

The Oil Slick (Live At Barrowlands)

Frightened Rabbit

I went looking for a song for you
Something soft and patient to reflect its muse
I took a walk with my brightest thoughts
But the weather soon turned and they all ran off
Took to the ocean, in a boat this time
Only an idiot would swim through the shit I write
How can I talk of light and warmth?
I've got a voice like a gutter in a toxic storm All the dark words pouring from my throat
Sound like an oil slick coating the wings we've grown
There goes a love song drifting out to sea
I'd sing along if I could hear over the oil slick So it came to pass and I came home
With four worn out limbs and not one love song
How predictable this is all you got
Yet another selfish signpost to my ruin of faults All the dark words pouring from my throat
Sound like an oil slick coating the wings we've grown
There goes a love song drifting out to sea
I'd sing along if I could hear Over the dark words pissing from my throat
Sounds like an oil slick coating the wings we've grown
There goes a love song drifting out of my reach
I'd sing along if I could see past the oil slick There is light but there's a tunnel to crawl through
There is love but its misery loves you
There's still hope so I think we'll be fine
In these disasterous times, disasterous times There is light but there's a tunnel to crawl through
There is love but its misery loves you
We've still got hope so I think we'll be fine
In these disasterous times, disasterous times

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