

F4, Settling (Tara Maclean)

Am I real? Am I dream?
Am I borrowed? Am I blue?
Is it just the dust of leaving you
settling?

Am I fair? Am I strong?
When I'm there, do I belong?
Is it only skin I touch
when I reach for you?

Oh, the leaves they fall,
they go so far sometimes.
Do I blame the wind
or the tree that let it go?
Or do I wave goodbye,
settling?

Do I stay? And do I fight?
Is it wrong when nothing's right?
Or is it just the closet light
I've offered you?

Oh the leaves they fall,
they go so far sometimes.
Do I blame the wind
or the tree that let it go?
Or do I wave goodbye,
settling?

So many times I needed
you to be strong for me.
But you bend beneath
the slightest breeze.
You have no leaves,
no leaves, no leaves...

Settling.
Am I real? Am I dream?
Do I stay? Do I fight?
Is it just the closet light?
Is it only skin I touch,
or is it just the dust
settling?