

Broken Chairs

Built to Spill

Broken chairs, your body conforms to
Out beyond the quiet garden
You can bring the man form into trust
Through the holes in my everydayness lends sustenance Well, where starvation's necessary
'Cause my brain's a dictionary
Of long spring days and the speech of crows
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions in the fallen sun Well, where starvation's necessary
'Cause my head's a dictionary
Of long spring days and the speech of crows
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions in the fallen sun
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehensions in the fallen sun Well alright, you can make it stay Well alright,
well alright
Well alright, you can make it stay Well alright, alright, alright
Well alright, alright, alright

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