

'Til It Runs Dry

[Holly Williams](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Shoot the moon, hit the stars
Send my love running down the boulevard
Hang my heart up on that line
Let it beat 'til it runs dry, 'til it runs dry
Hot as hell, cold as ice
This Ferris wheel that they call life
With a past I could erase,
But I'll serve it up on a silver plate
On a silver plate
Hang my heart up on that line
Let it beat 'til it runs dry
'Til it runs dry
In this world we all fall down
Like a pack of wolves in a dusty town
And we draw fast when the killing's done
Always too late, better on the run
Better on the run
Hang my heart up on that line,
Let it beat 'til it runs dry
Hang my heart up on that line,
Let it beat 'til it runs dry
'Til it runs dry

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