

# To Get Me Thru the Good Times

Echobelly

I keep an open invitation  
To a world of isolation  
It's an old right

I found a home in hibernation  
Lost the self in preservation  
Built the walls high

I joke about the bad times  
To get me thru the good times  
About all those long nights  
I go wading through

Keep running down a one way  
Giving all for a brand new day  
But now I'm all out, nothing to lose  
Nothing to lose, nothing to save

From a momentary glory  
To a solitary story  
It's a short ride

Through the trials and tribulations  
For the bane of reputation  
It's a long fight but I'm done, done

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No more ties

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