

## Mine Fields

Catie Curtis

I come home, don't know where you are  
You must be working pretty hard  
I feed the cat half a can of food  
And I sit at the table and I wait for you  
And I don't like doubting how this old love will hold  
But I have my moments when I'm just waiting for it to explode

Oh, no good deals in these mine fields today  
It don't matter how I walk  
I could get blown away  
Underneath the soil and the flowers  
I can hear a ticking down from years to hours

There's not a lot of air in this third floor flat  
You want to go outside you want to  
Get some by  
You have said that you cannot breathe when you're  
Caught up inside here with no reprieve  
I have been trying not to hold you to your lines  
But I feel you leaning  
Out more all the time

Oh, no good deals in these mine fields today  
It don't matter how I walk  
I could get blown away  
Underneath the soil and the flowers  
I can hear a ticking down from years to hours

Forever is a word I leave on the shelf  
I don't want history to repeat itself  
So I take it night by night  
And I try not to hold you too tight  
I have been dancing up and down the words  
Trying to find out why  
Things are not the way they were

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