

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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