

Building

Funeral for a Friend

Shouldering the blame
Walking into frame
Like a lighted silhouette
Against a cotton sheet
Smothering the crease

Tin can in hand
Waiting for God to come around
But He never comes around
He never comes around

Quiet like a mouse
Building up your house
Just to tear it down
Leaving us the pieces
Do they ever fit?

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Waiting for God to come around
But He never comes around
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