

For Want Of

Rites of Spring

Iæj° believedæ¢Memory might mirror no reflections on me,

Iæj° believedæ¢What in forgetting I might set myself free.

But I woke up this morning with a piece of past caught in my th
roat

And then I choked.

I bledæj° tried to hide the heart from the head.

And Iæj° said I bledæj°n the arms of a girl I'd barely met.

And I woke up this morning with the present in splinters on the
ground

And then I drowned.

And if I can't see itæ¬ for want ofæ¢ou

You said, "I see"

If there's nothing here then itæ¬ probably mine

Myæjpy turn to seeæ¢f there's nothing here it will always be m
ine, mine

But I woke up this morning with a piece of past caught in my th
roat

And then I choked.

Iæj° guess I've learned the taste of days that will always burn
.

Iæj° guess I've learned if itæ¬ in the corner of my eye I can'
t always turn.

And I woke up this morning with the present in splinters on the
groundæ¢nd then I drowned.

And if I can't see itæ¬ for want ofæ¢ou

You.