

Son Of The Earth

Destroyer

So slowly goes the day of hounding you for more.
This is a little song. It's short; it's not that long.
This is a brittle bone. You cast away the stone.
You refrain, though one question remains:

"What do you give to someone who has it all?
What do you give to someone who has it all?"

They break into the store; go girlish down the aisle.
This is a little one. The manager is dumb.
A petty incident, although the case is strong.
You could say, though one question remains:

"What do you give to someone who has it all?
What do you give to someone who has it all?"

My shippin' days are done.
I'm lonely all the time.
I'm in the cash cow now.
Cash in now, honey