Nice Without Mercy

Lambchop

We have crawled among the elements
Taking pictures with a phone
Carry buckets over mountains much like we used to

Past a riddle in the river
Catching fish with just our hands
And they taste of some cool pastoral splendor
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is a sin
And the sky it opens up like candy
And the wind it don't know my name

And the sky it opens up like candy
And the wind it don't know my name
And the warm comes back
Even though I thought it would not, yeah

I saw the light beyond the sunset
Nearby a little country church
And it felt a bit like little Jimmy Dickens
And the shadows disappear

In a day that breathes forever
And God comes and gathers up his jewels

And the sky it opens up like candy
And the wind it don't know my name
And the warm comes back
Even though I thought it would not, yeah

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