

Pierre

Men I Trust

Pierre
You're not lone
Say, I hope you understand?

Pierre
You're my friend
There's a place you can call home

Those eyes
Tell me something's odd
You're there but you're not here
You understand?

You care
It might not look this way
Couldn't be less true
You understand

Pierre
You're not lone
Say, I hope you understand?

Pierre
You're my friend
There's a place you still call home

My friend
You have a vivid quill
A gift you need to use
To feel alive

Those hands
Look like crooked roots
Pour them the right stuff
And feel alive