

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