

Kris Delmhorst, Gave It Away

You live in your prison, the one that you choose
You'd do anything to have nothing to lose
And you got scared of escaping just a little too soon
You give up your shovel and dig with a spoon

You gave it away, gave it away

Oh no now you're out in the cold
With your rockabye body, your butterfly soul
Oh no don't you grow old
You're just finding your way

With the current behind you and a clear summer sky
You call yourself stranded, a boat by your side
And your fistful of wishes and your handful of hopes
You stash them away in the pit of your throat

You save them away, save them away

Oh no now it's taking its toll
On your rockabye body your butterfly soul
Oh no don't you grow old
You're just finding your way, finding it

And I got a dream for you sometime, that you'll admit to the tide
You'll push out in the ocean and go for a ride

You're sailing away, sailing away

Oh no, don't you let go
Of your rockabye body, your lullabye soul
Oh no, don't you grow old
You just find your way, find your way, find your way
Back to me
Back to me