

Pre)Thing

"Bonny"

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I spend the days with my vanity

I'm lost in heaven and I'm lost to earth
Didn't give you minutes not even moments
All my life in a tower of foil
Shaded feelings, don't believe you

When you were there before my eyes
No one planned it took it for granted

I count the hours since you slipped away
I count the hours that I lie awake
I count the minutes and the seconds too
All I stole and I took from you
But bonny don't live at home, he don't live at home
Words don't hold you, broken soldiers

Instrumental

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I count the minutes and the seconds too
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All my silence and my strained respect
Missed chances and the same regrets
Kiss the thief and you save the rest
All my insights from retrospect
But bonny's not coming home, he don't live at home
Save your speeches, flowers are for funerals

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