

## 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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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  
Oh I'll never

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

Save me...