

Solas

"Lowground"

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Hit the asphalt hard, gone burning down

Spit and broken teeth, blood on the ground

Raw are the hours, blackened out is the sun

My lover is gone, my lover is gone

Live in the lowground, lay in the low ground

Make your way through the lowground, lonesome

Live in the lowground, lay in the lowground

Make your way through the lowground, lonesome

Still black sorrow and bitter fermented

The puddle of the poet's tears, forgot the more they
meant it

The cry of a whip, the crack of a gun

I'll never love another one, never love another one

Live in the lowground, lay in the low ground

Make your way through the lowground, lonesome

Live in the lowground, lay in the lowground

Make your way through the lowground, lonesome

There's a place I know, I've been there before

Where the river cuts deep through the canyon

In the wilderness I will clear my soul

Up to the silence, to the thunder that rolls

And the rain, it will drench me and cut to my bones
And I'll leave clean and I'll leave whole
And I'll set out again to find my home
Glass furnace hard, and a stupor of loss
Squall of surrender and paying the cost
For a blindness for blindness, too late now I see
Love, I come back to me, I come back to me
Live in the lowground, lay in the low ground
Make your way through the lowground, lonesome
Live in the lowground, lay in the lowground
Make your way through the lowground, lonesome
Lonesome...
/]

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