

Hope Of The States, Goodhorsehymn

So my throat is in bits,
And my lungs are real sick.
I could plaster on a fake smile,
And ruin my life in style.
I'll build home with useless kids,
With all the ones that didn't fit.
Fill your heart with love today
And tell us all it's ok.

If you're happy in the world tonight,
You're lucky that you made it
And everything's alright.
If you're lonely when you sleep at night,
I'm sorry that you knew me
And nothing's turned out right.

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