

# ...Familiar Place

Lucy Dacus

I came through the backyard.

You let the garden die.

How did I get here?

How did I get here?

What did I do to deserve this? The mountain was taller than I could've fathomed.

I hardly believe it from here at the bottom.

I can't imagine why you'd want to be at the top.

Oh my god, what will I do if you ever stop?

Without you, I am surely the last of our kind.

Without you, I am surely the last of my kind.

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

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