

Low Season

Moor Hound

They found me with my head on my chest
In too deep of a rest
He never made good on a dream
He rather sleep it seems Back down in a low season
I don't think I like where I am going They found me in a grave made of stitches
Feet still wet from wading ditches
He overslept in this town
An awkward wheel that rattles around They found me with a list in my hand
Of all I'd do when given the chance
He waited for what the world would bring
But the world never owed him a thing

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