

Broken Chairs

Built to Spill

Broken chairs your body conforms to
Out beyond the quieted garden
You can bring the man form into trust
Through the holes in my everydayness

Lends sustenance where starvation's necessary
'Cause my head's a dictionary
Of long spring days and the speech of crows
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehension in the fallen sun

Where starvation's necessary
'Cause my head's a dictionary
Of long spring days and the speech of crows
Who themselves are mirrors of apprehension in the fallen sun

Who themselves are mirrors of apprehension in the fallen sun

Well, alright
You can make it stay
Well, alright
Well, alright

Well, alright
You can make it stay
Well, alright
Alright

Alright
Well, alright
Alright
Alright