

Fairlawn

Arthur Beatrice

Treading the same
Boards where I lay
In only two years
Such a long time to take Grows cold in our wake
We are all from these folds on our way Home from one to the kitchen floor
The glow has gone and the window's closed
Go behold, we once lived here
These yellow walls are all but bare
Every breath that I've been through
Every breath that I've seen
Are forgotten for talking
All the words that I mean Home from one to the kitchen floor
The glow has gone and the window's closed
Go behold, we once lived here
These yellow walls are all but bare Grows cold in our wake
We are all old for our age Moving strong with the wave
We are all from these folds on our way
Home from one to the kitchen floor
The glow has gone and the window's closed
Go behold, we once lived here
These yellow walls are all but bare

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