Bleary Eyed

Annuals

Green-leaf dawn implies
Something sweet in mind
But it's still your fingers in my back pocket
Makes me wonder why I sit here so tall
And why I run from the walls

Critters by the litter
Come gushing out my eyes
Like fears yet worth the fright
So, pour me a drink
And I'll spill this dark ink

I'll tell you it's all for you
But it ain't it's just my way of coping
With this bleary-eyed baby girl
Well, it's just my way of coping
With this bleary-eyed baby girl
Dying on my kitchen floor

But it ain't it's just my way of coping
With this bleary-eyed baby girl
Well, it's just my way of coping
With this bleary-eyed baby girl
Dying on my kitchen floor

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