

# Mates of State, The Kissaway

When we came inside  
You asked me if I'm well  
Living like this

It gets you thought the night  
Sure you can, Mr. Bet's on the prow again  
It gets you thought the night  
That at least tells the rest of the drawing, king  
It gets you thought the night  
Sure you can, Mr. Bet's on the prow again  
It gets you thought the night  
As we're doting along

Come out to the west backside of my eye(s)  
True that's true that's true

You're selling what you own  
Selling yourself short of the life that's teeming in the dirt  
Stop telling what you know  
Suddenly you're so sure of the life that's breeding in the dirt

It gets you thought the night  
Sure you can, Mr. Bet's on the prow again  
It gets you thought the night  
As we're doting along

Come out to the west backsides of my eyes  
True that's true that's true  
I'm off to the west, it's blinding my eyes  
True that's true that's true  
Come out to the west backsides of my eyes

You opened up  
This is the kind of place I know  
Let's add up all the mischief and mercy ruins  
'Cause these walls have all worn white