

Small Brown Bike, So I Fall

If I keep wandering around this house, I'll die.

If I keep walking around this town, I'll die.

So I fall or find something that lifts
and puts all the blood back into my veins.

If I keep driving down this street, I'll die.

If I keep talking about this mess, I'll die.

So I fall or find something that lifts
and puts all of the love back into my veins.