

Fountain Of Good Fortune

Rolling Blackouts Coastal Fever

I see a problem I'm not willing to address
And I take pleasure in not wanting to impress
'Cause I'm drinking from the fountain of good fortune
And I see beauty in technology
And the simple sentiment of history
And it's all too easy with the privilege
Of the fountain of good fortune

I've been washed, I've been anointed
I've eaten the body of the Lord
It's from the fountain of good fortune
Springs dirty, cloudy water
That pollutes the mind of anyone around

Holding on to my own
Burn it down when I'm gone
Holding on to my own
Holding on
Holding on to my own
Burn it down when I'm gone
Holding on to my own
Holding on

Holding on to my own (Toes at the weir)
Burn it down when I'm gone (Back to them all)
Holding on to my own (Too loud a solitude)
Holding on
Holding on to my own (Toes at the weir)
Burn it down when I'm gone (Back to them all)
Holding on to my own (Too loud a solitude)
Holding on