

## Into the Red

James Blake

The list of things I could live without  
Grows longer as I move everything around  
Behind all the furniture  
Pointed toward her  
To keep her in my sights  
To keep her in my life

By all means, she can get ahead of herself  
I had already be there  
I'll already be there to meet her

She's no traitor  
I've got no chaser  
For a leg up  
I've got no chaser  
She's no traitor  
For a joint account  
She gave me everything that she had left

(She doesn't love)  
Anything for herself  
But for me, she goes way in, way in, way into the red

She saw every hand in my pocket  
She sold her gold rush  
She watched me lose face every day  
Rather than lose me  
She was the gold rush, she was the gold rush  
She was the gold rush  
She sold every hand in her pocket  
And she sawed off every hand

(She doesn't love)  
Anything for herself  
But for me, she goes way in, way in, way into the red

She saw every hand in my pocket  
She sold her gold rush  
She watched me lose face every day  
Rather than lose me  
She was the gold rush, she was the gold rush  
She was the gold rush, she was the gold rush  
She was the gold rush, she was the gold rush

What I have will believe you until now  
Even doing nothing I am making the most of somehow  
And the credit goes to her  
It's the bad day speaking red  
Gotta keep her in my sights  
Gotta keep her in my life

By all means, she can get ahead of herself  
I had already be there  
I'll already be there to meet her