

# Whiskeytown, Things I Heard

Heart's a field of beautiful flowers  
Mine's a street with sirens  
Sleep a lull (???) drifted feathers  
Lay with weighted (???)  
I recognize the whispers though I can't tell the words  
Learn to lose the darkness  
With things I heard

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□

Even I once knew I should run  
Learned when I was young  
Heart's a boat that sails on your ocean's memory  
Mine is still on empty  
I recognize the whispers  
Though I can't tell the words  
Learn to lose the darkness  
With things I heard