In the valley, where my heart sinks
There will be no strings, I'm worth nothing
When the sad wind, from the night's end
Help me pretend, that I'm your sin
In the dark space, the touch of your soft face
In front of our fireplace, would you believe me?
If the phone rings, tell him nothing
Well maybe one thing, that hell is coming

Cause he wasted your ti-i-ime
In a year you'll be mi-i-ine
No you don't fare well
(Don't, fare, well)
No you don't fare well
(Don't, fare, well)
No you don't fare well without me
(Don't, fare, well)

When I feel love, from your answer
I'll take a gander, appreciate your candor
If the gloves fits, above the toolbox
You'll hear a pin drop, it's the sound of my thoughts
Now the paint cries, down our cheek it dries
Oh, the pink sky, and back-lit white lies
When my eyes sting, when my heart sings
There will be no strings, we're drinking lightning

We're drinking your lightning We're drinking your lightning We're drinking your lightning We're drinking your lightning Ooooo-ooooo Ooooo-ooooo

x2

No you don't fare well No you don't fare well No you don't fare well without me