

Mountain Goats, The "Fault Lines"

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Down here where the heat's so fine
I'll drink to your health and you'll drink to mine
As we try to make the money we scored out in Vegas
hold out for a while
We drink vodka from Russia, get our chocolates from
Belgium
We have our strawberries flown in from England

BUT none of the money we spend
seems to do us much good in the end
I got a cracked engine block, both of us do

Got a house, the jewels, the Italian race car
They don't make us feel better about who we are
I got termites in the framework, so do you

Down here where the watermelon grows so sweet
Where I worship the ground underneath of your feet
We are experts in the art of frivolous spending

It's gone on like this, for three years I guess
And we're drunk all the time and our lives are a mess
And the deathless love we swore to protect with our
bodies is stumbling across it's bleak ending
But none of the rage in our eyes seems to finish it off
where it lies
I got sugar in the fuel lines, both of us do

And the fights, and the lies that we both love to tell
fail to send our love to its reward down in hell
I got pudding for a backbone, but so do you

La la la
Hey hey

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