

## 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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