I came here to find myself through lonely fields where the corn is just a little over my head. lonely dreams when everything is summer time but rarely mine and just a little over my head. a little tired of moving a little tired of choosing the paled blue of heaven's hell where it's always a hazy morning it's always the eyes adoring I came here to find myself There he spoke to me like a photograph "I think you left this here." I think you left this black." I want to love again I want to feel again I want to live. to live.

If just for
July. hold my own hand as
I lie. in the fields again is
July a good month for feeling
is the summer stage a good place to cry?
July. it's been cold for so long now
I try to feel weak to be strong. is
July a good month for feeling?
is the summer stage a good place to cry?

I came here to find something beside the ghosts always taking over my sleep.

I'll retreat and resolve
I'll release and dissolve this shell always just a little too deep.

I think I'll hold on tighter while the earth is lighter
I think I'll open up my wings drink down the water I fear take back the pain I left here I came here to find something.

There he spoke to me like a photograph
"I think you left this here I think you need it back. to love again to pray again to feel something.

If just for July." hold my own hand as I lie in the fields again. is July a good month for feeling

is the summer stage a good place to cry? July. it's been cold for so long now I try to feel weak to be strong. is July a good month for feeling? is the summer stage a good place to cry? the summer stage— a good place to cry.

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