

## Planning Spontaneity

Jamie T

How does it feel to fall to your knees  
When your feet were dug into the sand  
Well the rest turned away, said they didn't like the way  
You dealt with the matter at hand

Live downstairs, on the bottom of your ceiling  
I vouch for your friend that everyone hates  
I've heard her secrets taken to the grave  
And only see your face in the hallway  
Called up my friend with a heartfelt favor  
Asked him for paying of the dues I've made  
Wake in the morning with stormy weather  
Bought from the man ??? out my way

She's so far west, a local's guest  
Running through your mind 'til she's out of breath  
Saints and sinners, different dialects  
I'll say sorry if the call connects  
Cruel is my ??? called you unfamiliar  
Lying on the step to check your pulse  
I rustle in my bag to find the better side of me I don't know  
Called up my friend asked a friendly favor  
All for the dues that I'd felt I'd paid  
He told me "my comrade I'm not your savior"  
She's living down the bottom of Elmore Grange

How does it felt to fall to your knees  
When your feet were dug into the sand?  
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You dealt with the matter at hand