

## The Good Book

Tired Pony

You were saved by the good book  
I was saved by the half full glass  
So come on take a good look  
Cause this party will be our last

Now they've closed down the old bar  
This town's like an empty box  
Well they can't have got that far  
Cause I can still see some swinging locks

When falling feels like flying there's a dangerous hope  
Cause the ground comes at you faster than you think  
And lurking in these shadows with the bears and wolves  
Is where you feel the most at home these days

When you called I was screening  
It confused me to hear your voice  
It was like I was dreaming  
And the ten years became a noise

That I could barely remember  
Just enough to open the wounds  
And in the darkest December  
I can howl at the early moon

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