

Now I'm Exhausted

Braid

barely alive on 2 AM airline
My past is just the places I've passed
The windows were tinted
My eyes were half shut
My focus is fragile
If my heart is a glass

Here lies the ruins of a little known author
There go the ashes of a dying dream
It's hard to sit down
When your hometown is a greyhound
Now I'm exhausted and
There's no time to sleep

I'm gathering leaves from
A once beautiful tree
Which no one else will have
The chance now to see
Or climb

It burning miles at a time
It's mine is mine