

## Two Coins

Dispatch

I stick loneliness, you lips  
and the two coins of your eyes  
into my pockets

well the train skates into  
Port Henry late Sunday  
sometimes when I'm riding high  
feeling fine you know there's something  
troubling yah, troubling my mind

so I reach into my pocket for some  
small change  
I reach into my pocket for some  
small change

I want bones like iron blood like mercury  
so I can tell you when I'm rising  
and when I'm sinking in

we're gonna take it to the people  
hey let's drink from the cup  
share some luck  
go ahead and laugh cause it don't cost much  
no, no, it don't, don't cost much

[x2]

I stick loneliness, your lips  
and the two coins of your eyes  
into my pockets