

Hawksley Workman, Pomegranate Daffodil

Don't fuck around anymore
There's no good times left for a war
So spit shine your old shoes
And knock on my door
And don't fuck around anymore

Cause the good days are bleeding away
They weren't ours to keep anyway
So drink up your red wine
And make love every day
Cause the good days are bleeding away

This catastrophe of mine
Play your cards and play them right
It could be yours tonight
Oh, this catastrophe if mine

Oh, this catastrophe of yours
After one, yea, there's always more
Is that all that you're living for?
Oh, this catastrophe of yours

Someday, someday, someday!
I'll be bored
And we'll have time for these
Catastrophes anymore

This catastrophe of ours
Ain't no moon and ain't no stars
There ain't no Jupiter and Mars
In this catastrophe of ours

This catastrophe we made
Murky waters and in we wade
There won't be peace for us today
In this catastrophe we made

Someday, someday, someday!
I'll be bored
And we'll have time for these
Catastrophes anymore

Pomegranate and daffodil
If you take love for granted, regret it you will
Cause no darkness can take us, and cloud us forever
No darkness will keep us from staying together
I said no darkness will keep us, keep us apart.

So don't fuck around anymore
I said, don't fuck around anymore
Don't fuck around anymore
So, don't fuck around anymore