

# As Old As the Grave

## Eaves

For all the misery is turning the ground up

As old as the grave

As old as the grave and

For the misery is turning the ground up

As old as the grave

As old as the grave

Father, you're drunk

Easy now

Only the bottle sees your best in worst

Mother an ocean

Is raining down

Still you got them eyes from thirst

You lay yourself down the bullet to the brain

And all the world's words can't tell you that you're sane

Homeless beneath

The devil's moon

Find comfort in the dirt

I don't get down

No I check in the dream in whilst I work

And you lay yourself down the bullet to the brain

And all the world's words can't tell you that you're sane and you lay yourself down the bullet to the brain

And all the world's words can't tell you that you're sane Sane

Sane

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Father, you're drunk.

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