

Willard Grant Conspiracy "Front Porch"

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Paint a tiny portrait
In your memory
Take it out and dust it off
When you remember me

Sitting on the front porch
Whispers in the dark
The leaves of fall
Are breaking up
And heavy in the yard

I guess that I misunderstood
Or got too comfortable
With the rank and file
Of all the things
You believe in

I guess that I should have seen
We were far from a perfect fit
Whatever it was you needed
I just could'nt give

So tonight
I'll sit out here
With the stars and trees above
And hope you wont think less of me
Than my heart already does

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