

Eastern Leaves

Moving Mountains

I won't say it for
any reason at all.
Just know
I can't explain the words,
I fail to say.

I can't drive another road.
That doesn't guide me back home.
Alone, someday I would say,
I am all I am,
I am all the same.

Driving home to darkened streets.
Please show yourself to me.
And I fall down
to the rhythm of losing you.
And I still choose
the comfort in finding you.

But you can't fail to see
anything but me.
And the world that we make,
when it falls into place.
I think it's fair to say
that we have both seen better days.
And I can't seem to be
anything but me.
And a fool to myself,
I got no one else.
I think it's fair to say
that we have both seen better days.

Well I hope
that you know
that I can't
feel a thing.
From this high
that I've got
but everything is burning up,
inside my heart.

I swear that I'm finally taking,
my words that are bruised and broken.
To places I've never spoken,
way down, way down.

(Well I hope)
I swear that I'm shifting forward
(that you know)
and I'll try to provide it all for you.
(that I can't)
For reasons I've never spoken,
(feel a thing)
way down,
way down.