

Gregory And The Hawk, Oats We Sow

someday i'll toss all your presents
and bury the letters left unsent
cause it's bad to do what's easy
just cause it's easy
and i wanna do what pleases me but i can't

the road, she'd roll round the side of the mountain
with nowhere to go
but the heart, we know,
when it's needin it's careenin toward bein alone

someday i'll find the mind to mend it
and make dry these eyes i've gotten wet
cause it's bad to do what's easy just cause it's easy
i wanna do what pleases me but i can't

the crow, he'd mow half the grass on the knoll
with nowhere to go
but the heart, we know,
when it's lovin it's leanin toward bein alone

the oats we sow,
they could seed on forever with nowhere to grow
but the heart, we know,
when it's askin its exact twin it will not be alone