

Fair To Midland "A Seafarer's Knot"

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Lucky are the leaves of the clover.
She's diggin' for chemistry with the butcher's tools.
Shifty are the eyes of the gambler
He's making his tricks his trade
And a job well done.

Through the motions waving wishes to your confidence
and eloquence.

He's turning a-green from these envious glorious
things.
Applied ambitious faith that can keep us all safe.
Invoking a blue that's meant for us too.
What small amazing things we will turn to rain.

Lucky is a deer in the headlights.
Those two are as thick as thieves, not a penny more.
Shaky on the hands of the gun shy
He'd rather give up the ghost than take fight.

Through the motions waving wishes to your confidence
and eloquence.

He's turning a-green from these envious glorious
things.
Applied ambitious faith that can keep us all safe.
Invoking a blue that's meant for us too.
What small amazing things we will turn to rain.

Gather 'round, hold your glasses up high.
Drink to love while we wait for high tide.
Keep it short, keep it brief,
You have my word.
Gather round while we wait for high tide

He is turning a-green from these envious glorious
things.
Applied ambitious faith that can keep us all safe.
Your spots,
Your seeds,
Like fur,
We're all,

A mess,
As though, we all have a another..

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