Now I'm Exhausted

Braid

Barely alive on 2 AM airline
Past is just the places I've passed
The windows were tinted, my eyes were half shut
My focus is fragile if my heart is a glassHere lies the ruins of a little known author
There go the ashes of a dying dream
It's hard to sit down when your hometown is a greyhound
Now I'm exhausted and there's no time to sleepIt's you, climb down
It's mine
It's you, climb downGathering leaves from a once beautiful tree
Which no one else will have the chance now to see
Or climb, gone, gone, goneBurning miles at a time
Mine, mine, mine, mineMine, mine, mine, mine
(Mine is mine, mine is mine)
(Mine is mine, mine is mine)
Mine, mine, mine, mine
(Mine is mine, mine is mine)
(Mine is mine, mine is mine)
Mine, mine, mine, mine

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