

Lines

Jack Stauber

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Makes a man look forwards to his end
Don't let it out without your head
Make sure no one knows
That this don't be the end, gonna get too far
And see the start

Get the widow, break, sing, yearn, the parts of the world
Even though the breaks, no law set the twigs
It'll go, little girls when no one sees the lines of higher
And still to come along

And the men in the mist don't sit around too far
Too far to decide
Who's right, who's right
Many people in the garden said that nothing acts too far to wake
And so they all just fade away

And so you laid for the fines of lines
Even though the breaks, no law set the twigs
No one said any part wants to make
Oh, saying "I won't lie"