The Fire, The Flood

Can this be real?

Because that’s not how it feels

From my bubble of isolation

What can the day reveal?

With all we’ve seen

on television screens

I could offer my consolation

But what would that achieve?

Chorus

Cause there aint that much that I can do now

But lay on the couch and watch it play out

There aint that much that I can do ‘bout

The fire, the flood and all of my doubts

Control is hard to find

When was it ever really mine?

It’s an added complication

I think I’ll let it slide

I’ll see you friend

At what we will call the end

We can start up a conversation

There are bridges we can mend

Chorus