Fair To Midland, Gaining One

North star
Bring luck

Call the nurse i'm dropping in anchor
Making stops at the pass
Caught in the mix of the two with an offer
Left with three times the guilt

Please don't decide to roll your eyes
I'm speaking from my heart
She bought a book and now she's
Reading much more into things
Dear searched and found now little
Hanging on your every word(purchased more than gained at will)
Please don't decide to roll your eyes
I'm speaking from my heart

Littles known of the heart breaking silence
Causing loss before peals
Jerking through the sidewinding admission
And gathered berries in bed

Take it i left it
Slipped and stored in vein
Held by the mischief
With one still left to blame

A flow, a flow in store

Left with an angel
Until the sirens rang.