

# 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.

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