

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