

Musicians Like Gamblers Like Drunks Like Me

To Kill a King

Hold, drip fair into your blood
Just enough to keep you going
To keep your head in the games we'd played
Like its all for fun,
Than it's all to be won
Forgetting it's all for keeps

And pain, some of your loses against your game
You add them up, they're about the same
Just enough to roll the dice again
For another day lay down all the tears
Though the house always wins

And you should be,
Somewhere else you see
I'm dying, a dying breed
And you should be,
Somewhere else you see
I'm dying, a dying breed

And love
The curve ball caught by us
The perfect mystery not to solve
The puppet strings that hold us up
To stand, to go to work
Find a desk to sit behind and all that shit

And you should be,
Somewhere else you see
I'm dying, a dying breed
And you should be,
Somewhere else you see
I'm dying, a dying breed

And you
Should be, somewhere else you see
But you won't,
You're stuck by me