

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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For the misery is turning the ground up
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As old as the grave
Father, you're drunk.

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