

Sixpence None the Richer, Lines Of My Earth

The lines of my earth, so brittle, unfertile, and ready to die.
I need a drink, but the well has run dry.
And we in the habit of saying the same things all over again,
For the money we shall make.

This is the last song that I write
'Til you tell me otherwise.
And it's because I just don't feel it.
This is the last song that I write
'Til you tell me otherwise.
And it's because I just don't feel it anymore.

It should be our time. This fertile youth's black soil is ready for rain.
The harvest is nigh, but the well has gone dry.
And they in the habit of saying the same things all over again,
about the money we shall make.

This is the last song that I write
'Til you tell me otherwise.
And it's because I just don't feel it.
This is the last song that I write
'Til you tell me otherwise.
And it's because I just don't feel it anymore.