

# F4, Settling (Tara Maclean)

Am I real? Am I dream?  
Am I borrowed? Am I blue?  
Is it just the dust of leaving you  
settling?

Am I fair? Am I strong?  
When I'm there, do I belong?  
Is it only skin I touch  
when I reach for you?

Oh, the leaves they fall,  
they go so far sometimes.  
Do I blame the wind  
or the tree that let it go?  
Or do I wave goodbye,  
settling?

Do I stay? And do I fight?  
Is it wrong when nothing's right?  
Or is it just the closet light  
I've offered you?

Oh the leaves they fall,  
they go so far sometimes.  
Do I blame the wind  
or the tree that let it go?  
Or do I wave goodbye,  
settling?

So many times I needed  
you to be strong for me.  
But you bend beneath  
the slightest breeze.  
You have no leaves,  
no leaves, no leaves...

Settling.  
Am I real? Am I dream?  
Do I stay? Do I fight?  
Is it just the closet light?  
Is it only skin I touch,  
or is it just the dust  
settling?