Connells, Burden

And once said "please, some more" And not even now and then. Some place I know you swore That you'd never go again.

I had this feeling once That nothing was out of touch. I found some comfort there But that doesn't matter much.

And did we start digging around? And did we start dragging around?

Be my burden Christ, I'm certain I'm already bound. I'm not ever quite together I'm not sorted out.

You talked to me some more And that was worth waiting for. Sometimes I can't decide If we're ever half alive.