

Poor Bailey

"A Gutter Procession"

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The gutter procession
It's a slow depression
And my tree becomes a skeleton
Its ghost haunts the front yard
A stone wall to stand you up
A sidewalk to lead you on
Memories gather in the street below
And the candles you lit, let the end be told
Unlike the poem I wrote and stapled to your wall
'Cause the rain has not yet fallen
And the morning's yet to come
And the evening saves its misery
For the end to set the sun
And the hollow calls

I'm eating pomegranate seeds
On a sidewalk of my street
Born to breathe in tragedy
I'm raking leaves that won't stop falling on me
They're always falling on me
Between the brick, beyond the bars
It's what you were, not who you are
The closet locks and the windows close
The voice, it calls, and anyway it's all I know, so
If you're following then let's go
Come on, fall into the hollows
'Cause the rain has not yet fallen
And the morning's yet to come
And the evening saves its misery
For the end to set the sun
And the hollow calls

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