

# Fair To Midland, Timerstye

what if I live up to the masses  
make a choice and render everything  
give up these eyes what's more important  
now that piper he turns to look at me  
father said home is where the heart is  
as the clock ticks on I fear a stye  
to know which way the answer is  
yes but why,  
yes but why,  
yes but why

we won't sail through the desert  
take these times all for granted again  
choke on the reason  
a goddamn face with no name  
sail through the desert take these times all for granted again  
and if I plow into none

weigh my fortune  
Weigh my fortune's toll  
weigh my fortune  
weigh my fortune's toll

what if I ask for words of wisdom  
and in the process choose to change my mind  
give up to the friend that's in the past now  
what can she give, she can't give life  
as I turn my head I see lamb steeple  
as I rise my eyes I see below  
seems as though it comes about  
more appealing  
well that's just a lie

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Sail through the desert take these times all for granted again  
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and in time, on this day  
wishing I was in the back seat away

now these rocks, come around  
and I choose to surrender myself  
these are trying times with failing conclusions

fresh air

die die die die  
long time and you can't come on to me  
blind to watch you  
now this time god has waged his war  
now this time I will breathe no more  
long time and you can't come on to me