The Things That Everybody Does

Tift Merritt

Everybody told me,
This is who you have to be.
With my hands in my pockets deep as they'd go,
I walked home and packed up my cases to leave.I searched all over the country.
I went down to the sea.
I talked a lot with the sun and sky.
I didn't talk with anyone else really.There are the things that everybody does.
I was wondering what was all the fuss.
I couldn't tell exactly why it was,
Till there was you.You found me up in attic,
Singing down to leaves.
You caught me reading love letters aloud,
To horses and children, to stars and to trees.There are the things that everybody does.
I was wondering what was all the fuss.
I never knew exactly what it was,
Till there was you.But a mountain is still a mountain.
A mountain goes to the sea,
No matter what I'd like to pretend,
No matter what I'd like it to be.You know I don't have to stay here.
I could fly off and leave,
On the wings from a unicorn's breast,
With my typewriter strapped with diamonds to my chest,
But how could I go with breakfast not over yet?These are the things that everybody does.
I was wondering what was all the fuss,
But what a lovely morning that it was
When there was you.

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