

Sunflowers

Ryan Adams

Sunflowers sitting in the room
I am staring wildly as the day declines
That light will burn a hole in the pages we enroll
Like a broken thing inside of me I cannot control

Walk past the restaurant that no one's really in
It is Christmas, Johnny's laughing at his kids
Maybe I was born so my sister could be warned that we were more
than useless bruises no one should ignore

Crossed my heart when I say your name
I feel dumb in the light again
I feel tired of the pain
And I feel fine
I feel low
I feel safe
Like I could go home again

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As the day declines
Now that light will burn a hole in the pages we enroll
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