

Tender

The Ballroom Thieves

Seven crows in a dying tree
Woke me up at dawn
Like a black Cadillac with the windows down
Already gone
Already gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone

Sleep, sleepwalking on a tethered rope
Leaning on a dream
And a need to feed the reader every word I wrote
But didn't mean

Man it gets hard to lay your anger down
And it gets hard to make a tender sound
And it gets harder keeping me around
Don't I know it

Is it real, this feeling?
Did I believe it into being?
Am I really reeling?
Cause it gets harder every season
And I sink deeper down, down

Man it gets hard to lay your anger down
And it gets hard to make a tender sound
And it gets harder keeping me around
Don't I know it

Man it gets hard to lay your anger down
And it gets hard to make a tender sound
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Don't I know it

Don't I
Don't I
Don't I
Don't I