

# Catie Curtis, I'll Cover You

I come home, don't know where you are  
You must be working pretty hard  
I feed the cat half a can of food  
And I sit at the table and I wait for you  
And I don't like doubting  
How this old love will hold  
But I have my moments  
When I'm just waiting for it to explode  
Oh, no good deals in these mine fields today  
It don't matter how I walk, I could get blown away  
Underneath the soil and the flowers  
I can hear a ticking down from years to hours  
There's not a lot of air in this third floor flat  
You want to go outside you want to get some by  
You have said that you cannot breathe  
When you're caught up inside here with no reprieve  
I have been trying  
Not to hold you to your lines  
But I feel you leaning  
Out more all the time  
Oh, no good deals in these mine fields today  
It don't matter how I walk, I could get blown away  
Underneath the soil and the flowers  
I can hear a ticking down from years to hours  
Forever is a word I leave on the shelf  
I don't want history to repeat itself  
So I take it night by night  
And I try not to hold you too tight  
I have been dancing  
Up and down the words  
Trying to find out why  
Things are not the way they were  
Oh, no good deals in these mine fields today  
It don't matter how I walk, I could get blown away  
Underneath the soil and the flowers  
I can hear a ticking down from years to hours