Golden Ticket

Manchester Orchestra

Please take care of yourself was the last thing I said
Right before that operator made us disconnectedPlease take care of yourself was the last thing I said
Right before that operator made us disconnected
If you can hear me right now, I've got a formula vow
That swears I'll do my best to figure out this situationFirst of all I'll explain why I caused all that water
But never fixed that leaking pipe that floods us to the sealing
An empty shot glass doesn't lie so I fulfilled my appetite
And crossed my fingers that the good Lord
Will take care of you and I againSo now that I found it, I'll tie the ropes around it
And make sure that the bottle never bothers us again
Well, I promise this time really, yeah
I'm cleaning up sincerely, yeah
And I'll make sure that the devil never bothers you againHow I wish that you had sold me on all of those big goals
Of being a good father not a careless liar
Well, am I really that old, ignorant or to slow
To realize I have lost my golden ticket back home?

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