

Track 4+1

Bears In Trees

I wrote a book of all the things that go on in my head
I burnt it whole, so no one would ever think those things again
I wore my old school uniform to see how much I'd grown
I needed to get out of my perspective,
The only one that I've ever known

So I'll try singing about the colours I never knew I'd love
I can't bring any flowers, but I can bring the mud

I grow out my hair to count out each day
And I hoped you'd be aware of the things I didn't think to say
Like your eyes could light up a whole room
And I'm kind of getting tired of being blinded
By the thought of you

So I'll try singing about the colours I never knew I'd love
I can't bring any flowers, but I can bring the mud
'Cause I've been burying myself alive, trying to call it quits
I sure as hell have burnt the boat down, but I won't jump ship

My heart leapt when I came home to silence
'Cause I haven't spent enough time in the quiet
And yes, I like spending time with people who aren't me
But I'm getting kind of tired, only being happy