Anchorless

Eyes Like Knives

They called here to tell me
that you're finally dying,
through a veil of childish cries.
Southern Manitoba
prairie's pulling at the
pantleg of your bad disguise.
So why were you so...Anchorless?
A boat abandoned in some backyard.
Anchorless
in the small town that you lived and died in.I've got an armchair from your family home.
Got your P.G. Wodehouse novels
and your telephone.
I've got your plates and stainless steel.
Got that way of never saying what you really feel.
I don't want to live and die here where we're...Anchorless.
A boat abandoned in some backyard
Anchorless
in the small town that you lived and died in.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/