

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"I Burned The Crops"

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I'm holding my breath at night to try and make some
sense of this mess.
My mind has got holes from knives and problems I am
trying to address.
Feelings are emboldened lies coating my eyes glazed
with distress.
Your heart it feels old and wise, something with which I
am trying to connect.

So don't let me overstep thee
Our pacing keeps me alive
Inject me with things to correct me.
I'll always awaken loud and in stride.

I'm holding my breath at night in hopes that I can slow
down life
To provide me with ample time to sweep away the soot
I don't like.
Seriousness is seldom found and life can become a big
joke.
One day you won't laugh or smile. Feelings I once
easily evoked.

No, I'm not getting a feel on these feelings.
Wasting my throat like the cold, cold night I wail
Lend me a sail, I can find a way to make movements
Away from cruel land.

I'm leaving these things by the door.
They have no use for me anymore.

They'll grind up with the worms and the waste and the
gravel
I'll run past with the wind in my hair
And a new outlook.

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