

## **Senator & The New Republic "Overcalculating"**

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There's no gold in them hills  
And there's never gonna be a cloud  
With silver all around, it's just not found.  
Dirt on my window sill  
And the flowers have all turned brown.  
Dying in the cold hard ground, without a sound.

And I can be so under appreciative  
And you can be so over calculating  
And that's alright.

There's no gold in them hills  
And there's never gonna be a cloud  
With silver all around, it's just not found.

And I can be so under appreciative  
And you can be so over calculating  
And I can be so over calculating  
And that's alright.

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