Landlocked

Chris Pureka

It's about that time we start unwinding, any hope we wrapped around
the distant light in the silent conversation that never blossomed into sound
Cause we were hard weather, we were brokenhearted, we were always forget-me-nots
We were flash bulbs, we were constellations, and we tried to connect the dots

But all this and all that and everything in between never did amount to a damn thing
I wish we could call this low tide
pretend we will come back rising,
but darling we're done for good

well if you want to know all the time felt like
crawling and crawling down the bottom of a well
and if you want to know I never could
let it go let it go let it go until now

but all this and all that and everything in between never did amount to much
I wish we could call this low tide
pretend we'll come back rising
but we're landlocked

But all this and all that and everything in between never did amount to much
I wish we could call this low tide
pretend we could come back rising,
but we're landlocked

Nothing nothing nothing left
some sand in your shoe, a stone in your chest
some sand in your shoe, a song in your mind
We ran out of time time time

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