

Oslo

The Wooden Sky

I woke up this morning with dead leaves inside my bed
You said "You're better off just where you are
Than to be stuck in my head
You've got to leave it all behind you
And give yourself up to chance"
So I gave myself to chance And I packed a little suitcase
Brushed my teeth and washed my hands
I'd been bluffing here for years
And now I think it's time I showed my hand
I'm going to move to New York City
And set the sky on fire
Oh don't the night look so alive
With it's desire to cross the River Jordan?
But it just don't feel the same
When I came home Friday morning
With no one but myself to blame
See I have trouble with numbers
And paying the ones I owe
I put what I had left in the pocket of my coat
I went out to find a liquor store
And make a home there in the snow
Give myself a little shelter from the cold I was bound here by my choices
Oh my god how I felt so ashamed
Still I hoped that you might join us
And take this little light of ours out on parade I used to look at others trying to find some way to grow
And now I just look around me
I'm going to reap the seeds I've sown
I try to picture myself in Oslo
But lord help me if I go
I've been running around
And I believe it's starting to show
So I'll cross the River Jordan
If it just don't feel the same
And I'm not home Friday morning
I'll have no one but myself to blame

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

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