

There's Money in the Walls

Listener

It's been 30 days, maybe 34, since I left my house, tossed and grown out.

The fires burn below, the pistons creak and groan.

Under my feet the tension grows, built up like the leaves around my door.

They can say it better than I can, after months of neglect.

I can start over again if I would just let it.

This is how we live when we live somewhere.

With quiet nights inside, making plans to make a life, to keep it all safe inside and outside.

Dear anyone, do you know what that's like? Remembering all of it.

Our building pieces stacked on top. Hanging over each other and packed in.

Keep it simple, keep it.

When you don't go on; your song lives on. When I don't go on.

The channel turns against the keel there's no turning back.

Thumbing my buttons nervously, in my bed under cold sheets, hiding the thunder inside of me.

My young wife made this shirt, I'm turning in the surf, with my hat in my hand and my feet off the ground, at least it's a start.

If it has to be I'll starve on my own payroll. Trying to make living better I think that was the goal.

The oil moves, feeds the machine, the pressure builds. The war outside is rattling, pushing smoke out past the rings.

My hearts been dreaming about sparks.

This heavy pull is strengthening my last resolve.

It's all burnt up, the fire's gone, you can have it all.

An early morning calls, and I'm not there to start, my watch is on the table, ticking in the dark.

There's money in the walls of my heart, and I left it there for you.

Even If it all has to end. I'm still glad you were my friend.

May it cure what ails you and never fail you. Three fingers in the wind. Yeah, three fingers in the wind.

When you don't go on: your song lives on. When I don't go on, sing along me.

Your song lives on, our song lives on, I'll sing along with you, so sing along with me.