

# Sunburn

James Vincent McMorrow

I end the conversation  
I leave the way I came  
Out onto a pavement  
That is warm and fresh with rain  
Thank you for your patience  
I will never be the same  
I end the conversation  
I leave the way I came

Just inside the forest  
There's a clearing in the trees  
Kind of place a fool can go  
So he can drop down on his knees  
And scream the world don't understand him  
It's just me and the breeze  
Just inside the forest  
There's a clearing in the trees

If time has been the instrument  
Then death has been the place  
That's been binding me in ether  
That's been pressed against my face  
But when you came I felt a feeling  
I have struggled to replace  
If time has been the instrument  
Then you have been the place

And I want to dig like  
A mole in the ground  
I want to love  
Like the sun burns  
I want to remind myself  
All that I found

So I end the conversation  
Leave the way I came  
Out onto a pavement  
That is warm and fresh with rain  
Thank you for your patience  
I will never be the same  
I end the conversation  
I leave the way I came