Blank Maps

Cold Specks

Don't you wait on me--I'll shoot you down
Keep your eyes closed, your ear to the ground
Pick up in the middle of the night
Kill the silence I can barely speak
Head for the heart--does it break?
Words may fall, the body remains.
Every map is blank

When my words head for the clouds
We have my back
We were good children, darling let it out (x2)

I hold my breath, learn not to move
when the night comes who will you be
even the dead cannot be standing in real life
I am, I am a goddamn believer
I am, I am a goddamn believer

When my words head for the clouds
We have my back
We were good children, darling let it out (x2)

Well I am, I am a goddamn believer
I am, I am a goddamn believer

Lyrics submitted by Lara C.

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