

Pack up and leave everyday  
I plant the seed to rip the roots away  
And I believe every word you say calls the thunder  
and spooks off the pain

And through the windows in the chapel  
Is laying in the morning light  
Every wick and every candle  
Is laying in the morning

I'm here with your dress at night  
I confess  
At the hem of your dress  
I confess  
To spook off the pain  
Is when I always catch you laughing  
At the cusp of everyday  
Is when I always catch you grinning  
It suits you well