

## Hawksley Workman

### "Pomegranate Daffodil"

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Don't fuck around anymore  
There's no good times left for a  
War  
So spit shine your old shoes  
And  
Knock on my door  
And don't fuck around anymore

The good days are bleeding  
Away  
They weren't ours to keep  
Anyway  
So drink up your red wine and  
Make love every day  
The good days are bleeding  
Away

This catastrophe of yours  
After one there's always more  
Is that all that you're living for  
This catastrophe of yours

This catastrophe of mine  
Play your cards and play them  
Right  
It could be yours tonight  
This catastrophe if mine

Someday  
We'll be bored and  
Wont' have time for these  
Catastrophes anymore

This catastrophe we made  
Murky waters and in we wade  
There won't be peace for us  
Today  
In this catastrophe we made

This catastrophe of ours  
Ain't no moon and ain't no

Stars  
There ain't no Jupiter and Mars  
In this catastrophe of ours

Pomegranate and daffodil  
If you take lover for granted  
Regret it you will  
Cuz no darkness can take us  
And cloud us forever  
No darkness will keep us from  
Being together  
I said no darkness will keep us  
Apart.

So don't fuck around anymore.

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