

# Wind And Walls

## The Tallest Man On Earth

Well, 'All is well in order' is what you thought you heard them say  
and so you drifted off to see what's not in yourself  
Light is turning slowly will it lay out on the plains?  
No more nights of what you wrote back then,  
no relief of no rain  
And so, singing songs of rivers tied to accidents within  
and telling people lies of lions, treasures, and kings  
Nothing's more revealing than the dancer and the doubt  
waving to forget what's never gone, always there, never right  
In all these riots of broken sounds  
Like the last voice you heard  
Then you drowned, oh lord  
You know, this is wind and walls and weathered leaves and tearing sails  
and minnows in your pockets when the rapid's on trails  
this is not the future but I sense it's right up there  
oh, just another hour, another pass, another day anywhere  
In all these riots of broken sounds  
  
And you sleep on the track every night  
Oh lord  
And we don't know if your treasure is safe  
where will you be when they find you, son?  
And you know they're always following me  
so when I get there you trust me son, and just leave,  
I'll catch up  
This is where you're passionate of seasons and their strength  
and this is where you breathe and walk and know they will end  
Light is turning slowly to the hand upon your chest  
so lay it on the plains where there is time, there is love, there is rest  
From all these riots of broken sounds  
When you sleep on the track every night  
Oh lord  
And we don't know if your treasure is safe  
where will you be when they find you, son?  
And you know they're always following me  
I'll be the best when the silence comes.

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