

## In My Shed

Quill

Save me mother please, I'm begging on my bended knees  
I've done my days of crying in the shed  
Won't you save me mother please, I need a remedy for my disease  
A shelter from the voices in my head

I'm letting out whatever is inside,  
I'll burn it down to clear my state of mind  
I'm about to leave my shed

In my shed I thought I had the things to make my fly  
But I know now I won't come too far  
No wonder why I burned my shed down

I'm reaching out my hand, grab it, save a shapeless man  
Broken wings no reason not to fly  
I'm reaching out my han, Mother try to understand  
Even if I'm blind I'm free to cry