# Ruins

**Mt. Joy**

Don't cry, the river will be alright
We'll just melt all the plastic to the sea
And maybe California is the only place

Where this old engine, it just glides through the ruins
Fare you well, all that gives us hell
Out the mouth of the Mississippi

Halfway home, I caught you dreamin'
In the passenger seat, your feet out the window
Like, maybe your love, it gets torn from the bone
In the eyes of the Lord

And this old engine, it just glides through the ruins
And fare you well, all that gives us hell
Out the mouth of the Mississippi

In love, we got to try
A little love, we, you just got to try

In love, we got to try, Lord
A little love, we, we just got to try
In love, we got to try
Yes, in love, we, we just got to try, mmm
Mmm

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