

A Thousand Tons

Matthew Good

Come away from the window and sit with me
You can say it
We both know what you're thinking
Been brave before
But this isn't one of those times
They're rare you know
And me admitting it well it's about time
Cause what you see
Is what's left of a thousand tons
Of rusted steel
Done up to look it can run

Life in the capture of the after of what used to be
All a thousand tons eventually

Come away from the window and sit with me
I know a place
This one's gotten to me