

## 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