

Packed Powder

Blind Pilot

I started working at the second hand
I thought it would make me more colorful
I saw the world as a stitch and patch
I saw the sky as torn grey woolI started working as a dime store clerk
I thought it would make me the kind to put you first
My only dreams were in fluorescent light
My only goal was to forget what I was worth
I want to see how it takes me
I want to see how the powder burns
Don't want to keep what I can't have more of
Don't want to wait and miss my turnI started working as a tour guide
I thought it would make me believe my own words
Every patient thought just passed me by
Every truth I said sounded just absurdI started working at a small town church
I thought it would make me a better man
They said the sins I had would fly away
As if the birds were in the palms of my own hands

Songwriters

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