

Trunks & Tales

"Lifelines"

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This house is filled to the rafters with booze
Night's like this it's too bad we don't drink
I'm heading east to the land of my kin
Where they subsist on petroleum and ink

Yes I'm still banging on these same six strings
Still strumming this shit guitar
I've learned four more since the day you walked out
But I'll keep playing these same four chords

And her tears, they tasted like gin
When I asked if she'd ever desert him
She laid in my bed, clasped both my hands
And said "No, I could never desert him
But tonight, I'll just forget him"

So I sit on this front porch
Smoking these cigarettes
I've had nine or ten this past hour
My friends, they yell out, "Come back inside"
They were gonna sing that song about dogwood
flowers
And the coffee is rich, it flows thick like mud
And it makes me feel like home
I'll always go back to that porch with my friends
So I don't have to smoke cigarettes alone
But in the end we all die alone
Cause in the end we all die alone

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