

Alex Parks "Stones & Feathers"

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(Gray/MacKichen/Skarbek/Parks)

There's nothing left for me to do
just like time and time and time again
what else is left for me to prove?
but when it comes around
I can't help falling down

is this the state of so-called pleasure?
or just the weight of stones & feathers
I'm not myself
maybe I'm never

just like tear that fades away
just like a word I can't express or can't explain
a thousand voices in my brain
I wish they'd comfort me
instead it's torturing

is this the state of so-called pleasure?
or just the way I'm made to measure
I'm not myself
maybe I'm never

when all is said and done
I confess I've had enough

is this the state of so-called pleasure?
or just a chill that lasts forever
I'm not myself maybe I'm never

is this the state of so-called pleasure?
or just a break in heavy weather
I'm not myself
maybe I'm never

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