

# Braid, Now I'm Exhausted

barely alive on 2 AM airline  
my past is just the places i've passed  
the windows were tinted  
my eyes were half shut  
my focus is fragile  
if my heart is a glass

here lies the ruins of a little known author  
there go the ashes of a dying dream  
it's hard to sit down  
when your hometown is a greyhound  
now i'm exhausted and  
there's no time to sleep

i'm gathering leaves from  
a once beautiful tree  
which no one else will have  
the chance now to see  
or climb

it burning miles at a time  
it's mine is mine