

# Fallen Leaves

## Hushpad

Fallen leaves on the overground  
Riding the blue train's empty line all around  
On the evening run, I say you're the only one  
All around the golden low sinking bright of the sun

See a simple spark  
Bleed a burning flame  
It seems so now  
Everything's so near  
Oh, come on over  
The future's here  
So brighten up

There is more to become  
Fasten down every day  
Cos nothing's tied, nothing stays  
And I need a driving life  
Cos the static weight draws too much useless dust  
It gather up, it blocks the way  
Watch the landing lights  
On a passing plane  
It seems so now  
Everything's so near  
Oh, come on over  
The future's here

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