

# Willard Grant Conspiracy, Front Porch

Paint a tiny portrait  
In your memory  
Take it out and dust it off  
When you remember me

Sitting on the front porch  
Whispers in the dark  
The leaves of fall  
Are breaking up  
And heavy in the yard

I guess that I misunderstood  
Or got too comfortable  
With the rank and file  
Of all the things  
You believe in

I guess that I should have seen  
We were far from a perfect fit  
Whatever it was you needed  
I just could'nt give

So tonight  
I'll sit out here  
With the stars and trees above  
And hope you wont think less of me  
Than my heart already does