

# Rilo Kiley, Draggin' Around

Here's to all the luck that pours down on me  
Here's to all the melodies that picked us up off our seats  
Here's to the younger ones when they replace me  
Here's to the bitterness that keeps the sweet so sweet

Here's to all the words that we'll never speak  
Here's to all the pretty girls that you're gonna meet  
Here's to the little lies I tell in my sleep  
Here's to the secrets that you're gonna keep

Why don't you raise up, raise up your cup?  
I've had enough - raise up your cups.

Here's to the company that we used to keep  
Here's to the certainty of sickness and sleep  
Here's to the death of who we thought we were  
Here's to all our kids that'll never be born

Why don't you raise up, raise up your cup?  
I'm choking up raise up your cups  
To draggin' around  
A cross and a thorny crown  
And livin' because you're willing  
And being forgiven thankfully.