

Circles

White Apple Tree

Ill stay awake til I find you
Ill walk all night in leather shoes
My cigarette still at the store
My cowboy hat collecting dustI can make nothing but circles,
Nothing but circles when I run, when I run
I can not stop my own breathing,
Fingers are bleeding holding on, holding onI never find what I look for
Ill stay the same, Ill start a war
When I was young I used to try
Distracting God with falling starsI can make nothing but circles,
Nothing but circles when I run, when I run
I can not stop my own breathing,
Fingers are bleeding holding on, holding onI can make nothing but circles,
Nothing but circles when I run, when I run
I can not stop my own breathing,
Fingers are bleeding holding on, holding onI can make nothing but circles,
Nothing but circles when I run, when I run
I can not stop my own breathing,
Fingers are bleeding holding on, holding on

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