

# Fair

## Annals

I know there's no hope in holding up this weight  
It just won't float  
Man, I tried, but the tide  
It knows no sides  
If that's what's not fair, then what could be wrong with my life?  
If that's what's not fair, then what could be wrong with my life?

Maybe she needs love  
To put the bottle down  
Maybe she needs me  
To be around

The pain in her stare is drawing me shapes  
Oh, so fair  
The pain in her stare is making me wish I was there  
With something to declare

We'll it's quite possible I won't make it out  
Alive  
Because I'm quite sure that I could die  
Because what's best is what's left when nothing is left but the sound of  
The rain on your head, a woman asleep in your bed  
Dreaming in my bed

Something's got to happen  
Now

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