

# Planted Seeds

Noah Gundersen

You and me  
Before we became enemies  
And found a safer place to be  
Out here in the rain  
Comfort me  
Hold me like you'd want to be  
And I will do the best I can  
With the little that I know  
It's the waiting hours that hold you up like a clock  
and show you what you are  
the wreckage of a dream  
the hope for faster speeds  
and the weight of all the world  
But here we are  
Picking flowers out of jars  
Long before the market starts  
And the bustle of the day  
And talk to me  
In languages we'd like to speak  
In the alphabet of planted seeds  
With a home for what ... grown  
It's the waiting hours that hold you up  
like a clock  
And show you what you are, show you what you are  
The wreckage of a dream  
The hope for faster speeds  
And the weight of all the world  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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