

Fold, The "File Under: Ground"

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I have got a colorful past written on my wall,
but it doesn't really matter at all.
Such a strange game to play I go out of my way just to
stamp it out.
I wanna live in a way that
I dread the grave that my bones will wed as little as my
own bed.
A smarter man than me told me "there is no bravery,
just degrees of fear"
but I fear that we're incapable.
Take me into your arms,
it's amazing here where you are, but don't wake me.
Make me melt into your arms again tonight.
Take me into your arms send me baby
higher & higher don't wake me, make me melt into
your arms again tonight.
I have seen a paradox of people walk out that door,
where's the kid who went out of his way just to know
your name?
I never shoulda bothered.
I'm taking a deep hard look at the bald-faced crook,
too rich to last (too famous too fast, oh).
A wiser man than me told me "son you gotta be who
you wanna be,
the rest is just a spectacle."
If all we are is stepping stones, cast them all away.
No one here will follow you down, throw it all away.
Maybe we can start over and maybe this could be
possible baby.
You'll never have to go anywhere alone.

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