Four Leaf Clover

Mellowdrone

I should be your four leaf clover That stays real close in line Your purse or even your holster Needs love from time to time

Stop looking over your shoulder
The Gods would send a sign
I should be your four leave clover
The kind that's hard to find

I think I'm going in the water again And maybe this time I'll just float alone Don't even worry about the rent for this month Why don't we slowly work it off

I don't ever want to feel that again Whatever you put in that party dust Running your body square into the trees Will reset anything your big heart desires

Air-conditioned relapse is over It behooves those who have the time To fall to the floor like a mortar And thank their fucking lucky skies

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