

## Replacement

Wye Oak

I can no more replace  
The place I lay my head  
The city where I live  
Is the place where I was born

Yesterday and today  
A half a mile away  
And I still draw the air  
From where I first drew breath

I can no more replace  
The company you made  
The memory of it  
Has ruined me for them

In all my growing up  
Somewhere I threw it out  
What happened to my home  
And half the things I had?

Is this the only way  
To while away my days?  
Defiant, eccentric, or heavy with child  
Or heavy with child  
Or heavy