

Wither

Shakey Graves

I know the good die young
So let's let it pass, let's grow old and wither
I know two wrongs don't make a right
But I think, dear, [?]
I hope that I never know
What my life will [?] with another
I know you'll keep me kicking 'til the end
At least I hope that's how it goes

I know the time will come
So let's stand our ground and pick up our adversaries
I know that living for some is just
Waiting around like taxidermy

She thinks she's safer asleep
But dreams won't save anybody
They'll keep her guessing 'til the very end
At least she hopes that's how it goes

Oh, good lord, they've all gone belly-up
Woo hoo, woo hoo
Oh, good lord, they've all gone belly-up
Woo hoo, woo hoo
Oh, good lord, they've all gone belly-up
Woo hoo, woo hoo (woo hoo, woo hoo)
Oh, good lord, they've all gone belly-up
Woo hoo, woo hoo