

Pauper's Wine

Mordred

On the roof something wasn't clicking
Like the blade on a pocket knife that just won't unfold
Rain on my face couldn't help my disposition
It was clearly a mission for the comfort of the road

Passed me by one too many times
And the wick get old but I'm fine
Save your pennies and your pity
Save them all for pauper's wine
Save for pauper's wine

Help me up, help me off
Merge through the exit in three quarters of a mile
She was the light of day, but she was never mine
Took just enough to make me smile

In the dark, I know that's where she kept me
And it never bothered me, until the light
Shining, I can handle the truth I said

Passed me by one too many times
Wick gets old but I'm doing fine, doing fine
Save your pennies, save your pity
Save them all for pauper's wine, save for pauper's wine

[Solo]

Blinker's on the blink I think and chuckle to myself
With the nova through you
Gas 'er up and never stop until she drinks the bottle drop
I'm feeling right