

Shrug "Little Trophy"

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practiced in the ways of shame you found me
my arms held open to the sun
taking in the sights and sounds around me
but losing precious pieces one by one

i've paid my dues i've paid my don'ts as well
i want some wills the won'ts can go to hell

well alright
you win
now you've got your little trophy
chalk it up to young and much too far from home
alright
you win
proud to be your little trophy
yours alone
yours alone

you said to write you if i lost direction
didn't think i'd fall apart so soon
i turned around and found the leaves had fallen
and covered up my breadcrumbs back to you

and soon the snow will fall and bury me
i know you'll be along to carry me

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