

Tiny Victories

"Get Lost Mr. Bones"

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When I saw you you were standing there on the sun
You were tired of feeling sorry for everyone
You said there was nothing left that you could do
Cuz everything is getting worse and we are too
Yeah we are too

I'm the son of the savior so I should know
How the waves crashing down they roll you home
Don't tell me that this is how it's all meant to be
Don't tell me that heaven's made of fallen leaves

Well I don't know but I've been told
They say the city of heaven is lined with gold
There's more liquor in your glass and champagne in
the back
And there are 50 dollar bills in the backseats of cabs

Yeah I've been trying to get in but all I can say is
They've got a million different ways to make you pay
They've got a million different ways to make you pay
They've got a million different ways to make you pay
They've got a million different ways to make you pay
They've got a million different ways to make you pay

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