Storms Over Parades

Socratic

The clouds drew dark as I rolled in
I sat down next to a man with five empty cups in front of him
He said "aren't you a little too young to be alone in these parts"
If being alone is completely lost then I guess I amThe storms carried me home, over parades
The people caught colds, from the pouring rain
When you sit on this lawn, you are not in order
This painting's ready for itAt the age of six is when I started talking
At the age of ten is when I started walking
They told me I would never get to fully express myself
And any place that I wanted to go I could only go in my mind, so...The storms carried me home, over parades
The people caught colds, from the pouring rain
When you sit on this lawn, you are not in order
This painting's ready for itAnd I'll take the hands that gently sweeps across the planes of your physique
Retire them into stables with horses that no one has rode
The planes always pass my body and cast the darkest shadow
If I told you where I was heading, you still wouldn't followThe storms carried me home, over parades
The people caught colds, from the pouring rain
When you sit on this lawn, you are not in order
This paintings never framed us together
I'm missing from your pictures these days

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