

We're a Lot Like Trees

Paper Lights

it's been said of trees that they're imperfect men
imprisoned by the roots between their sins
with branches that reach into the dirt like arms
to plant their thoughts like seeds
but it never seemed so to me we're all living in the same room
and the heavens are the roof
we're all living in the shadow
of a canyon bigger than us it's been said that fire is just a greedy flame
with lights to distract from all it hopes to gain
all dressed up in colors to ignite its claim
and a heart that's much like me
but I've never felt all that free we're all living in the same room
and the heavens are the roof
we're all living in the shadow
of a canyon bigger than us

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