

Clarkesville, Evergreen

The conversation's rising above me
The situation's sizing me up
My many flaws used to go unseen
Now my limitations are evergreen.

I close my eyes for fear that the light will blind me
I seal my lips for fear of whom I'll betray
I turn my head for fear that my face will be seen
For my motivations are evergreen.

Evergreen,
And weak at the seams,
Autographed dreams
I know where they've been
Evergreen,
But who knows the way for me?

And you can read me like a front-page story
Sometimes coloured though often black and white
Flick right through me or leave me on the stand
Or you can rip me up with your bear hands.

Evergreen,
And weak at the seams,
Autographed dreams
I know where they've been
Evergreen,
And you deserve better than me.

Evergreen,
And weak at the seams,
Everyone's pin-up
I know what that means,
Evergreen,
But who knows the way for me?