

Annotations of an Autopsy

"Fair"

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I know there's no hope in holding up this weight.
It just won't float.
Man, I tried, but the tide.
It knows no sides.
If that's what's not fair,
Then what could be wrong with my life?
(If that's what's not fair,
Then what could be wrong with my life?)

Maybe she needs love
To put the bottle down.
Maybe she needs me
To be around.

The pain in her stare
Is drawing me shapes
Oh, so fair.
The pain in her stare
Is making me wish I was there
With something to declare.

We'll it's quite possible
I won't make it out alive.
Because I'm quite sure that I could die.
Because what's best is what's left
When nothing is left but the sound of
The rain on your head,
A woman asleep in your bed.
Dreaming in my bed.

Something's got to happen.
Now

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