Cole Lloyd, Waterline

well it used to be everything was fine
everything, this all was mine
all i had to do was write it down
you'd just be there with your perfect frown
i made up my mind
i traded holy water for cheap wine
i ran out of time
well it used to be everything was fine
everything, this all was mine
but one fine day, you might say
that i, i threw it all away
'cause i made up my mind
i traded holy water for cheap wine
i ran out of time
or something that i can't define
i traded my whiskey for your wine
leaving my river running dry
and a waterline
you might say i'm wasting my time
you might say well, i don't mind
i ran out of time
or something that i can't define
i traded holy water for cheap wine
leaving my river running dry
leaving just a waterline
just a waterline