

## Still

Thriving Ivory

It feels like a long time since I've been sure of anything.  
And it feels like a good time to call it a day.  
'Cause too long are the hours spent just dying for a change.  
And too long are the vacant roads that wind through yesterdays.

I could end up in flames, she'd still love me.  
My heart out of place, she'd still love me.  
I could wrap the world in sheets of grey,  
With no regard for night or day, and she'd still...

It feels like a cold night to be left out for the crows.  
And it feels like the right time to hide where nobody knows.  
I said, too long are the hours spent in the chains of my addictions.  
How long do the lights burn to lead with no direction?

I could end up in flames, she'd still love me.  
My heart out of place, she'd still love me.  
I could wrap the world in sheets of grey  
With no regard for night or day, and she'd still...

Must've been around midnight.  
Clothes on the floor.  
She said please go slowly, 'cause we've all been here before.  
Too long are the hours spent just dying for a change.  
Too long are the vacant roads that wind through yesterday.

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My heart out of place, she'd still love me.  
I could wrap the world in sheets of grey,  
With no regard for night or day...

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With no regard for night or day and she'd still...  
still, still, still... still, still...