

Annotations of an Autopsy

"Blue Ridge"

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The sun's coming up, here I am again
Carving both of our names in the bark
The sun's coming up, as it's always been
Pulling song from the lungs of the lark

Now I don't mind this thirst all the time
To be first in the sun
To be cursed, it might be fun
Such fun

The sun's coming up, I'm awake again
As I sit staring out at the park
The sun's coming up on Blue Ridge again
I forget why I left in the start
Still the sun's coming up on Blue Ridge again
You forgot where I was in your heart

But I don't mind this thirst all the time
To be first in the sun
With this thirst on my mind
To be first in the sun
To be first in the sun
To be cursed, it might be fun
Such fun

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