

# I Want To See You

The Parlor Mob

I want to see you  
The way you the way you see yourself  
I want to see you  
The way you see yourself  
I want to understand your pain,  
And know exactly where it rains inside your soul

I want to see you  
The way the flowers know the grave  
I want to see you  
The way the flowers know the grave  
I want to tie around your head,  
Every silly word you said when you were still easy.

I've been fighting just to keep you holding on,  
And it ain't getting any easier to give or get along

If we can't breath, in the sky, we are stars,  
We are free to swell beyond our childhood dreams  
In the fire, we are flames, we are broken

I want to heal you  
When the fruit's still in your hand  
I want to heal you  
When the fruit's still in your hand  
I want to rearrange the trees and make a shelter  
from the leaves  
Where you can be pure again