

Megan Slankard, Landed

Maybe I can't bend all the way
Without breaking slightly
But I tell thee truly I was not born
With the string that winds me tightly

But I guess bad habits are born
Don't look so forlorn

If I cannot reach you, I will impeach you
And tell you you've done me harm
So I misjudged you, so sorry I was wrong
It was a false alarm

I guess we bear well all them scars
We point out yours now to hide ours

So we're stranded on the ground
Yes, we're stranded on the ground
On the ground

Nature's lovely face has been marred
Now we'll do it to mars

When we've landed on the ground
When we've landed on the ground
On the ground

I love thee dearly but me thinks I broke thy heart
It is love we're supposed to foster
I put yours in my pocket, left it in the dark
And I think it went through the washer
You may go on like few men
But I'll have to do it again

So I've landed on the ground
Yes I've landed on the ground
On the ground