

Being Here

The Stills

We ride through
These plains of hurt
Through the Southern breathing rock
On a rail road of knots
And theres blood on the lines
Of every page I turn
When the ones you love
Are the ones you burnBeing here
Being here
Oh oh
Being hereSome one singing songs
About a girl I hurt
I've been everywhere enough
I've been torn apart by the world
But theres apples in the trees
And diamonds in the earth
I've been losing my mind
Somehow it can't get worseBeing here
Being here
Oh oh
Being hereAnd the wind is blown and cold
And I can't escape the tears
One for every broken bone
And a hundred for all the yearsBeing here
Being here
Oh oh
Being hereBeing here
Being here
Oh oh
Being here

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