

# Words

## Between the Trees

This night, this night, just like the rest  
These same thoughts running through my  
head Same reckless phrase with a different  
face They say, they say that i am worthless  
But I'm not listening I swear, and yet  
Round, round, they spin like a record now  
Same false hopes built to be broke down  
Round and around I'm falling down Again  
Sticks and stones may break my bones Your  
words, they surely kill They surely kill  
This feels the same Complications and  
different situations I am holding out for  
love Is it worth it To die a little each  
day All for unseen grace? Sticks and  
stones may break my bones Your words, they  
surely kill They surely kill Your words are  
breaking down now I would say Where I've  
been to where I am It is worth it His grace  
When all else fades You can see it His face  
So now Round, round, they spin like a

record now Same false hopes built to be  
broke These thoughts were meant to be  
broke down They die a little each day Die  
a little each day Die a little each day Die  
a little each day Each day These thoughts  
were meant to be broke down These thoughts  
were meant to be broke These thoughts were  
meant to be broke down They're meant to be  
broke Sticks and stones may break my bones  
Your words, they surely kill They surely  
kill Your words, they surely kill They  
surely kill Your words are breaking down  
now It's all for her Again Yeah yeah

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Lyrics submitted by Lora.

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