

Joseph Arthur, Stumble And Pain

All your gifts come out of hell
You brought them back for luck/love?
Throw a bucket down into your well
You fill it with your blood

And you let it go
With the greatest ease
Cuz something always stays the same
And always seems

ahh ooh ohh ahhhh ahhhh

With the (meaning?) you never fill / With the mean you never fail ?
Try to leave before it comes
Like a man whose paid to kill
Asking you what should be done

And you let it go
With the greatest ease
Cuz something always stays the same
And always seems

ahh ooh ohh ahhhh ahhhh

Sun down on shady grin
Shaking hands on a sinking ship
(Process here on a poison friend?)
Telling you you'll never quit