

Sixty Stories

"Meetings"

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There is not much left here: a wet blanket, a plie of dirty clothes, and our awe struck sense of wonder and dissidence under the main street bridge. If you paint the letters in red, or black, or anything. I will crouch down, I'll keep watch and I'll pull us out of this mess that we're in. This is more than I can take sometimes and the good is becoming less visable. The people we meet all look the same and I can't tell were they end and I begin. It won't stop raining to let us out. The trees sag low and the river is overflowing the path is wet and swallows every step I take. So if we're stuck here lying let's try to make the best of things. Let's be honest. "Can we share this blanket? I can see my veins through my thin onion skin."

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