

Flatlands

Mark Lanegan

I want flatlands
I never cared about money and all its friends
I want flatlands
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I don't want precious stones
I never cared about anything you've ever owned
I want flatlands
I want simplicity
I need your arms wrapped hard around me
I want open plains and scattered trees
I want flower fields
I want salty seas
I want flatlands soft and steady breeze
bringing scents of lined-up orchard trees
dripping heavy with pears and dancing leaves
I want flatlands
will you go there with me
when it's said in the dark and you know it's always there
when it's dead in our heart but your mind is unafraid
when it's said in the dark and you know it's never coming back
when it's there in your heart in your mind you set it free