

# 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.