

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