

## The Lucky Ones

Minus the Bear

In basements we fall in love  
over cards and a whiskey drunk  
Talking circles around ourselves  
Til were too far in  
Soon it starts to sneaking around  
City bars, not a soul to be found  
But you can't keep a secret that everybody knows  
So were on our own  
Leave it to the lucky ones they got the line on who to love  
and who to judge

Begin again, shed the old skin  
Fleshed out fakes with stone wind on their faces  
Collapse into the bed where the two of us first met  
To start a fire in the cold sheets, now we're finally free of t  
hem

Leave it to the lucky ones, they got the line on who to love, w  
ho to judge  
Leave it to the lucky ones, they got the line on us