

Odds

"Leave It There"

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There was bread
Now it's crumbs
Inside each head
There's a piece that's small and dumb
When something's big and beautiful give it time
I'll make it small and dirty
Just to make it mine
CHORUS
I'll make it mine
I'll be king of the heap
I'll make it mine
I'll be king of the heap
There were people
Now they're murk
Gold dust in mud and
Now all our play is work
Aggression is on every lip like stones on violins
Losing is the end result
Of far too many wins
CHORUS
Turn the wheel and breathe the blackened sky
Hollow out and suck the marrow dry
Now it's gone
Hey them there hills
Will soon be holes
I will wear them down with files of gain and greed and
goals
Under grass and rocks and dirt
It's warm inside the earth
That is where I'm going
I'm gonna pack it in my purse
CHORUS
It's bulldozing time
While you're asleep
I'll make it mine
I'll be king of the heap
Turn the wheel
Turn the wheel
Breathe the blackened sky
Turn the wheel
Turn it, turn the wheel

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