

## Big House

Deer Tick

It's a big house,  
With all this things you assume and sure of  
In the big world  
With all these things you never heard of.

But fix me up now, if it seems that I need fixing  
Correct me, if I stand to be correct it, mhm

It's a sad song  
All these worlds you heard enough of  
Pray for wthat you are  
With only side you wanna follow

Left me up now, let me walk amongst the gifted  
If I'm asking too much, just as please, be comfort in, oh

Every morning when you're mean  
To keep your hands clean  
It's running down your arms  
Casting shadows on your heart

You show me how to die  
cut the price on how to cry  
You show me out of time  
Yes I'll catch you by and by  
Mhm yeah.

It's a deep hole, when you dug with all your lyin'  
It's a fact poor  
And you don't know, I know it's flyin'  
And save his need and savings  
When the shore you .  
but lovers need to let down  
But you figure out with heartens

Every morning when you're mean  
To keep those hands clean  
But it's running down your arms  
Oh it's tearing you apart.

You've spoken to the sky  
And you lied a million times  
Show me how to die  
I guess I'll catch you on the side  
Mhm