

The Dead South, Tiny Wooden Box

HuhhhhhhhhhhhhhHuuuhhhhhhhhhhh

Got a call today, to see if I want to pay
To bring my body home, if things ever did go wrong
Wouldn't mind to pay, to bring my body to lay
In a place I do, in a place I do call home
In a tiny wooden box
Yeah
In a tiny wooden box

I was going around those days
Thinking everything was so damn good
So why'd it go away
For all the ones who are gone
We've been missing you
These feelings are
So damn strong
I was going around those days
Thinking everything
Thinking everything
Would be ok

HuhhhhhhhhhHuuuuuuuuuh

What a time of year
It's very pleasant here
All the names I know
How the faces do grow old

All the hurting here
Each and every year
How we want it to we want it to we want it to be gone
So I'll write another song
Yeah I'll write another song

I was going around those days
Thinking everything was so damn good
So why'd it go away
For all the ones who are gone
We've been missing you
These feelings are
So damn strong
I was going around those days
Thinking everything
Thinking everything
Would be ok

If time heals everything
If time heals everything
If time heals everything
Then why do I

If time heals everything
If times heals everythingIf time heals everything
Then why do I
Still feel this painOh
Still feel this pain

I was going around those days
Thinking everything was so damn good
So why'd it go away
For all the ones who are gone
We've been missing you
These memories are Holding on

I was going around those days
I was going around those days
I was going around those days
Thinking everything
Thinking everything
Would be ok