

# Savoy, Sycamore Leaves

Can't stop, thinking 'bout it  
It fills me with unease  
Out there by the roadside  
Something's buried  
Under sycamore leaves

Wet ground, late September...  
The foliage of the trees  
I came upon this feeling that  
Someone's lying  
Covered by sycamore leaves

And I could never face it  
And I could never see  
And I could never break out  
And shake its grip on me