

Sixpence None the Richer, The Lines Of My Earth

The Lines of my earth
so brittle, unfertile, and ready to die

I need a drink but the well has gone 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'll write 'til you tell me otherwise.
And it's because I just don't feel it

This is the last song '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 high
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'll write 'til you tell me otherwise
And it's because I just don't feel it
This is the last song 'til you tell me otherwise
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