

## **Low Life, The "Four Walls"**

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Dandelion pastures  
When wind blows seeds scatter  
All across this sweet bye and bye  
No lights make it darker  
When they shut off our water  
We'll stroll to the sea at sunrise

Long winding beaches  
The sunshine conceals us  
And no one can reach us for miles  
We're lost in the desert  
And hangin out in t-shirts  
Thumbing down rigs for a ride

Well we might not make it there  
And I just wanna make that clear

Blue skies cover green hills  
Sipping moonshine from gin stills  
Looking for a good place to hide  
Ice storms and snow drifts  
Cold feet and chapped lips  
We must've gone west and turned right

And this is where we'll call home  
Got four walls and a burning stove  
I can't buy you gold when push comes to shove  
But all you will have in your hand is my love

I'm not working from 9 to 5  
Got some money you've put aside  
With any luck we'll get to see Graceland one day

And this is where we'll call home  
Got four walls and a burning stove  
I can't buy you gold when push comes to shove  
But all you will have round your wrist is my love

Well we might not make it there  
No, I just wanna make that clear

Spending all day driving  
Taking in horizons  
So many that we've left behind  
And we'll be together  
We're so fucking clever  
Off into the sunset we'll ride

And this is where we'll call home  
Got four walls and a burning stove  
I can't buy you gold when push comes to shove  
But all you will have round your wrist is my love

Wrapped round your wrist is my love  
And held in your hand is my love  
Don't ever fear with my love  
Keep close to your heart  
All my love

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