

Fake Problems

"Staying And Leaving As Living And Dying"

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You were thief but I'd only notice when you'd leave,
you were the one who stole the air for my lungs.
The trees grew angry and the sky agreed,
so they commissioned the wind to blow you away with
the leaves.

So where are you now? In a pile someplace waiting to
be taken?
Or still in your bed waiting to be awoken?

If the sun is kind enough to you, she'll find you a new
place to rest.
Yes, she'll shine her beams on all those terrible things
and they will scatter, yeah, watch them run and hide!

So where are you now? In your new home away from
the cold?
A home so high in the clouds no one knows.
No not a soul knows where you go.

Baby, don't leave. Oh no, just stay with me.
Baby, come back. Lay your bones with me.

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