

The Back Window's Down

Fireworks

Found some words of wisdom

Written in a bathroom stall

It said, "we all walk the same straight line"

But I just happened to crawl I read about landmarks and chapters

That learned more use in restrooms than them

Even salts from some distant seas

I used my hand and wiped the grill off them And I walk my wrinkled feet...

Back, back, back to you

Back, back, back to you

I'll find my way back, back, back, back to you. Everyone got sick at the same time

This is over and deeper than that

But she wished I was one of those clean-shaven men

With perfect lives and perfect bags I walk my wrinkled feet... Back, back, back to you

Back, back, back to you

I'll find my way back, back, back, back to you. Our legs won't grow until we step into the unknown

I walked mine, how can I find a way.

Back, back, back to you

Back, back, back to you

I'll find my way back, back, back, back to you. Back, back, back to you

I'll find my way back, back, back, back to you.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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