

Tilt, Leaning Like A Barn

I hit every red light
I threw everything out
Of the house I left
But I came back
Walk backwards through
The door
You didn't save a bit for me
You didn't nod or disagree
Our sidewalk is askew
Our rent is overdue

I'm leaning like a barn
I'm abandoned like a house
I'm feeling like a knife
In a drawer

Admit you brought the drought
You're so dry to the touch
And I pray for the rain
I'd love to help you bake
But the killer on your face
Says you're gone
You didn't leave a note for me
You didn't see me sharpening
My steps are falling through
Our home is ready to split
In two

Don't need a sickle to
Cut you down
Don't need no divining rod
To track you down
The rains are coming and
The sky is brown the
Weather vane is spinning
Spinning around