

Limp Right Back

Deer Tick

I'm sick of shaking hands
I'm feeling how to weather
I can't count the ways
That we've become untethered
But I can limp right back
I'll put things back together

If you're gone, it's alright
The rose is on the vine
And I was made to march on
'Til the end of me

I'd blow away your tears
And suffer for your pleasure
I've been tossed around before
And lost just like a feather
So I will limp right back
I'll put things back together

If you're gone, it's alright
The rose is on the vine
And I was made to march on
'Til the end of me

Through sickness and in health
These friends I know so well
Playin' blame
Needs to satisfy

Through sickness and in health
These friends I know so well
Playin' blame
Needs to satisfy

I'm sick of shaking hands
I'm feeling how to weather
I can't count the ways
That we've become untethered
But I can limp right back
I'll put things back together

If you're gone, it's alright
The rose is on the vine
And I was made to march on
'Til the end of me