

Backyard

Guster

In the backyard
In the garden
You were always there
Digging down where roots would burrow underneath
Now the grass is always overgrown
And the weeds are choking out the sun
Pretty soon they'll come under the door
And you don't care
In the backyard
In the garden
Almost nothing left
Just some pieces of the roots that once dug in
And the grass is always overgrown
And the weeds are choking out the sun
Why do you still come home anymore
When you don't care?

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