

Silver Sieve

Snowmine

Soldered joints
Weak at the knees.
Topple my tree with the slightest breeze.
They need just about all I can't give
After panning me through your silver sieve

I don't pray much but I know when I'm alive
I can't keep traditions Because I keep them all inside
You know just about all that I know
When it comes to sorting out which way that I should go
Because I.

Shake
Shake
The wind blowing
A storm still waiting back behind
It's always over me
Taking its toll

My nights are long as my days grow short.
Your bridge is strong that needs no support.
You know just how old I am supposed to be,
But I pay for living, and dreaming comes for free.

Now don't think that I live for myself.
Oh how I long to see the rain grace your gossamer skin.
A test, hands off,
Dress soaked and sheer;
We're remembering our better years.

Shake
Shake
The wind blowing
A storm still waiting back behind
It's always over me
Taking its toll

Let's remember our better years
Let's define ourselves outside of the lines.

Shake
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The wind blowing
A storm still waiting back behind
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