

Candlebox, Crooked Halo

Eyes to you, every hand I see. Eyes to you, very heavy in my hands.
Eyes raised up to your hand, my arms diseased.
Eyes fall, eyes follow you, and I'll be,
Something's not ready for...
My love for you. I've been this space for you.
Our crooked halos and I, I fall to you again.
Some things I, some things I've never been told.
Some things I've never been told.
Your head to me, heavy as I'm dropping down.
So you raise it to me, as my feet, my feet they hit the ground.
All for you my hands are burning,
All for you my knees they're hurting.
I push it down for, I push it down for, I push it down for,
Something's not ready for...
My love to you. I'll be your, your space to you,
Your crooked halo, and I fall, and I fall to you again
There's some things my friend, some things I've never been told...
Some things I've never been told.
Can you see that we've raced these lessons of our days,
We're better of here yeah, we're better of dead.
These eyes follow you, my eyes follow you,
Do you remember in our days?, won't you let it go...
Can you see me my tired friend, there's something I need to tell you.
I guess I meant to give it to you a long, long road ago.
It's all for you my hands are beating,
It's all for you my mind, I've needed you.
I fall to you again, and I fall to you again.
There's somethings I've never been told.
There's somethings we've never shown.
There's some lines I've never told you.
There's some times I, I've never showed you.
Do you still need my time if I show it to you?
And do you still write it off every time I open to you?
I know it's alright, I know it's alright, I know it's alright