

How Much

Tiny Ruins

On a lilo, reading your letter
I miss you darling, I hope you're better
It's such a drag to be apart
Right at the start of it

Tongue in tightropes, tummy a-flutter
It's not my passion, just my bread and butter
Say you'll find your way, follow your heart
Think you don't have a chance at it

How much would you be willing to give?
How much do you take from all of this?
How much before you're strung out?

You're a silo, long gone of grains
On the edge of the city in the shadow of the cranes
I want to fill you to the top
And that's not the half of it

Breaking down in the supermarket
Something for my toothache, is it getting dark yet?
My thoughts are dwelling on the snarks
You've just got to laugh at it

How much would you be willing to give?
How much do you take from all of this?
How much

Your planet's reeling
Your footprints on the floor
Can't help the feeling
Of wanting nothing more