

The Narrows

Dead Meadow

Rusted out iron in a rust
Coloured field,
begging shadow, the sun will not yield
Trying not to be missed
to give more, leave less
For those the open road, and those stayed behind,
Comes longing in our own form
defined
Trying not to be missed
they give more, leave less
they give more... I guess
Herein the house of truth
lit so all can see,
but I'm headin' out, yes, I'm giving in, to that old mystery
As will pass the days
Comes the narrow and narrowing way
From the path you need not stray
My Love, it's okay
Trying not to be missed
to give more, leave less