

Seven Odd Years

Arid

Seven odd years and I'm resting my head down
Seven odd years that can't be turned around
Seven odd years and I don't know where to go
I'm still roaming in your woods
I'm still guessing why I never could

Seven odd years and I must be going blind
Seven odd years hang heavy on my mind
Like the rolling of my tears and the dream where the heart never
fears
where the heart never fears

Seven odd years and I must be going blind
Seven odd years and time is on my mind
And the fire beneath the stone, where your head
lies my heart often goes
Oh the heart often goes
Oh the heart often goes
To your life and to your flame and the ghost is crowded
Like the game I'm playing

Seven odd years and I'm living in the past
Seven odd years and time is fading fast
See the writing of your youth see the whole and
the whole cuts right through
Oh cuts right through

And I just can't go on
The road I'm taking and the bond I'm breaking anymore

Seven odd years and meet me down the line
Seven odd years and you'd think I'd be doing fine
But I'm still roaming in your woods
I'm still guessing why I never had
anything the way I should