

Sinking Slow

Ezra Furman

All the broken pieces
Lying in a pile
Waiting to be swept up
From the bathroom tile Broke my only mirror
Feeling not quite right
Empty little bedroom
And a long night Oh, I miss my honey so
Now I'm cold and lonely
Oh, and I hope she comes back home
To her boy whose heart is broke
I'm sinking slow
Born into a strange world
Waiting for a train
Sliding 'round Chicago
In a soft rain Year of No Returning
Hanging on the wall
Praying for salvation
And a phone call
Oh, I miss my honey so
And my childhood's ending
Oh, and she's got to come back home
To her boy descending slow
I'm sinking slow

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

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