

Barrel Of Leaves

We Are Augustines

Stare at a wristwatch
On a mighty fine day
Could bring tears to a stone wall
Or here where I stay,
Mothers gathering leaves
Into a barrel and I say
"Why do you pack your parachute
With a thousand ton weight?"

When you fall from the sky
I'll bring you barrels of leaves
But it would never soften your fall
Or ever help you at all

And now I'm all out of words here
They all left me last week
But I can give you my voice here
It's all I have to speak
I can give you my voice
Give you my voice

When you fall from the sky
I'll bring you barrels of leaves
But it would never soften your fall
Or ever help you at all