

Alexa Wilkinson "Of Graves"

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Walking
Through our old neighborhood
Where we fist me in the graveyard
So back yet, your face shown
So brightly in the moonlight
Fating a slight chance of leaving with a hole in
Your Broken heart
Can we argue at a later date when it's convenient
For both of us

I fell out of our love long ago
If I could change it I would
If you would let me show you around
I'd explain where I've been for so long

You know I've been gone for you
Traveling alone with one, busted shoe
Putting up a fight, wondering at night
Trying to find my way home

Searching, for a quiet place
Where I can sit and talk alone
But why not invite some good friends to dine
On our cheap wine, paper cups will

Drink us into an orgy of graves
Let us get back to that
Fight for our right to dance through the night
We'll explain where we've been for so long

You know I've been gone for you
Traveling alone with one, busted shoe
Putting up a fight, wondering at night
Trying to find my way home

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