

Ashes Made Of Spades

The Rocket Summer

Shook up and beat down.
Hallelujah.
From bad cards that I was dealt.
Hallelujah.
So I spoke a match that burned them down.
Hallelujah.
So light it up.

Ashes made of spades are going through the air.
The embers and the flames are going through the cares.
The sickness of the past, let it burn back there.
The ashes made of spades are going through the air.

Dodging rocks. You're a street light.
Hallelujah.
London fog on a dreary night...
You took a hit, they could not take your light.
Hallelujah.
So light it up.

Ashes made of spades are going through the air.
The embers and the flames are going through the cares.
The sickness of the past, let it burn back there.
The ashes made of spades are going through the air.

Stranded in the streams without a branch to rescue me and pull
me from the tormenting.
Will I die here in the water?
I closed my eyes so I could see then there grew a tree from my
belief.
Now here I stand with two dry feet, and there my past dies in t
he water.

Oh My Light.
All My Life.