

Dead & Born & Grown

The Staves

Colors fade away and
Things that were aren't here today
But time it doesn't matter anymore
I'll meet you where we were before

And I'll stay the same and stand here on my own
Til everything is dead and born and grown

Just go at your own pace
As you sit and tumble down from grace
We're safe in one another's company
I need you just as much as you need me

But I'll stay the same and stand here on my own
Til everything is dead and born and grown

Pieces set to fall
I might hear it all

As a little child may learn
To sit or stand or wait his turn
The things you know will slowly slip away
All we have is here and now today

And I'll stay the same and stand here on my own
Til everything is dead and born and grown
Til everything is dead and born and grown

Pieces set to fall
I might hear it all
Pieces set in stone
Dead and born and grown