

Red House Painters, Things Mean A Lot

A descending climb.
My feet can't make the hill
to the top where your house hides.
Tomorrow she comes,
the one who I've sworn and broke loyalty
to take your place in the bed next to me.

You threaten to make me dead,
and none of this will matter or surface again.

Scares you to know that we won't be
watching the same sun
or brooding the same thoughts
in the same part of the world.

Scares me how you get older,
How you forget about each other.
Scares me how you get older,
How you forget about each other.

Things mean a lot at the time,
don't mean nothing later.
Things mean a lot at the time.