

# Emily Haines, Winning

To never open a book, always reading a magazine.  
Outspend betting, if it looks like winning,  
You haven't been.

Knives don't have your back.  
I wait and I count,  
But knives don't have your back.  
I wait and I count to the last breath we take.  
What we made doesn't make sense.  
What's a wolf without a pack?  
Open your chest and take the heart from it.  
Open your chest:  
What's bad? We'll fix it.  
What's wrong? We'll make it all right.  
All right, it's gone, we'll find it  
Takes so long, we've got time,  
All the time.

Some part of you, too small to lose.  
Some part of you, too small to lose  
All of us, all of you.  
All of us, all of you  
Counting to the last breath we take.  
What we made doesn't make sense.  
What's a wolf without a pack?  
Open your chest and take the heart from it.  
When you talk, can I tape you?  
How'd you get what we don't know?  
We don't know how to help,  
Only know how to hound.  
Nose to the grindstone.  
Grindstone to the ground.

Don't even visit that place,  
They'll sharpen their teeth on your smile.  
I'm glad you didn't,  
All our songs will be lullabies in no time.

What's bad? What's wrong? Make it all right.  
All right, it's gone, so long.  
We've got time, all the time.  
All the time