

Springfever

Daryll-Ann

I'm walking, I'm talking
Takes the load of every man
Through the fields and back again
Fields look different everyday
Passin' daydreams my way
Becoming self-conscious in the worst sense of the word
Livin' tissue in a shirt, every heartbeat makes me jump
Is it sleeping, is it gone
Up in the trees with leaves of wisdom, watching it come
I'm walking, I'm talking
Takes the load of every man
Through the fields and back again
Every heartbeat makes me jump
Is it sleeping, is it gone