

Souring

David Usher

Daylight mornings creeping in had the blackest dream
are you souring
and i dreamt that i wiped all the blood from your eyes
woke up thinking i loved you
but i cant say why
so please leave your fucking money at the door
concede you know youll be coming back for more
were all looking for gold here
midnight and you inch along
devils in the backyard now where it all went wrong
and i drink myself sick so i wont see you crawl
guess i drained all your beauty to watch you dissolve
so drink myself sick so i wont see you crawl
guess i drained all your beauty to watch you dissolve
so please leave you fucking money at the door
concede you know youll be coming back for more
we're all looking for gold here
and i hate that i need you
and i dont know why
and i hate that i need you
and i cant say why
so please
leave your fucking money at the door
i concede you know we're all coming back for more
so please leave your money at the door
were all looking for gold
we're all looking for gold here
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