

# On Every Page

## The Tallest Man on Earth

Will you just tell him what I cannot say  
Will you just shine up on the ghost on my way  
I dropped a game of throwing knives alone  
There must be marks on every tree  
From the past, you are home  
Only the may-fly used to tell me so  
Now every song has dropped away  
Just let go  
Now mid-night sun takes turns with northern lights  
And will I ever have to feel  
What those blades were about  
And in that sound of sighing  
That empty how  
And all the ever-loving  
Bends in the line of your tracks  
Some ends forgotten and other released  
What ever happened to the boys  
Now that sailed for the seas  
Well you know you're already young  
Like the grass withered to become  
Again and free  
It's all we'll ever be  
I don't remember where I learned to die  
But I'm humble for the rocks when I try  
And somehow I am lowered onto the waves  
And when I'm with you I feel the sun and the salt on my face  
And in that sound of sighing  
That empty how  
And all the ever-loving  
Bends in the line of your tracks  
Some ends forgotten  
And some others bleed  
Whatever happened to the boys  
Now they're sailed for the seas  
Well you know you're already young  
Like the grass withered to become  
Again and free  
It's all we'll ever be  
Tired motion of the rusty bell  
Just humming  
Go to hell  
I've been the tower  
But now walk alone  
There must be marks on every page  
From the backs to these songs  
And in that sound of sighing  
That empty how  
And all that's ever-loving  
Bends in the line of your trail  
Some ends forgotten  
And some others believed  
Whatever happened to the boys  
Now it's sailed for the seas  
Well you know you're already young  
Like the grass withered to become  
Again and free

Songwriters

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