

# Never gone

James Vincent McMorrow

What I wouldn't give to be  
This free at ease  
On a farm somewhere I'd see  
The fences  
The flowers in the breeze  
Will you tell me all about  
Your doubts?  
Your darkest times  
And darkest hours?  
Got nothing new to sell  
Oh, well  
I guess that I'll just sit with you instead

And you can lay your head against mine  
I leave it here to take the weight  
Of every little thing  
You make exist  
Shatter the sky  
'Cause what the fuck are any of us  
Really doing here?  
Do we even exist at all?

At all, all, all  
At all, all, all

I found some therapy  
It gives me  
What I want to hear  
Still I keep my engine clean  
Pristine  
Unseen  
So will you meet me on the stairs?  
We'll share our frozen ember there  
Find a path to wander on  
Go home  
I guess that's just the price of acetone

So you can lay your head against mine  
I leave it here to take the weight  
Of every little thing  
You make exist  
Shatter the sky  
'Cause what the fuck are any of us really doing here?  
Do we even exist at all?  
What the fuck are any of you really doing here?  
Do we even exist at all?

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