

Sowing Season (Live at the Roundhouse)

Brand New

Was losing all my friends.
Was losing them to drinking and to driving.
Was losing all my friends, but I got them back. I am on the mend.
At least now I can say that I am trying.
And I hope you will forget things I still lack. Yeah. Yeah. Is it in you now,
To barely hear the truth that you have spoken?
Twisted up by knaves,
To make a trap for fools. Is it in you now,
To watch the things you gave your life to broken?
And stoop and build them up with worn out tools. Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah, yeah. (Oh.)
Yeah. Nothing gets so bad,
A whisper from your father couldn't fix it.
Your whisper's like a bridge, he's a river span. Take all that you have,
And turn it into something you were missing.
Somebody threw that brick, shattered all your plans. Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah, yeah. (Oh.)
Yeah. Time to get the seeds into the cold ground.
It takes a while to grow anything,
Before it's coming to the end, yeah. Before you put my body in the cold ground,
Take some time to warm it with your hand,
Before it's coming to an end, yeah. It's coming to an end, yeah.
It's coming to an end, yeah. Do you miss the blend,
Colors she left in your black and white field?
Do you feel condemned just being there? I am not your friend.
I am just a man who knows how to feel. I am not your friend.
I'm not your lover.
I'm not your family. Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah, yeah. (Oh.)
Yeah. Time to get the seeds into the cold ground.
It takes a while to grow anything,
Before it's coming to the end, yeah

Songwriters

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