Post Tropical

James Vincent McMorrow

Will not come home
Tepid and cold
Crawling lessons to the fold
Trace it by line
Light in the ground
Beating your fists to the soundNo one can look
I can barely run and the walls will travel on
Tear it into you, loss giving it all away
Who will run and who will sayAll the help gathering now
Learn to be fly through what's left
All they sell, got it in me
Floating whats left in the stream
No one can run, I can barely walk
Move on now, travel on
Terrible but I'm giving it all away
No one here I say
Forest me, best to giveNo one here I say
Hold on, hold on

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