

Fair To Midland, A Seafarer's Knot

Lucky are the leaves of the clover,
She's diggin for chemistry with the butcher's tools,
Shifty are the eyes of the gambler,
He's making his tricks -- and a job well done.

Through the motions waving wishes to your confidence and eloquence,

He's turning a-green from these envious glorious things,
Applied ambitious faith that can keep us all safe,
Invoking a blue that's meant for us too,
What small amazing things we will turn to rain,

Lucky is a deer in the headlights,
Those two are as thick as thieves - not a penny more,
Shaky are the hands of the gun shy,
He'd rather give up the ghost than stick by,

Through the motions waving wishes to your confidence and eloquence,

He's turning a-green from these envious glorious things,
Applied ambitious faith that can keep us all safe,
Invoking a blue that's meant for us too,
What small amazing things we will turn to rain,

Gather 'round, hold your glasses up high,
Drink to love while we wait for high tide,
Keep it short, keep it brief,
You have my word,
Gather 'round while we wait for high tide,

He's turning a-green from these envious glorious things,
Applied ambitious faith that can keep us all safe,
These spots, these seeds, like her,
We're all a mess as though we all...