

The Weeds That Grow Around My Feet

Poor Old Lu

choices cloud my head again
wrapped up in myself instead
and if I fall this time
will it be the last time
for this crime

and anger has more of my soul
than I ever wished it would hold
and as I let it go
and watch how it grows
it won't fold

do I love this world?
can I breathe beyond here?

flowers have grown round my eyes and ears
the soil it soaks all my tears
how I'm tired of standing here
and I'm sick of that heat that's so near

and if we're all right
and if we cannot be wrong
then we needn't fear
we're almost there
like I'm depressed and I hold a gun

do I love this world?
can I breathe beyond here?

it's all the same
just falling rain
all the more the reason to stay
what is the scene
it's brown and green
the weeds that grow around my feet

and if we're all right
and if we cannot be wrong
then we needn't fear
we're almost there