

East of Tennessee

Beta Radio

Are you a meat eater forsaking the plant?
I'm here under covers I'm under your trance
I saw the flair that shone in your eyes
But I have grown older from hearing your lies
An old photograph that you took from a plane
Of the snow covered mountain in my mind remains
All snow left that mountain the following spring
Like you left for all yonder on wings of angels
East of Tennessee, always I'll be
Only I am here too far
A feast of misery, but I just wash it away
Only I am here too far
From you

Gone is the widow from the window here
She married a martyr and contracts were cleared
But down in the water she's washing her kin
To show what's forgotten can be thought of again
An old photograph that on my wall still hangs
Is the one that reminds of a past filled with pain
Give it to another I want not to see
Give it up to my mother because soon I'm leaving

East of Tennessee always I'll be
Only I am here too far
A feast of misery, but I just wash it away
Only I am here too far

Spent all your life halfway outside
Cursing the curtains that caused you to hide
Who would've known, I could've grown?
So I can finally say "I'm absolved"
Of you