

The Builders And The Butchers "Bottom of the Lake"

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I got a new home,
Down among the fish and grass and stones.
I was taken down because I stole money that was owed.

You can have fun with a little fire,
But if you take me as a liar,
You can count your days,
And watch the steps you take.

You can find me at the bottom of the lake.
You can find me at the bottom of the lake.

At the bottom of the lake, where the roots all grow,
Sun don't shine and the wind don't blow,
You can find me at the bottom of the lake.

Oh, you can take a penny,
You can put one upon each eye.
I rode a pair of concrete boots on the cold day that I
died.

And I wore a black stone,
I had one outstanding loan, I couldn't pay,
Oh, but I would pay, 'cuz my life they stole away.

You can find me at the bottom of the lake.
You can find me at the bottom of the lake.

At the bottom of the lake, where the roots all grow,
Sun don't shine and the wind don't blow,
You can find me at the bottom of the lake.

And it's so much better on my mind not to count my
days.
And it's so much better on my mind not to count my
days.
And it's so much better on my mind not to count my
days.
And it's so much better on my mind not to count my
days.
Not to count my days...

I got a new home,
Down among the fish and grass and stones.
I was taken down because I stole money that was owed.

You can have fun with a little fire,
But if you take me as a liar,
You can count your days,
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