

These Days

Jeff Black

These days
They lay heavy don't they

Praise be
Praise be there's someone watching over me

Oh I want to thank you for your kindness
A common thread there through this maze
But I am out of conversations
And clever things to say

Look for me
There in the honeysuckle sweet

I am fighting for some reasons
That I may never understand
Save for these pictures in my pocket
And coming home again