

Strung Out "Scarecrow"

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i put my faith in the absence of something better if it
doesn't fit then its out of reach for me i'm a tightly
wound mess neatly perched inside my own distress
and you talk of freedom that means nothing to me and
then you say how we ever gonna know if there's
something better is the only way to know ourselves to
go too far i spend my days in a fear one day a wind will
blow me away the only thing that keeps me here are
these strings of mine that hold me down i watch the
rise and fall of a thousand days it means nothing to me
cause i've been promised redemption for a life time
wasted in these golden fields so far so good so many
promises swinging in the wind directions something
that i can't control creation eludes me its all just waiting
time here in this field nothing but a scarecrow waiting
for the world to tear me down

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