

Brand New, Sowing Season

Was losing all my friends.
Was losing them to drinking and to driving.
Was losing all my friends, but I got them back.

I am on the mend.
At least now I can say that I am trying.
And I hope you will forget things I still lack.

Yeah. Yeah.

Is it in you now,
To bear to hear the truth that you have spoken
Twisted up by knaves,
To make a trap for fools?

Is it in you now,
To watch the things you gave your life to broken?
And stoop then build them up with worn out tools?

Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah, yeah, oh.
Yeah.

Nothing gets so bad,
A whisper from your father couldn't fix it.
He whispers like a bridge, it's a river spanned.

Take all that you have,
And turn it into something you would miss if
Somebody threw that brick, shattered all your plans.

Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah, yeah, oh.
Yeah.

No time to get the seeds into the cold ground.
It takes a while to grow anything,
Before it's coming to an end, yeah.

Before you put my body in the cold ground,
Take some time and warm it with your hands,
Before it's coming to an end, yeah.

It's coming to an end, yeah.
(It's coming to an end.)

Do you miss the blend,
Of color she left in your black and white field?
Do you feel condemned just for being there?

I am not your friend.
I am just a man who knows how to feel.

I am not your friend.
I'm not your lover.
I'm not your family.

Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah, yeah, oh.
Yeah.

No time to get the seeds into the cold ground.
It takes a while to grow anything,
Before it's coming to an end, yeah.

