Keep little the promise but less the lie from down this mud here to way up sky let light and love be keep to the test and short supply never enter the nest now sleep with eyes rolled back so tongue might taste the sweet dream water and not the waste when time to turn come time awake back from luck to the same mistake

faint heart will rise from track to trail when the storm will ease and clear skies prevail it?ll find the one with the heartless wail it?ll slide back in where love grew stale wearing the robes of bible black torn to shreds now from self attack lingering long when it?s time to turn back burying faint heart by the railroad track