

# They Don't Know

## White Sea

Dear friend just undress me  
I am like glass in your hands  
Write it down, wish it hard, slip the gate  
And we'll run for the line  
We go weak in the knees

When we know how it's gonna endThey don't know what we know

And they can't see what we see  
All the things that we could beYou come to split me in two  
Still never close enough  
On the lip of the world  
As we head for the cosmic dust  
We go weak in the knees

When we know how it all will endThey don't know what we know

And they can't see what we see  
All the things that we could be

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