

Solid and Strong

Kimya Dawson

Mama, it is raining leaves,
It's snowing leaves,
They're falling down,
I love the way she says that and,
I love this part of town.
I love being surrounded by so many kinds of trees,
October on the west side reminds me to fall back east,
'cept I don't feel like falling for,
the feeling that I've gotta fall,
I feel like standing tall,
and getting all of my ducks in a row,
I'm sure some times I'll waver,
but I'll savour good intentions
I know, that progress not perfection is the only way to go, If I wanna grow,
Gotta prune my soul,
Shed the leaves,
'til I am wet and naked,
Cold and rainy,
So, there's room for those,
Things that wanna grow,
That are beautiful, and amazing. The days that seem,
The most dreary,
Are perfect for being creative and cosy,
As long as we sing,
Until the Spring,
This Winter can be,
A most magical thing,
And our trunks will be,
Solid and strong,
Even after,
The leaves are all gone,
Our trunks will be,
Solid and strong,
Even after,
The leaves are all gone. Mama, it is raining leaves,
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I love the way she says that and,
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