

Planning Spontaneity

Jamie T

How does it feel to fall to your knees
When your feet were dug into the sand
Well the rest turned away, said they didn't like the way
You dealt with the matter at hand

Live downstairs, on the bottom of your ceiling
I vouch for your friend that everyone hates
I've heard her secrets taken to the grave
And only see your face in the hallway
Called up my friend with a heartfelt favor
Asked him for paying of the dues I've made
Wake in the morning with stormy weather
Bought from the man ??? out my way

She's so far west, a local's guest
Running through your mind 'til she's out of breath
Saints and sinners, different dialects
I'll say sorry if the call connects
Cruel is my ??? called you unfamiliar
Lying on the step to check your pulse
I rustle in my bag to find the better side of me I don't know
Called up my friend asked a friendly favor
All for the dues that I'd felt I'd paid
He told me "my comrade I'm not your savior"
She's living down the bottom of Elmore Grange

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