

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