

# Basket

## The Blakes

We are young  
We have years ahead maybe  
We might fall in love  
Fall apart  
Fall apart  
Before it ends  
Well we should try to start So I'll go but I'm telling you I don't wanna go  
Could be stuck here and happy So there's a puzzle I work on endlessly  
And I've got the sides and all the corners  
But there's a space  
Yeah there's a space  
Lost some pieces I can't replace So I'll be but I'm telling you I don't wanna be  
Just a wasted puzzle piece We are old  
And our son took the dog away  
And fair enough, guess we're tired all the time  
All the time  
And you know dogs they need ample time outside So I'll stay but I'm telling you I don't, I don't wanna stay  
So I'll brace myself against the wall and hope to God that I don't fall  
My bones are worn, my hip won't hold  
I used to be so young, how did I get so old?  
Won't you take my cane and hold my hand  
You're holding onto all I have  
Just a basket full of memories  
And I am losing more each day it seems  
But if I can make it to the street  
I'll steal a car or a bike whatever there is to steal  
And it might get cold I just don't care  
I'm going 'til I'm getting there  
I'll ride my steed all through this town  
'Til I have looked and I have found  
Your peaceful memory  
Won't you return to me?  
Won't you return to me?

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