

Mine Fields

Catie Curtis

I come home, don't know where you are
You must be working pretty hard
I feed the cat half a can of food
And I sit at the table and I wait for you
And I don't like doubting how this old love will hold
But I have my moments when I'm just waiting for it to explode

Oh, no good deals in these mine fields today
It don't matter how I walk
I could get blown away
Underneath the soil and the flowers
I can hear a ticking down from years to hours

There's not a lot of air in this third floor flat
You want to go outside you want to
Get some by
You have said that you cannot breathe when you're
Caught up inside here with no reprieve
I have been trying not to hold you to your lines
But I feel you leaning
Out more all the time

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Forever is a word I leave on the shelf
I don't want history to repeat itself
So I take it night by night
And I try not to hold you too tight
I have been dancing up and down the words
Trying to find out why
Things are not the way they were

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