

# Rites Of Spring, For Want Of

I believed memory might mirror no reflections on me,

I believed that in forgetting I might set myself free.

But I woke up this morning with a piece of past caught in my throat  
And then I choked.

I bled tried to hide the heart from the head.  
And I said I bled in the arms of a girl I'd barely met.

And I woke up this morning with the present in splinters on the ground  
And then I drowned.

And if I can't see its for want of you

You said, "I see"  
If there's nothing here then its probably mine  
My my turn to see if there's nothing here it will always be mine, mine

But I woke up this morning with a piece of past caught in my throat  
And then I choked.

I guess I've learned the taste of days that will always burn.  
I guess I've learned if its in the corner of my eye I can't always turn.

And I woke up this morning with the present in splinters on the ground and then I drowned.

And if I can't see it for want of you

You.