Souring

David Usher

Daylight mornings creeping in, had the blackest dream
are you souring
and i dreamt that i wiped all the blood from your eyes
woke up thinking i loved you,but i cant say why[Chorus]
so please leave your fucking money at the door
concede, you know you'll be coming back for more
we're all looking for gold heremidnight and you inch along
devils in the backyard now, where it all went wrong
and i drinik myself sick so i won't see you crawl
guess i drained all your beauty to watch you dissolve[Chorus]
so please leave your fucking money at the door
concede you know you'll be coming back for more
we're all lookng for gold hereand I hate that I need you and I don't know why
and I hate that I need you, and I can't say why[Chorus]
so please leave your fucking money at the door
I concede, you know we're all coming back for more
so please, leave the money at the door
we're all looking for gold here
we're all looking for gold here...

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