In Your Way

Bobby Long

you got your ways and I got mine
you got your own ways of spending time
the stars are falling all around your dress
the constellations point to your own sweet messyou need to suffer, well I suffer too
I keep it inside and far from you
you throw it around and you see what sticks
I'm covered head to foot in your cold anticsyou got your own ways that comfort
that involve yourself and my eldest brother
you take it on yourself, you take it on yourself
and me to find my place in your arms
and it's a cold, cold turn
just a cold, cold turn in your wayyou're first to judge and last to lead
you're last to act out and first to feed
you still stand when you see me kneel
and you're not concerned about the way I feel

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