

Things Mean A Lot

Red House Painters

A descending climb
My feet can't make the hill
To the top where your house hides
Tomorrow she comes
The one who I've sworn and broke
Loyalty
To take your place
In the bed next to me
You threaten to make me dead
And none of this will matter
Or surface again
Scares you to know that we won't be
Watching the same sun
Or brooding the same thoughts
In the same part of the world
Scares me how you get older
How you forget about each other
Things mean a lot at the time
Don't mean nothing later