

## Scarecrow

### Strung Out

i put my faith in the absence of something better if it doesn't  
fit then its out of reach for me i'm a tightly wound mess neat  
ly perched inside my own distress and you talk of freedom that  
means nothing to me and then you say how we ever gonna know if  
there's something better is the only way to know ourselves to g  
o too far i spend my days in a fear one day a wind will blow me  
away the only thing that keeps me here are these strings of mi  
ne that hold me down i watch the rise and fall of a thousand da  
ys it means nothing to me cause i've been promised redemption f  
or a life time wasted in these golden fields so far so good so  
many promises swinging in the wind directions something that i  
can't control creation eludes me its all just waiting time here  
in this field nothing but a scarecrow waiting for the world to  
tear me down