

# Fair To Midland, A Seafarer's Knot (Inter.Funda.S

lucky are the leaves of the clover  
she's diggin for chemistry with the butcher's tools  
shifty are the eyes of the gambler  
the sand is a ricochet. taste my grit?  
through the motions & waving wishes  
to your confidence & 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 large amazing things that we'll turn into rain  
lucky are those one headed carlights  
those two are as thick as thieves  
not a penny more  
shaky on a cold wetted statue  
i'm diggin for pattern leaks on unleaded fuel  
your spots & your seeds lack fur  
we're all a mess as though we all have another row in us.  
(bridge)  
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