

Part III: Tiny Steps

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Tiny steps are all I need to take, but oh...
They all feel so hard
Thought that I was walking on new land, but
I was in a graveyard
Saw my name, but it was written in water
It ripples away
'Though there's nothing to preserve
I'm gonna keep trying to wonder
'Though there's nothing to preserve...

One thing that's made all the difference:
I choose to believe so many possibilities
It's impossible to fail, only a change in form
We don't talk much anymore

Tried to tap myself on the shoulder
I couldn't get my attention
I wanted to drive and drive and drive, but oh...
I couldn't fire up the engine
My grandma knew what she planted would grow later
I'm standing here because of a seed
Not much I have to show
I'm a winter fig tree
Not much I have to show

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