

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