

Junk

Matt Berninger

Crows, bones, and ashes, and never-ending roaches
That's what I'm betting on as morning approaches
Windmills and aliens and brown paper straws
Something'll save me, baby, it always does

You can have me, baby, do what you want
Take me all apart, I'm only junk
Do what you need to, baby, I'm giving up
I only love you, baby, I'm only love

Not getting far here, baby, on my back
Follow me in the car across the train tracks
Into Indiana, I'll be sleeping there
Flowers growing in my bones
And crows sleeping in my hair

You can have me, baby, do what you want
Take me all apart, I'm only junk
Do what you need to, baby, I'm giving up
I only love you, baby, I'm only love

Without you, baby
I'm only junk
I'm only love
I'm only junk