

From the Nest

Brooke Waggoner

(Verse)

Too much talk of modern tags
There's a ageless feel to looking back
Of days we'd spend like all kids do
Dreaming of our brightened grooms

(Verse)

But search the man, the water man
See is childhood re-re-ends
I've got plans, yea we're about plans
Don't you second guess, my friend

(Chorus)

We're a lot of things
Falling from the nest, we take our leave
Bounding over, no
Climbing sticks and stones
We're broke

Don't let up

(Verse)

Keep in mind we're soul lead beams
Bearing down on back so sleeves
We're threads divide and pull apart
Losing sense in all regard

(Verse)

I wish somehow but the wind was deep
Deep and if my wish to keep
All in all it's about that time
Looking back at nothing, friend

(Chorus)

We're a lot of things
Falling from the nest, we take our leave
Bounding over, no
Climbing sticks and stones
We're broke

We're a lot of things
Falling from the nest, we take our leave