

# Birthplace

## Flock of Dimes

I only have this one body  
But I write, and I call when I can  
And in the dust of the infinite lobby  
I think of you, my friends  
And my love is not an object  
That rusts with lack of use  
Suited perfectly for its purpose  
As the day I gave it to you  
It is a fresh page, it is a sharp knife  
It is a cold call, it is an alibi  
You are a universe of faces  
But sometimes I go it alone  
Fill my arms with what I can carry  
And my body is my home  
And if I lock on to a strange face  
I see an ancient sun, I see my birthplace  
And forgive me for my silence  
I forget the follow through  
And any lie I ever told you  
Was to seek a better truth  
You are a suitcase I never unpacked;  
I am a green shirt that never left your back  
We live in black and white, on a telephone pole  
I can read the letters eyes closed

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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