

## Life Like

The Rosebuds

I know a clean way out, the vandals made it low  
The day so lean, the nighttime slips in a song  
There was a shot way out, down past Varina  
I burn my bed and run naked in the Winter

Well oh well, the pines are getting to me, consider my life,  
I'm wild but I'm not free

By all accounts it was a heavy snow  
Brown is black by contrast I'm aglow  
I hear, "Wait. You! I'm a man, you're the beast!"  
But I'm just running so how can that be?

Well oh well, the pines are getting to me, consider my life  
I'm wild but I'm not free  
Well oh well, the pines are getting to me, believe me my eyes,  
There's a thousand left like me

Reconstruct my body, capture me in flight  
Glue in resin marbles, give me shiny eyes  
Life like