

## Dead Poetic "Glass in the Trees"

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I don't wanna come back here, to this place  
It's a cold that only comes from blaming yourself for  
two decades wasted  
And I don't wanna come back here, to this place  
When it all just repeats in my head again and I cannot  
stop it

And the glass in the trees  
And all you left here reflects everything that I missed  
And the glass in the trees  
And all you left here reflects everything that I missed

And the pavement is still warm from the tires  
I can still feel the fright that the night brings, every  
song that you'd sing  
And I won't ever come back here to this place  
All I ever do is picture you smiling and then picture you  
leaving

And the glass in the trees  
And all you left here reflects everything that I missed  
And the glass in the trees  
And all you left here reflects everything that I missed

Slow down  
Slow down  
Slow down  
I'll try and make it up to you  
I'll try and make it up to you

They've cut down the trees to try to forget you  
But I took a vow to never forget you  
If you're still here, then we're waiting  
They've cut down the trees to try to forget you  
But I took a vow to never forget you  
If you're still here, then we're

We'll wait for you to come back home to the broken  
little foes  
Until the guilt grows and grows  
When the time that's wasted comes back to haunt me  
And I'll deserve every bit, because I'm not spiritual yet

I'm just reading the lines they gave me from the pulpit

And it's not fading off, we remember the years  
As we sift through the laughter to find all the tears  
And I'm not worthy of grievance, I did nothing to  
prevent this  
I'm standing at your grave, I could have caused this

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