

Golden Ticket

Manchester Orchestra

"Please take care of yourself" was the last thing I said,
Right before that operator made us disconnected.

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If you can hear me right now, I've got a formula vow
That swears I'll do my best to figure out this situation.

First of all I'll explain why I caused all that water
But never fixed that leaking pipe that floods us to the ceiling

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An empty shot glass doesn't lie so I fulfilled my appetite
And crossed my fingers that the good Lord would take care of yo
u and I again.

So now that I found it,
I'll tie the ropes around it.
And make sure that the bottle never bothers us again.
Well I promise this time really. yeah?
I'm cleaning up sincerely. yeah.
And I'll make sure that the devil never bothers you again.

How I wish that you had sold me on all of those big goals
Of being a good father not a careless liar.
Well, am I really that old, ignorant, or too slow
To realize I have lost my golden ticket back home?