

The 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.