

Make Do And Mend

"Lucky"

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It's about time now that you find out your ego's a
coffin, so lie down.
It's about time now that you put your pride away.
'Cause there's something about how the words sound
When they're coming out of your own mouth
That make you wonder what you think this weighs.

We're the lucky ones
And we tore these days undone.
We're the bastard sons
Who squandered every mile they let us run.

You've heard enough by now to know,
There's lines to cross and lines to leave alone.
You're worth a fool's weight in gold
Until they let you go.
For what it's worth I think you've got some nerve.
It's what you earn and not what you deserve
That keep the feet below your knees planted to the
ground,
So set your sights ahead and chase it down.

We're the lucky ones
And we tore these days undone.
We're the bastard sons
Who squandered every mile they let us run.

If this is all a dream
Then I beg you to let me sleep,
'Cause I've found something worth all I've given up

Give in, fade out.
Raise the bar, or set it down,
'Cause you can't change the rules they've made to suit
yourself.

Give in, fade out.
Raise the bar, or set it down,
'Cause you can't change the rules they've made to suit
yourself.

We're the lucky ones
And we tore these days undone.
We're the bastard sons
Who squandered every mile they let us run.
(We're the lucky ones)
If this is all a dream
(When it's said and done)
Then I beg you to let me sleep,
(We're the bastard sons)
'Cause I've found something worth all I've given up
(And we tore these days undone)

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