Lines Of My Earth

Sixpence None The Richer

The lines of my earth, so brittle, unfertile, and ready to die
I need a drink, but the well has run dry
And we in the habit of saying the same things all over again
For the money we shall make

This is the last song that I write
'Til you tell me otherwise
And it's because I just don't feel it
This is the las song that I write
'Til you tell me other wise
And it's because I just don't feel it anymore

It should be our time
This fertile youth's black soil is ready for rain
The harvest is high, but the well has gone dry
And they in the habit of saying the same things all over again
About the money we shall make

This is the last song that I write
'Til you tell me otherwise
And it's because I just don't feel it
This is the last song that I write
'Til you tell me otherwise
And it's because I just don't feel it anymore

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