## Sixty Stories "Bails"

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Fields as flat as the expression on your face Last I saw you.

Those harvest leaves, these slaughtered rows Of sticks and stones and corn stalks. And the best things of you are hardest to Hardest to remember:
Your callused hands and the smell of the soil The smell of the soil stained on them. It's kind of cold, but comforting To have something like your old boots And collections of buckles and calendars To remember you by.

As the truck pulls out the air brakes tighten And release again with a sharp noise I am jarred awake out of bed again Bed again until you're gone. Still, the best things of you are hardest to Hardest to remember: Your nods and grins and the mysterious things Mysterious things you believed in. It's kind of cold, but comforting To have something like your old boots And collections of buckles and calendars To remember you by. If there were only a thousand kilometers To get me from where you are I would suffer a different sense of loss, Maybe one that I could live with.

Little kids in older skin
Don't make mistakes less often.
I can't believe how alone I feel
Or how young I was when I lost him.
Bails of straw,
The belief in God
Or getting new shoes each spring-as if a cosmic cause,
Or luxury
Can account for our suffering.

It's kind of cold, but comforting
To have something like your old boots
And collections of buckles and calendars
To remember you by.
(Bails of straw)(Bails of straw)
If there were only a thousand kilometers
To get me from where you are
I would suffer a different sense of loss,
Maybe one that I could live with.
(Bails of straw) (Bails of straw)
It's kind of cold, but comforting
To have something like your old boots
And collections of buckles and calendars
To remember you by.
To remember you by. [x3]

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