For All We Care

Chuck Ragan

Takes us in before your troubles bury you deep and leave you plain
For the wind won't ask for nothing now but may take what was built to stayFor all we've got is moments of grace we savor more than not
And all we care is to drown out the sanctified stench of stale airTake her in before you stumble and let shame do you in
For the sand won't come close to leaving you now but the choice could burn down your homeFor all we've got is moments of grace we savor more than not
And all we care is to drown out the sanctified stench of stale airTake them in, take them under, hold them close
Squeeze them selfishly now till they don't wake or make a soundAll we've got is moments of grace we savor more than not
All we care is to drown out the sanctified stench of stale air

Songwriters
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