

# Being Alone

Allen Tate

Go when you hear the call  
Fly out, they'll shoot you down  
Wrapped up inside loose jaws  
The warmth of an open mouth  
Try and forget the cause  
I wouldn't worry now  
Dress me and trim my claws  
Defenses down, now take me out  
Every way we are is every way we'll stay,  
Everything just turns out that way  
Maybe it's being alone  
Maybe it's being alone that gets you  
Maybe it's being alone  
Maybe it's being alone that gets you down  
Heavy I'll fly away  
Go crashing to the ground  
Hide in the trees for days  
They'll have to chase me out  
Tell me that I'm okay  
I wouldn't hear you out  
Sing all my shiny praise  
But sing it loud, you're fading out  
Every way we are is every way we'll stay,  
Everything just turns out that way  
Maybe it's being alone  
Maybe it's being alone that gets you  
Maybe it's being alone  
Maybe it's being alone that gets you down  
That gets you down  
That gets you down  
That gets you down

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