

Annuals, Fair

I know there's no hope in holding up this weight.

It just won't float.

Man, I tried, but the tide.

It knows no sides.

If that's what's not fair, then what could be wrong with my life?

[If that's what's not fair, then what could be wrong with my life?]

Maybe she needs love

to put the bottle down.

Maybe she needs me

to be around.

The pain in her stare is drawing me shapes

oh, so fair.

The pain in her stare is making me wish I was there

with something to declare.

We'll it's quite possible I won't make it out

alive.

Because I'm quite sure that I could die.

Because what's best is what's left when nothing is left but the sound of
the rain on your head, a woman asleep in your bed.

Dreaming in my bed.

Something's got to happen.

Now