

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