Glass In The Trees

Dead Poetic

I don't wanna come back here, to this place
It's a cold that only comes from blaming yourself for two decades wasted
And I don't wanna come back here, to this place
When it all just repeats in my head again and I cannot stop itAnd the glass in the trees
And all you left here reflects everything that I missed
And the glass in the trees
And all you left here reflects everything that I missedAnd the pavement is still warm from the tires
I can still feel the fright that the night brings, every song that you'd sing
And I won't ever come back here to this place
All I ever do is picture you smiling and then picture you leavingAnd the glass in the trees
And all you left here reflects everything that I missed
And the glass in the trees
And all you left here reflects everything that I missedSlow down
Slow down
Slow down
I'll try and make it up to you
I'll try and make it up to youThey've cut down the trees to try to forget you
But I took a vow to never forget you
If you're still here, then we're waiting
They've cut down the trees to try to forget you
But I took a vow to never forget you
If you're still here, then we'reWe'll wait for you to come back home to the broken little foes
Until the guilt grows and grows
When the time that's wasted comes back to haunt me
And I'll deserve every bit, because I'm not spiritual yet
I'm just reading the lines they gave me from the pulpitAnd it's not fading off, we remember the years
As we sift through the laughter to find all the tears
And I'm not worthy of grievance, I did nothing to prevent this
I'm standing at your grave, I could have caused this

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