

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