

## Fill The Fields

### Talk Show

I wish, I could write a song just for you  
I don't know how  
It's when you're away, these walls show years  
I do know why

One hundred eyes have opened on you  
Where do you sleep?  
It's when I'm alone at the end of your feet  
I do know why

Tomorrow it's better  
To know you have said  
Tomorrow show something  
Else instead

Remember the dream you told me you had?  
Now, was it me?  
It's when I'm awake with a shrug at the day  
The sun will shine

How many knees have prayed in this house?  
Now, was it me?  
When I was away, just before time  
I let them all

Fill the fields, fill the noise  
You've shown better than this before  
Fill the fields, fill the noise  
Let them shuffle around this town