

Me, The Misser, The Late

Wrens

entry hundred forty-one me, the misser, the late
miss years to make words of what I 'm missing
shame I 'm shaking, a loss, a crap
hung by heartwreck in the grasslands me, the prides, the slack
come through rain through window new approval seas a headrest, a home a peace
having all my needies covered me, the hoper, the hole
family leaver, shit repeater and a rancid grudge-hold
entry hundred forty-one starts back when I dared
God knock me down again not a single thing I 've done meant a scrap
changed the stance of anyone thought by now I 'd left the barn
but I 'm scared the fields, and I 'm scared the houses, I 'm scared the millers yard.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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