Start It Up

The Weeks

He was young once more than bones and blood
Now he's shaky with a liars face
He was empty except for whiskey
He said he loves it but he hates the taste
She was home sick, had a nervous tic
She'd like to grow but was afraid of change
She was lost once, found a home but
The family said
The family showed up so she couldn't stay

I get nervous and I'm often sick
This is where we were led
I heard they're living hand to mouth now
Well at least they get fed

They were held up, it's hard to tell but
He looked better in his younger days
She was stuck there, she needed bus fare
Someone to help her out and count her change
To him she's beautiful, her movements musical
He liked the way she spoke of time and space
They had blank stares, they were worse for wear
But who am I to say they should change

It helps her when she weeps
She only seems to weep
Only when I sing

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