

## Pauper's Wine

Mordred

On the roof something wasn't clicking  
Like the blade on a pocket knife that just won't unfold  
Rain on my face couldn't help my disposition  
It was clearly a mission for the comfort of the road

Passed me by one too many times  
And the wick get old but I'm fine  
Save your pennies and your pity  
Save them all for pauper's wine  
Save for pauper's wine

Help me up, help me off  
Merge through the exit in three quarters of a mile  
She was the light of day, but she was never mine  
Took just enough to make me smile

In the dark, I know that's where she kept me  
And it never bothered me, until the light  
Shining, I can handle the truth I said

Passed me by one too many times  
Wick gets old but I'm doing fine, doing fine  
Save your pennies, save your pity  
Save them all for pauper's wine, save for pauper's wine

[Solo]

Blinker's on the blink I think and chuckle to myself  
With the nova through you  
Gas 'er up and never stop until she drinks the bottle drop  
I'm feeling right