Edith Frost, Leaving The Army

(Drag City Supersession album)

Even as the sun Paints the landscape with its fire It seems the storms they follow me Wherever i go I may perish never knowing why

I'm thinking about Leaving the army Turning in my uniform As always awakened By the old explosions Just outside of my door

Even as the stars
Paint their icons up against the sky
It seems that i'll be blinded
To their travels tonight
That's just what my life is like

I'm thinking about Leaving the army Turning in my uniform As always awakened By the old explosions Just outside of my door