

## No Strings: My Window

Ben Reilly

When you came to my window  
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When you came to my  
(Window! Window! Window!)  
And you said to me

Red Streaks in the sky  
It seems to be a lot less bleak since we had arrived  
Your reach would be a lot less steep, you leaning on pride  
I'm much freer this time

Now how the Smith's gone break up?  
And Everyday I wake up  
Somebody's got a (Aye!)  
Question about what I say (Save!)  
Up in these songs I'm scared to share myself excessively  
'Bout how alone I feel when everyone is next to me  
I mean look at me (look at me)  
Now, I'm the one whose  
Standing face to face with the richer me (richer me)  
The bigger me had figured out a new way to intervene (intervene  
)  
We lifting dreams  
My feathers can weather the storm we splitting streams  
No tether-removing the strings  
Moving at speeds that you could achieve  
Indubitably, look at his wings, he's congruent to free  
Intuitively, he can see his future when he's dueling with peace  
And you could receive everything he speak is true to a tee  
Free

(Freelance)