

8 Stops 7

"Distance And The Waving"

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Autumn's creeping up

And there across the lot

Stands a tree alone

Just content to know

It's leaves are still intact

And clinging to each branch holding on for the fear
Of being naked

It's a shame that you won't be here to notice everything
that's changed

It's a shame that you won't be here to see this building
taking place

It's a shame that you won't be around to hear us all
recite your name in the distance rows of waving timber

Fight back the change blowing side to side in
september
All the leaves that fall we remember

This thickened air is stealing all my rights to breathe

My backbone grows weaker than a scared crow with no
wings

Out here in the cold we soon will know what tragic is

In the distance rows of waving timber fight back the
wind shadowing

I am aware what it brings but the weight of it all breaks
a heart to quickly find answers

Ask no questions the wind brings out suggestions and
leaves a deep impression a tragedy.

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