

Tilt, Learning Like A Barn

I hit every red light,
I threw everything out
of the house I left,
But I came back,
Walk backwards through
the door,
You didn't save a bit for me,
You didn't nod or disagree,
Our sidewalk is askew,
Our rent is overdue
I'm leaning like a barn,
I'm abandoned like a house,
I'm feeling like a knife in
a drawer
Admit you brought the drought,
You're so dry to the touch,
And I pray for the rain
I'd love to help you bake,
But the killer on your face
says you're gone,
You didn't leave a note for me,
You didn't see me sharpening,
My steps are falling through,
Our home is ready to split
in two
Don't need a sickle to
cut you down,
Don't need no divining rod
to track you down,
The rains are coming and
the sky is brown, the
weather vane is spinning,
Spinning around