

Good Will Come to You

Fruit Bats

We are lonely ones just travelers
Some of our days dark and some are worse
But she will surely come through, love
If it comes to you
Love, love, love

I have a feeling that good will come to you
I've got a notion that good will come to you
Someday down on your birthday and ask me [?]
Loved ones gathered around
Holding your hands and the hands of your
Hundred twenty-five years old
Hundred twenty-five years old

Trying to find the way to say everything yourself
Somedays you're in a funk and some you can't do anything
But you break through the haze
It will come to you
Love, love, love, love

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