

Blind Mountain

Spiritual Beggars

Come on winter feed me with your darkness
you know I've felt like this before
Loneliness is my only friend now
and this bottle of cheap red wine

Deep are the wounds that push me away
deep are the rivers that run through my soul
Bittersweet are my memories
of the one that got away... yeah

Innervisions bleed through my eyes
Look at me I'm dying for you
And all this time we'd borrow, beg and steal
to feel real... Living lies