

The Little Things

Matthew Ryan

Has the future come
To make a liar out of me?
Every day I wake
And I'm further out to sea

High above the driving nails
Swirl the gardens of relief
A broken smile, a little grace
For no longer how brief

The little things, the little things mean everything
The little things, the little things mean everything

Now I'm off to work
On the train I only stare
There's a sleepy drum
And there's corruption in the air

Only souls have been lost
Desperate is as desperate does
A little push, a little shove
A little talk I give myself

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