Fair

Annuals

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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