

# Early Spring Till

[Nathaniel Rateliff](#)

I was out there missing steps, when you swung around to me  
Best to land, not to crash, pulling out too late  
Call on everyone you ever knew, and plead  
Well I've been the bum who's underfed  
I've been the one who should've said  
Maybe I'm wrong and I've always been that way  
Are you tied to your field, wrung out  
Have you fallen from where glory sprouts  
Are you cut off in fields and pressed down  
Like an early spring till that don't come around  
I think I've been there  
I think 'm waiting too long  
You tried this (panting and poured?)  
You set a course to cross me out  
Are you tired and broken, once so stout  
Are you full of the feeling, don't doubt it when it's gone  
I could cut off (this reel?) and leave now  
I could fill up with air and scream so loud  
I think 'm going to

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