Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Things Like This

I'm not looking for absolution
For all my sins or every fight
Smells like sneaking dissolution and I go out most every night
I'm not the one here who has to hide

Things like this don't grow on trees ,babe !
Things like this don't come for free
Sometimes ?
The obvious is hard to see
Like raindrops in the stormy sea
So won't you live with me on my tree

I can't regret misunderstandings
Not even all the ones I've caused
The best conditions for crashlanding
So I'm not sure if I can stay
And remain sincerely yours

Things like.....