

Anchor Arms

"Black Water"

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We are the unsuspecting victims of circumstance.
And we tried to hold you up when your weakness could
barely stand.
I tried to accept this funeral as something I could bear.
You've gone up in smoke and whiskey, a victim of
everything.
I look at you now, it's getting hard to breathe.
I watch as time rolls right through you and me.
From the bottom of my heart, my God I miss you very
hopelessly tonight.
I'd walk right through these walls for a second with you,
A pack of smokes and me tonight.

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