

Children 18:3, Ditches

Come back to anywhere
Neither here or there
When I thought I'd never find you
There's an awful strain
But I don't want to complain
It's really not that bad
But when everyone's asleep
I'll be down in the ditches
Fighting my own war
Back on the benches
To settle that old score
But I don't want to talk about myself anymore
I'm closing the door
I'm closing the door
With every piece and part
I played the end from the start
Even daylight won't be waiting
There can be no doubt
When the lights go out
So we'll settle this right now
Still, when everyone's asleep
I'll be down in the ditches
Fighting my own war
Back on the benches
To settle that old score
But I don't want to talk about myself anymore
I'm closing the door
I'm closing the door
Sail with me forever
Will you?
Stand across my door
Sail with me together
Would you?
I'm just tired
I'm so tired
Hands dance slowly over the ivory
Sinking, falling under the notes
No one needs to fight alone
I'm just tired
I'm just tired