

Pretty Things "Grass"

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As silver tears, they weave and lace
Sad patterns upon her face
She waits for you

So low below a laser sun
Through velvet fields she runs
Reaching for you

And so you bleed now
Your hand holds the knife
That is tearing your life apart

Why don't you leave now
The city's too heavy
And your dreams, they melt in the sun

On mellow blue, birds curve and glide
Through shadows of grief she slides
She waits for you

There on a hill before the dawn
In silence a promise torn
She turns from you

And so you bleed now
Your hand holds the knife
That is tearing your life apart

Why don't you leave now?
The city's too heavy
And your dreams, they melt in the sun

As silver tears, they weave and lace
She waits for you

So low below a laser sun
Reaching for you

On mellow blue birds curve and glide
She waits for you

There on a hill before the dawn

She turns from you

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