

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