

Wailin' Jennys, The

"Take it Down"

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Take everything that we've had
Take it and burn it to the ground
Some things were never meant to last
Take it down, down, down, take it down

I'm still married to it all
That ain't no place to hand around
My love is fifty feet tall
Take it down, down, down, take it down

And I've grown accustomed to the way
You hurled us into space
I'll never make that trip, tears all rusted on my face
I'm just an empty place, where your love used to fit

South Carolina, where are you?
You were once lost, now are found
The war is over, the battle's through
Take it down, down, down, take it down
Take it down, down, down, take it down

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