

The Freest Man

Tilly and the Wall

There's a boy I know he has a heart of glass
It is gold inside but it has crystalized
It is beautiful but in it's tragedy
It is hard to hold without shattering
He calls himself at night, in soft overchords

Keeps coming back to it his voice in echo chords
Till the sound's so thick it turns the sky to smoke
And the greyest days the predictions told
But this boy I know, he is pure of soul
Just get's lost sometimes in his chemicals
Under a coat of night, it's oh-so-comforting
And that first breaking light becomes his enemy

He calls so late tonight, it is 4 a.m.
He is drunk, he can't find his apartment
I don't like how it feels when I think of him
All hooded in black, also stumbling
The days start to fade out of the frame
Like the blurring end to someone else's name
You try your hardest to do what it takes
But you're prepared everyday
To make the same mistakes
Step out of that life
It's nowhere near your time
Just remember you called it all bullshit
Well, it isn't if you stop giving into it
You can walk away the freest man

There's a boy I know lives in a bell jar
But I've been there too, and I swear to god
If I can help you, please, you've got to tell me how
I know you've been away, and it can break you down
And I don't want you gone

All the cracks you see can be repaired
And if you start to fall, we will be there
Don't drown yourself in all your old regrets