

Stealing Green

"Sparks"

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Sitting here
Driving home
Johnny Cash on the radio
Teaching me about lessons in life that I don't really
want to know

Like no matter how young and vibrant you were
There's lessons learned and a jar of hurt
And you can't even play your own guitar

And the dreams you held
Mountains you felled
Time will still change
And you can't do a thing, no no...

Ohh...

Sometimes I sit and I prophesise my death
I'm a wealthier man but I'm shorter of breath
In thrall to the gods
I'm in awe of the plan
And the tears of redemption
At the love that I'd banned

Yes, my soul is growing old
What happens now my sparks won't fly?
Yes, my soul is growing old
What happens now my well runs dry?

There's no use calling out my name
I'm sorry, you're on your own
There's no use calling out my name
I'm sorry, you're on your own
There's no use calling out my name
I'm sorry, you're on your own

Yes, my soul is growing old
What happens now my sparks won't fly?
Yes, my soul is growing old
What happens now my well runs dry?

(solo)

Yes, my soul is growing old
What happens now my sparks won't fly?
Yes, my soul is growing old
Growing old!
Yes, my soul is growing old
What happens now my sparks
Yes, my soul, my soul, my soul
Sold my soul, my soul, sold my soul
Yeah my soul
Yes, my soul is growing old

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