

## The Narrows

## Dead Meadow

Rusted out iron in a rust  
Coloured field,  
begging shadow, the sun will not yield  
Trying not to be missed  
to give more, leave less  
For those the open road, and those stayed behind,  
Comes longing in our own form  
defined  
Trying not to be missed  
they give more, leave less  
they give more... I guess  
Herein the house of truth  
lit so all can see,  
but I'm headin' out, yes, I'm giving in, to that old mystery  
As will pass the days  
Comes the narrow and narrowing way  
From the path you need not stray  
My Love, it's okay  
Trying not to be missed  
to give more, leave less