The Writer

Blossoms

Throw me a line, set my sails
I've been down running wild in my head
Chapter one I come undone
Like the talk of grand religions over lunch

Oh to be alone, roving like a vagabond
I feel so tired, but I'm the writer

Chapter to be continued, it's easier to sit around feeling blue
Chapter three weeks in need
What's a little longer on the themes?

Oh to be alone, roving like a vagabond
I feel so tired, but I'm the writer
And if I've got to I'll write you
Once I find my verse
I'll give you everything I've got
First I just need to find the plot

Oh to be alone, roving like a vagabond
I feel so tired, but I'm the writer

I'm the writer
I'm the writer
I'm the writer
I'm the writer

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