

# 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

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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