

To Get Me Thru the Good Times

Echobelly

I keep an open invitation
To a world of isolation
It's an old right

I found a home in hibernation
Lost the self in preservation
Built the walls high

I joke about the bad times
To get me thru the good times
About all those long nights
I go wading through

Keep running down a one way
Giving all for a brand new day
But now I'm all out, nothing to lose
Nothing to lose, nothing to save

From a momentary glory
To a solitary story
It's a short ride

Through the trials and tribulations
For the bane of reputation
It's a long fight but I'm done, done

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No more ties

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