

Autumn

Big Scary

Feet keep on running, new light is coming our way.
Hands turn to pockets, the blues and the greens turn to browns
and greys.

Leaves are falling all around, my feet can barely touch the ground

Hold tight, it's time now, it's time to turn the food down to our roots.
Don't run and cry yet, death has never looked so beautiful.

Feet keep on tapping, new rhythms we're clapping today.
So sweep out your driveway, and hope that a new life comes your way.