

The Paper And The Ink

Benjamin Tod

Your arrow ain't sharp but age made deadly your aim
If I kill or get killed, my dear, would you love me the same?
And as I get older I realize that time has a way
And the patience you build in your youth will discern how you age

And some song I swore I'd never sing
From years before I held a dream
My pages worn like oaths I keep
I'll die between the paper and the ink

This journal ain't mine but it's filled with my misery
Passed down by a friend who was taken too soon to complete
And bound in the blood of living like we were deceased
Now I live with the debt that it easily could have been me

And some song I swore I'd never sing
From years before I held a dream
My pages worn like oaths I keep
I'll die between the paper and the ink

So lay your head easy and don't shed tears for me
We are given this life but nobody said it was free

And some song I swore I'd never sing
From years before I held a dream
My pages worn like oaths I keep
I'll die between the paper and the ink