

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

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