

The Good Book

Tired Pony

You were saved by the good book
I was saved by the half full glass
So come on take a good look
Cause this party will be our last

Now they've closed down the old bar
This town's like an empty box
Well they can't have got that far
Cause I can still see some swinging locks

When falling feels like flying there's a dangerous hope
Cause the ground comes at you faster than you think
And lurking in these shadows with the bears and wolves
Is where you feel the most at home these days

When you called I was screening
It confused me to hear your voice
It was like I was dreaming
And the ten years became a noise

That I could barely remember
Just enough to open the wounds
And in the darkest December
I can howl at the early moon

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