

Shelby Sifers, Your Geranium, Your Potato

Up in the highest skyscraper,
stretching itself towards the air,
well I jump off the roof,
so you could have proof
of gravity and why it's unfair.
Down in the deep pits of Pittsburgh,
smothered in gravel and tar,
well I'd preach and I'd shout
and I'd wail and cry out
about who we were and who we still are.
Well sometimes you're like a geranium,
open your leaves to the sun.
But mostly you're like a potato,
you just sit in the dark and you never
have fun.
So you'll let yourself out the back door,
and climb yourself up in a tree.
And later come down,
still wearing that frown,
yeah even though the world looks the same.
So stop wasting your life filling ashtrays,
I saved you a seat on the bus.
And put empty photo frames up,
'cause each smile that you make
was forced and was fake,
but somehow I just love you more.
And there's never a time
when you don't feel like dying,
but somehow I just love you more.
I just love you more.