

The Blue, the Green

Lonely the Brave

There was one time,
There was sunshine,
And the clouds staggered in.
I was crashing down a hillside,
Tied up in the blue and the green.
There was progress,
In the process,
Of the hope that fell on me.
Then you wake up in a hollow,
There's a black mark where your heart should've been. Carry me out to the garden,
So I can breath it in,
'Cause I'm in trouble again.
Carry me out to the garden,
So I can stop the end,
'Cause I'm in trouble again. When I woke that night,
My head was spinning round.
Could have laid down and died,
But my head was spinning round. I wanna know what it's like,
So I can feel it inside.

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