

## Dispatch "Two Coins"

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I stick loneliness, your lips  
And the two coins of your eyes  
Into my pickets, yeah, hey  
Well, the train skates into Port Henry  
Late Sunday, alright

Sometimes when I'm riding high, feeling fine  
You know there's something troubling, yeah  
Troubling my mind

So I reach into my pocket for some  
Small change  
I reach into my pocket for some  
Small change

I want bones like iron, blood like mercury  
So I can tell you when I'm rising  
When I'm sinking in, I'm sinking in  
I'm sinking in, I'm sinking in

I reach into my pocket for some  
Small change  
I reach into my pocket for some  
Small change, yeah

Gonna take it to the people, yeah, hey  
We're gonna take it to the people, yeah, hey  
We're gonna take it to the people, aha, yeah, hey  
We're gonna take it to the people, aha, yeah, hey

Hey, let's drink from the cup, share some luck  
Go ahead and laugh 'cause it don't cost much  
No, no, don't, don't cost much

I stick loneliness, your lips  
And the two coins of your eyes  
Into my pockets, yeah, hey

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Into my pockets, yeah, hey

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