

Rob Crow**"Up"**

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They've been saying this all a while
They've been saving this small exchange
I'm a mess, you're a tile
Because the way things travel
The waves will alter them in flight
Is that the way things used to?
Still unresolved, but underneath there lies with you
Soft as leaves in the night
They can please their own children
They control their own lives
I can be so resourceful
They've been playing that song again
They're shaving it close again
I'm a spark, you're a wire
'Cause of the weight, the label's useful
So incorrect, but maybe there's
Still something breathing
Hopeless
Breathing
Severed by hollow flight
There can be many options

They can be somewhat right

Possibly some arrangement

I'll just wait and you'll be fine

All this way, and still December

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