

Mellowdrone, Four Leaf Clover

I should be your four leaf clover
That stays real close in line
Your purse or even your holster
Needs love from time to time
Stop looking over your shoulder
The Gods would send a sign
I should be your four leave clover
The kind that's hard to find
I think I'm going in the water again
And maybe this time I'll just float alone
Don't even worry about the rent for this month
Why don't we slowly work it off
I don't ever want to feel that again
Whatever you put in that party dust
Running your body square into the trees
Will reset anything your big heart desires
Air-conditioned relapse is over
It behooves those who have the time
To fall to the floor like a mortar
And thank their fucking lucky skies
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