

I stick loneliness, your lips
and the two coins of your eyes
into my pockets

well the train skates into
Port Henry late sunday
sometimes when I'm riding high
feeling fine you know there's something
troubling my mind

so I reach into my pocket for some
small change
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small change

I want bones like iron blood like mercury
so I can tell you when I'm rising
and I'm sinking in

chorus

we're gonna take it to the people
hey let's drink from the cup
share some luck
go ahead and laugh cause it don't
cost much

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