

# No Luck

Chelsea Wolfe

You can't trust anyone's word but your own  
These days, there's no luck for self-control  
Everybody's looking inward  
With no regard for the love they stole from you

Living in a small town can be hell, at times  
It's so beautiful and still so ugly, inside

And all these trees, let their leaves fall down  
With our hearts, into gutters to be washed away with the rain  
There, they'll fall into sewer streams  
To be washed out into the ocean, open there for all to see

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