

# Lucky

## Doomtree

{sims}

whoaaa

yeaaa. paper tigers, from doomtree man.

[sims]

you're born with an outline  
its you're way to ink it in  
looks like the crimson king  
pushed it to the brink again  
while you're ship sets sail  
you row with broken oars  
two thousand... what ever  
no room for closing open doors  
i hope you hope for more  
but that hard went cold  
blame it on the weather  
remember when we wanted something  
better, ah~ whatever  
its a new year  
and thank god that you're here  
i know the wings are getting heavy  
i wrote this in a mood and  
i carved it in tomb  
as real as it could ever get  
as real as it could surely tell you  
you're so plug in but  
so out of tune  
time to change the station  
better yet change their shape  
stacked like sardines in a  
stacked city scape  
but here we are tonight  
we are the lights we are the bright escape  
plan, Minnesota  
cold sholders where i come from  
young solider on its own  
bang a big drum  
im nothing like a phenomenon  
its the same two step

i press on and on  
young lucky that im still alive  
i should have died  
i should have been the one  
i hope i see you on the other side  
soon as i saw the lights  
i caught a bike  
and tonight ill grab hold  
and bring the rest into my life

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Lyrics submitted by Brian.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>