

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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