

Covette

"Lay It Down"

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He left his dead in the cottonwood trees
The ground grown too hard with the years
Falling down was not what it used to be
The ground grown too hard with the years

He told his children those little white lies
The truth would only paralyze them
He told himself those little white lies
The truth would only paralyze him

Lay it down, lay it down

He sold most of what he cherished,
The rest he let them steal
Shot his dog out in the open field,
The rest he let them steal

He broke all of his promises,
Under a sea green sky
They never thought to ask him why,
Under a sea green sky

Lay it down, lay it down

Please bury me in the cottonwood trees
The ground grown too cold for me
Going to sleep tonight in a warm feather bed
The ground grown too cold for me

Lay it down, lay it down

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