

# Take It Down

John Hiatt

Take everything that we have  
Take it and burn it to the ground  
Some things were never meant to last

Take it down, down, down  
Take it down  
Take it down, down, down  
Take it down

I'm still married to it all  
That ain't no place to hang around  
My love is 50 feet tall

I've grown accustomed to the way  
You hurled us into space  
I'll never make that trip

Tears all rusted on my face  
And I'm just an empty place  
Where your love used to fit

South carolina where are you  
We were once lost and now we're found  
The war is over, the battle's through