

## Rearrange Beds

An Horse

That bit before you remember,  
Everything you own begins to blend in,  
To bones that ache with things that you can't spell.

Rearrange beds to make sure,  
Thoughts flow straight from my house to yours,  
When you're asleep you can forget about us all.

Aches that sail like ships through cartilage you never did anything to,  
For some reason it wants you to know it's not so happy with you  
,  
And when your eyes open wide for just one second inside,  
The morning is your own.  
The morning is your own.

When your eyes start to clear up,  
And you come to terms with everything that you've got,  
The loves don't fall out like they used to,  
They just fall straight back into you.

Aches that sail like ships through cartilage you never did anything to,  
For some reason it wants you to know it's not so happy with you  
,  
And when your eyes open wide for just one second inside,  
The morning is your own.  
The morning is your own.  
The morning is your own.  
The morning is your own.

Save a piece of strength for me,  
Keep it safe and clean and tidy.  
I swear, one day it'll come in handy.  
Save a piece of strength for me,  
Keep it safe and clean and tidy.  
I swear, one day it'll come in handy.

Aches that sail like ships through cartilage you never did anything to,  
For some reason it wants you to know it's not so happy with you  
,  
And when your eyes open wide for just one second inside.  
Aches that sail like ships through cartilage you never did anything to,  
The morning is your own.  
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