

# Strays

Michael Malarkey

An Indian summer  
And the sugar in the air  
Reminds me of Eden  
Those silver dollars  
In a box of old coins  
Some green I'm breathing in

Take your inspiration from the grave  
Trace around like you're someone to save  
And the hawk, she flies so low  
As the years go by so slow

High up in the wilds  
Let me down low  
You let me down  
So low  
Down low  
High up in the wilds  
Let me down low  
You let me down  
So low

No seasons to blame  
We're just strays  
Dying to stay  
And no reason to change  
We're just strays  
Dying to stay

So I cut my hair, forget to shave  
Ooh, I can't explain, still feel the same  
So I slow my brain, it's the only way  
To keep me sane, still feel the same, oh

If we never take apart the machine  
Never find out what "you mattered" means  
And the people are down below  
With no place else to go

High up in the wilds  
Let me down low  
You let me down  
So low  
Down low  
High up in the wilds  
Let me down low  
You let me down  
So low