

Evergreen

Knuckle Puck

This is where it starts.

Right here, square one.

Head for the door back to the west coast, setting sail on concrete oceans.

Feel the hills roll on engulfed in flames, where red woods tower over me.

Where there's so much more than we think there is to see.

I'll lead a life of firsts on foreign soils.

Somewhere that I can find the bones of a better man inside.

Somewhere that I can find holding in tightly to the misery will never get me far.

It will never get you far.

As I exhale this breath of fresh air, I feel the distance tear the space between us.

Cause we're always climbing toward the sun, but the cabin pressure gets to me.

And there's so much more than we think there is to see.

On to barren land and wasted weeks, but we won't keep searching, we're fucking helpless.

And I feel the staleness in the autumn air, it's not like usual.

It's fucking hopeless.

I'll leave this all behind for you when I'm gone.

You grew from a seed.

Forever strong as a pine tree.

Always an evergreen

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

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