

# Broken Chairs

## Built To Spill

Broken chairs, your body conforms to  
Out beyond the quiet garden  
You can bring the man form into trust  
Through the holes in my everydayness lends sustenance Well, where starvation's necessary  
'Cause my brain's a dictionary  
Of long spring days and the speech of crows  
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions in the fallen sun Well, where starvation's necessary  
'Cause my head's a dictionary  
Of long spring days and the speech of crows  
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions in the fallen sun  
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions in the fallen sun Well alright, you can make it stay Well alright,  
well alright  
Well alright, you can make it stay Well alright, alright, alright  
Well alright, alright, alright

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