

# Circles

## White Apple Tree

Ill stay awake til I find you  
Ill walk all night in leather shoes  
My cigarette still at the store  
My cowboy hat collecting dustI can make nothing but circles,  
Nothing but circles when I run, when I run  
I can not stop my own breathing,  
Fingers are bleeding holding on, holding onI never find what I look for  
Ill stay the same, Ill start a war  
When I was young I used to try  
Distracting God with falling starsI can make nothing but circles,  
Nothing but circles when I run, when I run  
I can not stop my own breathing,  
Fingers are bleeding holding on, holding onI can make nothing but circles,  
Nothing but circles when I run, when I run  
I can not stop my own breathing,  
Fingers are bleeding holding on, holding onI can make nothing but circles,  
Nothing but circles when I run, when I run  
I can not stop my own breathing,  
Fingers are bleeding holding on, holding on

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