

## Older Reflections

Tow'rs

You asked me, "Is something on your mind?"  
I mentioned the apple trees outside  
And how, like me, they bend with weight  
Of a seemingly good thing

I keep finding bitterness at their root  
And I don't wanna feel that way  
But I don't wanna stop, so I eat the fruit

Trust, I tried to let it go  
Lesson in reaping what you sow  
And I become something I can't pull back  
A home to which I cannot return  
But I will look fondly on all of those years  
I am who I am and I've learned  
How to fold, or give  
Oh, older reflections in the sea  
I am

Soon, the streets will spill with fruit  
After the autumn wind scares them all loose  
It'll be the tread under our feet  
And become a part of everything

I become something I can't call back  
A home which I cannot return  
I will look fondly on all of those years  
I am who I am and I've learned  
How to fold, or give

Oh, older reflections of myself  
I'm  
Oh, all the reflections of myself  
I am