

Point Me At Lost Islands (Ft. Zooey Deschanel)

Tired Pony

By the look in your downturned eyes,
You've had enough of these angry skies.
I can't wait just like you can't wait
Until we're out, past familiar gates. Your hands are freezing cold on my face,
Just like the winter snow that covers up this place. It's what you wrote in the book's first page.
It's what I've hungered for on that stage.
Those seven words shook the life back in,
So let's just run 'til we lose our breath. Point me at lost islands. Point me at the sea.
I've love to know the sound of nothing else but you.

Songwriters

COLBURN, RICHARD / LIGHTBODY, GARY / BUCK, PETER / MCCAUGHEY, SCOTT / LEE,
GARRETT / ARCHER, IAIN / STEWART, T. Published by

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