

Never Lost A Chicken To A Fox

The Beautiful South

There he stood, gun in hand
At the door, the day she chose to leave
Half of him stood comforting
The other half that couldn't quite believe
Believe that she had left him
Believe that she had found another love
Believe that she decided
When push came to shove, she'd really shove

Friendship after friendship
Can't begin to count the ones I've lost
Voyage after voyage
Couldn't see the water for the docks
Lost my way up mountain pass
Couldn't see the signposts for the frost
Lost every game I've ever played
But I've never lost a chicken to a fox

And that stick thrown into lake
You watch as move you make
Turns into mistake
Your love away
Like that snail on the leaf
You watch as right beneath
That cold hearted thief
Your love away

There he stood still hours on
The only movement, the only trace
The position of the gun
And a single tear running down his face
Inside he was screaming
Outside you could barely hear him cry
Inside orchestration
Regulated outside to a sigh

Friendship after friendship
Can't begin to count the ones I've lost
Voyage after voyage
Couldn't see the water for the docks
Found my way home late at night
Couldn't see my bed for stranger's socks
Lost every game I've ever played
But I've never lost a chicken to a fox

Your love away, your love away
Turns into mistake your love away
Your love away, your love away
That cold hearted thief, your love away