

## Hard To Define

Gregory and the Hawk

Good shoes, fake smile  
Gonna be out for the night  
Thinking of what the fawn brought

Cut time, cut away in the break  
Of an angel's sign on my end

It's a hard day for a melody to take me away  
I'll wait in the car and count the change  
The look-ats, who for 'cause I'm going home  
To the days and the gold  
And the Why-ats catch thee own

Go easy on the reasons  
You thought I would be  
Too hard to define

Which, back in the cans  
Shooting off of a cliff  
You ran as it came

It's a wing right over seven days or over weeks  
We're riding too hard to catch its theme  
Your face in two bars, I at to see  
The wide open sea and the skies underneath