

# Offshore

## Bell X1

You haven't changed at all  
Not much does in a frame on a wall  
The paper's tarred and brown  
If I hold you too close, you blur  
Fearing it will fade away in darkness So throw it overboard  
And the next time we hit shore  
I will stay behind  
But she's washed up on the shore  
Her salty spit her pours so pure  
Leaves me choking on the sand  
And her waves come in again  
And she takes my hand Gotta hold myself away  
By blocking out the light of day  
I can't hold you the way that I used to.  
A picture you truly are  
All legs and suicide  
And where there's no room for lies  
She lies across the breeze  
Calling to me

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