

Dan Mills "Not Calm"

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Well you called but you never did knock
Well you called but my ears they were busy and
blocked
So I leaned on the door, fell asleep standing tall
And dreamt that your fist might awake me

And the young we can drift far from home
But we never can get very far all alone
On a tower, in a cave
Just a credit card away
I can't seem to outgrow my history

When I die, leave a stone on my grave
That's the place to remember my face
When I die, leave a stone on my grave
Leave a stone on my grave to remember

She extended her laugh writing fiction in photographs

Fake 'cause it's tape, but more real than unseen
Then she stares at her shape every day like a ghost
Who's haunting his son before heaven

There are people I still like to know
And I few who I wouldn't be sad to see go
But I'm stuck on an aisle that's charted and known
And these bridges won't burn on their own

Oh and boy, baby boy only seventeen years seventeen
Oh and boy, baby boy, it's five less than me
Oh and I know so much less than it seems
Oh but I can admit to the nothing I've seen

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