

Allred "Clovers"

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I'll miss the conversations
I'll miss the way you looked at me
I'll miss the complications
I'll miss the way things used to be
Guess what I came back for

So break me down and build me up
Cause it's killing me and I've had enough
And I said I would be there when you call

I'll miss the contradictions
I can remember falling short
I can recall depictions
Of places I've never been before
And you've got a hold on me

You've got a hold on me

So break me down and build me up
Cause it's killing me and I've had enough
And I said I would be there when you call

And I'm starting all over
Shrugging my shoulders from all of this weight
I'm starting all over with a pocket of clovers
In a world that won't wait
And you've got a hold on me, you've got a hold on me,
like you'll never, let me go

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