

Travel (till Morning Reputations)

Songs: Ohia

the hangman's water is often sweeter
on these western roads
know the heat of their travelers
that go down(go down)
and backs know the saddles
and boots know the heels
my eyes know the blinder is black(x2)
mouth knows the bit and the brassy taste of it
it's more than my companion should allow(x2)
right now(x2)
there's nothing my equal, right now(x3)