

Seeds

Room Eleven

I'm thinking too far ahead
But 'now' is gone while you say it
You're not perfect
But I'm no perfectionist

When I come home
There are twelve in my shoes
One in my bra
The one I kept for you

Seeds seeds

They spin in twisters in the streets
On shiny days
Like they want to tell me
Something
But I'm in a hurry
And I pretend I don't see these

Seeds
In the streets
Seeds
Seeds Seeds

Plant a seed
Keep thinking you did
And it will grow
Real slow
Forget
And before you know
It's a... Tree