

Pot Of Gold

Deer Tick

This poetry, ain't worth a damn
I shape my words, I've got a plan
It came to me, some cracked-out thought
My ear was such, you couldn't warn
Leaning on my broken crutch
A balanced meal, an early lunch
All the signals came so blurred
For better or worse, I just can't learn

So I'll never
No I'll never
Said I'll never
No I'll never

A carnival, I'll wave my skull
An old trust fault, you got my call
Quick escapes, from huge mistakes
What would you say, if you were awake
Brian found a pot of gold
Brian knows just how to roll
We laughed until the sun came up
We almost crashed his father's truck

So I'll never
No I'll never
Said I'll never
No I'll never

Save me
Save me

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For better or worse, I just can't learn

So I'll never
No I'll never
Said I'll never
Oh I'll never

Said I'll never
No I'll never
I'll never
No I'll never

Save me...