and found now little  
Hanging on your every word (purchased more than gained at will)  
Please don't decide to roll your eyes  
I'm speaking from my heart Little known of the heart breaking silence  
Causing loss before peals  
Jerking through the sidwinding admission  
And gathered berries in bed Take it i left it  
Slipped and stored in vein  
Held by the mischief  
With one still left to blame A flow, a flow in store Left with an angel  
Until the sirens rang.

Lyrics provided by

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