

The Lines of My Earth

Sixpence None The Richer

The lines of my earth so brittle unfertile and ready to die.

And we in the habit of saying the same things all over again

I need a drink but the well has run dry.

For the money we shall make.

This is the last song that I write

'Til you tell me otherwise.

This is the last song that I write

And it's because I just don't feel it.

And it's because I just don't feel it anymore.

'Til you tell me otherwise.

The harvest is nigh, but the well has gone dry.

It should be our time. This fertile youth's black soil is ready
for rain.

about the money we shall make.

And they in the habit of saying the same things all over again,

'Til you tell me otherwise.

And it's because I just don't feel it.

This is the last song that I write

This is the last song that I write

'Til you tell me otherwise.

And it's because I just don't feel it anymore