

# Kevin Drew, Lucky Ones

Well every time you took me to the lies of your bed  
you know I tried to do it every time you read  
but all of your words that came down like your spies  
trickled through the morphine and tried to make a crime  
I don't expect to suggest that we're through  
you know I can live without you if you do  
but tell me that the temperature is rising in your head  
tell me the blood is not to be misled

All these little boys coming through the cracks  
trying to pick up the things, performed all the slack  
I've seen the broken fences right down to the line  
green like a mind that said it never was retired  
I know I know I know it's true  
all the things you thought about I want you to do  
and when the clouds separated in comes the sun  
hurry through the song that a girl once sung  
she's the reason why I'm trying to make it alright  
trying to drive through to Croatia tonight  
wanna lie beside her with the wind in my hand  
try to be the stereotype with a plan  
but my love of god and my god is love  
that's why you ruined all the things of the above  
don't you expect to make a phone call tonight  
treat me like a motherfucker who is right

Oh I know we're gonna be the lucky ones

Every time the future comes into my past  
I know you should sing about things that will last  
I got a prize in neverneverland, took a tattoo and tried to make a new friend  
you can see the ideas coming right through the glass  
everyone sings about something that past  
but I don't decide whether I can believe  
take me to your bed and show me some trees  
I can build a featherbird in your home  
try to tell you that there's plenty to roam  
you're like the blood that lives inside my bed  
I need to tell you that you are not misled  
oh I know we're gonna be the lucky ones