

Tangle in This Trampled Wheat

The Tallest Man on Earth

And so many days of longing now--
Why should it ever be this far?
Where I get frightened;
I could never gather birds enough to carry 'round your
Part.
But I see traces of your thoughts out here.
I see a sight; I hear a sound. I only comfort in the brittleness of days when I can
Hold what I just found.
In the untired eyes of the laughing child,
And the dirtiest sweater he owns.
Early sun warmed mine,
And all those life-like sins
That will pull out the memories to show.
I'm not leavin' alone;
I'm not leavin' alone. If just that weather-beatin' plane was here--
Haven't seen it since I came.
Can only wonder if it's near or in the skies
When this damn city sounds the same. And sometimes I'm just a tangle in this trampled wheat.
Shirk a-like a losing dog.
If just tonight that I could be where you are near
And just forget where I am lost.

Songwriters

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