

**..(i)..**

## Fair to Midland

Come with the raising,  
Of you.  
Two years ago in the woods,  
Saw a branch,  
Fall in the brook.

I'll lead you, i'll lead you,  
To your throne.

But it's up to my knees now,  
Build me up, for the breakdown.

And i carried this all for you,  
And you know i did.  
And i bottled it just for you,  
And you know i did.  
Taking hold caught a rash,  
And i did it all for you.