

Is it the withering of tired leaves
All so neatly woven round that laurel wreath
Or the collapsing of a history
Of victories getting lapped now by all my towering defeats?
To be a champion in your eyes
Someone that you might be proud to stand beside
But I bribed the judge and poisoned the field
Medals and trophies are only all that I could steal

But you found me in the morning, December in my eyes
Falling apart, bloodshot, outside Craigmaddie Hospital
As you fly by on the 93, what are the odds? I don't know
Impossible, I got your call, I needed it more than I could let on to you
I could let on to anyone
You could hear it in the corners of all of my words
In the silence you heard all that's unspoken

You don't have to be lonely alone
I could be there in a heartbeat
Lonely alone
You don't have to be lonely alone
I could be there in a heartbeat
Lonely alone

As all my statues start crumbling
I don't really know what it is that I'm offering
All I've got here is raining leaves
All once so neatly woven round that laurel wreath

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