

Mates of State, Leave Me At The Tree

Your foot's caught on the side door
You were sad, saddened by

Your luck's running, you want more
You want reason to ...
You were made, passerby
You were fit for the trial

Caught you running around on the other side
You caught me running around on the other side

Your luck's running, you want more
Your foot's caught on the side door
You were sad, saddened by
You were made, passing by

You caught me running around on the other side
Now you're on