

Weary

Birds in Row

Rewriting the definitions
Of what went wrong and what should have been
Countless, useless, miserable and scared
And a pair of bottles in our hands to dig our own graves

But the flowers they won't bloom over the boxes we'll live in
Spring's gone

Where is the cash?

I've got a thirst to quench and nothing but a dime

I've buried myself under unnamed regrets

Don't nail the last planks

I've got questions to ask

I forgot a lot of details and don't know where to start

The hammer stopped and it all turned black

And when the shovel's gone it ain't never coming back

Weary and reckless I've been counting the shadows

Before the first rats and worms knock at the door

We were all meant for more

Blaming the bottle but not the throat

Watch your step kid cause it's you against the world

And the fire in your eyes it can also be your biggest curse

I hate farewells

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I'm shaking hands in a world of snakes

"Good bye. Forget. The privilege is to follow"

Mine has always been to be the first step in the snow

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