Patches

Dala

My eyes are getting weary, of crowds and busy streets
I close them in the morning, pretend I'm still asleep
My hair is growing slowly, the sun keeps moving on
But nothing fades completely, burnt image when it's gone
I step across the stories, that seep beneath my feet
A blueprint for a memory, laid out on the street
I'm making paper flowers, that fall on to the ground
And hope that they get found

Have me, have me not
Can't give me, what I've already got
You wear me, I'll wear you out
Like one more patch on my jeans

Too young for feeling heavy, too old to play the game
The pieces come together, no two pieces the same
But I'm no longer weary, my eyes are open wide
And one more day has gone by

Have me, have me not
Can't give me, what I've already got
You wear me, I'll wear you out
Like one more patch on my jeans

We fall, we fall
We fall apart at the seams
We fall, we fall
We fall apart at the seams
We fall

Have me, have me not
Can't give me, what I've already got
You wear me, I'll wear you out
Like one more patch on my jeans
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