

Poor Bailey

"Pyrite and Gold"

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Last I heard from Selma, your coffin caved in
Drussella was pregnant with some dead dude's kid
And the whole town was swept away in one last fatal
flood
A body of water, a river of blood
Meaningful enough, I'm heading for home
Meaningful enough, like pyrite and gold
Are you living the dream, or are you sleeping it?
Blew threw the roof, fell through the floor
Actions speak louder but words say more
When you're fast asleep in a slow dream
Dressed in camo for all occasions
Where the addicts live in basements,
Something wonders down the hall, oh
S'all I really needed
May we all rise to fall

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