

# Lucky Ones

Kevin Drew

Well everytime they took me  
To the rise of your bed  
You know what kind of doing at the top of your head but  
All the little words that came down like a spider  
Trickle through the morpheme  
Try to make them cry

I'm in respect to suggest that we're through  
You don't know I could live without you if you do  
But tell me that the temperature's rising in your head  
Tell me that love is not to be this way

One of these little boys coming through the cracks  
Trying to pick up these worms on the side  
Seeing the broken fences lying down in the yard  
Green like your mom instead that never was retired

I know, I know, I know  
Soon

All the things I thought about that I want you to do  
When the crying seperated in comes the sun  
Heard it through a song that a girl once sung  
She's the reason why I'm trying to make it alright  
Trying to drive through girl, wish it tonight

Rolling on the side with the moon in my hand  
Trying to be a stereotype with a friend  
But my love is gone and my god is low  
That's why I'm doing all the things that you don't know  
Don't you expect to make a phone call tonight  
Treat me like a motherfucker who was right

Ooh, I know we're gonna need a lucky one

Every time a creature comes into my path  
I know you should snigger about things that we laughed  
I've got a cause that never met a man  
Took a talk to him tried to make a make friend  
But you can see that I'm just coming out through the glass  
Everyone speaks about something the past took

I came beside with it, I could believe  
Take me to your bed and show me some trees  
But I can bet a fuck will do the whole  
Try to tell you that there's nowhere to roam  
You're like a brother who thinks I won't care  
I'm ready to tell you that you don't know what  
This is

I know we're gonna need a lucky one