

Falling Bough

Kiev

We try and listen close
But where we live is far too high to hear
Why don't we come down from this
And leave the fiction to the fool that fears
Little tired we are
All a little tired we are [x3]
We try to hear a ghost
But just below the bough is ancient soul
Breathing out complex compost
But from above it will always seem like dirt
A little tired
It's about that time
All a little tired we are [x6]
Some would have it known
This is how it is
And how it's been
Or is it because they can't convince themselves
To put away the book
And pull themselves to earth with all
All a little tired we are [x8]