

Staying And Leaving As Living And Dying

Fake Problems

You were thief but I'd only notice when you'd leave,
you were the one who stole the air for my lungs.
The trees grew angry and the sky agreed,
so they commissioned the wind to blow you away with the leaves.

So where are you now? In a pile someplace waiting to be taken?
Or still in your bed waiting to be awoken?

If the sun is kind enough to you, she'll find you a new place to
rest.
Yes, she'll shine her beams on all those terrible things and they
will scatter,
yeah, watch them run and hide!

So where are you now? In your new home away from the cold?
A home so high in the clouds no one knows.
No not a soul knows where you go.

Baby, don't leave. Oh no, just stay with me.
Baby, come back. Lay your bones with me.