Joseph Arthur, History

You're the shaded sun

You're daddy's broken gun You're the loneliest moon

You are a butterfly dreaming about your cocoon

You're the only sound when I am blind

So I label you mine

You're the house you grew up in

You're always just arriving at your end

You're your mama's shit eatin' grin and your daddy's double chin

You're the first pair of shoes you ever went to school in

And you're the kid pretending she's in prison

Behind the bars of a jungle gym

Someone's gonna give you wings

And you'll think it's what you need

And you'll fly

You'll be so high

But you're history acts as your gravity

Your history acts as your gravity

Acts as your history acts as your gravity

You're the only one you ever believe in

You're the solution and you are the problem

You're a rapist and your only victim

You are fact and you are fiction

ou're the only one you've considered a friend

And now you're alive

Waiting for your life to begin

Again

You try to find you, you who is lost

But your hooked to the rush of approaching chaos

You're king for a minute but a fool for an hour

Alone in your room

You are a closed flower

Dreams of your shadow you're going to destroy

The way you handle yourself

Like an unbreakable toy