

## **Six Pence None The Richer "The Lines Of My Earth"**

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The lines of my earth, so brittle, unfertile and ready to die

I need a drink but the well has gone dry

And we in the habit of saying the same things all over again

For the money we shall make

This is the last song that I write 'til you tell me otherwise

And it's because I just don't feel it

This is the last song, 'til you tell me other wise

And it's because I just don't feel it anymore

It should be our time this fertile youth's black soil is ready for rain

The harvest is nice but the well has gone dry

And they in the habit of saying the same things all over again

About the money we shall make

This is the last song that I write 'til you tell me otherwise

And it's because I just don't feel it

This is the last song, 'til you tell me other wise

And it's because I just don't feel it anymore

This is the last song that I write 'til you tell me otherwise

And it's because I just don't feel it

This is the last song, 'til you tell me other wise

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