

# Elysian Fields, Parachute

Something's calling my sunshine to the store  
He thinks he'll get what he needs there  
Sirens hide under each crack and wicked scar  
They even made him a superstar  
Someday you will wear a noble crown  
And only you'll need to feel it  
We're not letting this humble ship go down  
We just need to steer it  
And i burn it  
Keep repeating it  
My prayer  
Don't give in out there  
Holding fast to my John the Conqueror root  
Lucky Hand don't desert me now  
If you ever need a parachute  
You can fall free with me baby  
And I burn it, keep repeating it  
My prayer  
Don't give in out there  
And I burn it  
I keep repeating it  
My prayer  
Don't give in  
And I burn it  
I keep repeating it  
My prayer  
Don't give in  
And I burn it  
Keep repeating it  
My prayer  
Don't give in