

Jesse Sykes, House By The Lake

Fill your pockets full of river stones
For us, deep beneath the soul
On your stockings a songbird sang
Alone, all alone

Oh, these things that hold onto me
Drag my feet across the sky
Oh, these things they don't belong to me
This time, oh this time

Baby, it's time to go
To that house down by the lake
Baby, it's time to go
To that house down by the lake

A beauty all by herself
Just oating peacefully
Death had forgotten her
Like she's, she's forgotten me