

Built To Spill, Broken Chairs

Broken Chairs your body conforms to
Out beyond the quieted garden
You can bring the man form into trust
Through the holes in my everydayness
Lends sustenance where starvation's necessary
Cause my head's a dictionary
Of long spring days and the speech of crows
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions
In the fallen sun
Where starvation's necessary
Cause my head's a dictionary
Of long spring days and the speech of crows
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions
In the fallen sun
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions
In the fallen sun
Well, alright
You can make it stay
Well, alright
Well, alright
Well, alright
You can make it stay
Well, alright
Alright
Alright
Well, alright
Alright
Alright