

1	Quotes
2	Should be sung
3	Farther
4	Find another way
5	Hearts
6	Anything Once or twice
7	Doing Good
8	Only Take
9	Desire
10	What we knew
11	Wonder
12	No one knows
13	Kick the sod
14	Future
15	Force of Nature
	Awake at night
	Beauty Trapped
	Braided
	Burned to dust
	Couch, The
	Discombobulated
	Dream like sheep
	Foot of the stairs, At the
	Get Paid
	Hannah fell in Love
	How can we agree?
	How we lived
	I dreamt I died last night
	I'm just a dumbass
	It's raining
	Lost in a Fog
	Magic Mirror
	Road, The
	Screens blind us
	Softest Breeze
	Stand Silently
	Twenty-one
	Unrested (for P. Smith)
	We know how this ends part 1
	We know how this ends part 2
	What is lost
	What is meant to mean?
	What's possible

World doesn't need her, The

Sheet1

He quoted words from the bible
I don't want to believe, you were right, I was wrong
We've wandered far, so far to go
I am not for sale but I can be bought
The 8 of hearts trampled and torn
I've eaten things you might think are disgusting
He boards the bus/ diseased filled lungs
All my songs start with I don't know
Speak of Desire/ As if they know
We want to know (<i>how much longer</i>)
Child points finger to the sky
Wondering if all this talk about how the world will change
Death is all around us
When I was young there was no future
I grew up listening to the sea
Awake at night
Beauty Trapped – a box of glass
Her hair is braided round her head
She didn't know what was wrong
The couch lay in the dusk-lit dusk
I'm feeling discombobulated
A storm rages inside/ winds drive doors ajar
He's there at the foot of my stairs
I wait all day for that bell to ring
Hannah fell in love but love paid no attention
Those in the city can't stand the desolation of the dessert
We have always lived/ as if we will never die
I dreamt I died, The dream last night
If I knew my ass from a hole in the ground
It's morning, and I'm waiting for the rain
You never said you you loved me wondered where you'd been
She looks in the mirror, looks herself in the eyes
Travels long traveling far
We think we know what we're doing/ done it before it's the same
The softest breeze will waken us
Why do we do what we do when we do it?
You're 21 thought you knew
I feel unrest in the pit of my stomach
He walks in or She walks in/ how they met doesn't really matter
She is South East Asian/ Petite maybe cute
How much have we lost/ How much more have we to lose?
She thinks her thoughts but no one hears her laughter
It's possible to watch your brains

She stares at her face in the mirror