

# Palms

## Future City Records

Leaving to escape  
Windmills on the southern plain  
Hum your name

49 palms muddled over my words  
Wait for more

Sleep alone  
Start all over

Visions flood my mind  
So the sins come alive  
In the blurring light

Thought I saw your face  
Watching broken fingers placed  
Blind now we've chased

Sleep alone  
Start all over

A fire then the flood  
Could something wrong be something good?  
Do you think you should?

I would rather love  
Someone I couldn't touch  
Than give us up

Sleep alone  
Start all over

So I dwell  
On going wild again

I love what you do  
But I can't get out from under you  
So I don't try

Sleep alone

Start all over

So I dwell  
On going wild again

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Lyrics provided by  
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