

Fill The Fields

Talk Show

I wish, I could write a song just for you
I don't know how
It's when you're away, these walls show years
I do know why

One hundred eyes have opened on you
Where do you sleep?
It's when I'm alone at the end of your feet
I do know why

Tomorrow it's better
To know you have said
Tomorrow show something
Else instead

Remember the dream you told me you had?
Now, was it me?
It's when I'm awake with a shrug at the day
The sun will shine

How many knees have prayed in this house?
Now, was it me?
When I was away, just before time
I let them all

Fill the fields, fill the noise
You've shown better than this before
Fill the fields, fill the noise
Let them shuffle around this town