

Michael Manning, Rotten Apples

Sometimes I wish you
told me a reason for all
these things I cannot hide;
All my selfishness
and treason,
all my ignorance and pride.

I wish someone would hold
me to my season,
I wish someone would hold
me to my eye.

There is no eloquence in bleeding,
There is no death to die.

There wasn't too much
down that road that you
came a callin' back again:
There wasn't too
much you didn't know that let
me out or let me in.

Sometimes I wish you
told me a reason,
sometimes I wish you
told me a lie.
It would seem I've lost
my meaning,
It would seem
I've lost my mind.