

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.