

Lines in the Sky

Locnville

Chorus: I'm drawing lines in the sky, oh, painting rainbows bright, oh,
cause I'm so tired of fighting,
define what's on my mind and give it a go, hit it and flow, and
give it
your heart and soul, rich in the
hardest gold, keep on digging, proceed to live in the scene that's given, a
heart of gold, whoa.

It started on the ground while I was digging for the gold, in hopes to find
the light of those who
finished up what they told, and they told me that it was nothing, I summon
up such discussions,
running up others who clutter for something, I tell them well fuck it, it's
nothing, and following through
has nothing to do with me following you, and pardon me if I seem out of
line, but to agree with
something I flipped on the cards, thinking it's hard to finish your start,
and winning them all is
something i've got to do, I promise you it's possible.

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I'm steadily searching for my purpose, thinking about the things that I let
win and if it's worth it, I'm
scratching at the surface just to further what I've learnt from
,
unbelievable things they said, I wonder if
I heard wrong, hey, but that's the road I chose to go on, and I've been
waiting so long to get so close,
and know you're close, and then get told you're so far, and check to see if

ever they're getting better,
etcetera, so on, so long, I'll see you in a while.

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