

Tides of the Moon

Mercury Rev

The threads that run through your life
Hand from your sleeve
Wind through your soul
The kind you can't controlThe kind you can't conceive
The kind you can't believe
But wish you could break
Wish you could weave
I wish you could see
It ties you to meAnd you fly in the face of the sun
And you float in the tides of the moonThe paths that run from your door
Climb through the trees
Wind like a snake
The kind you can't escapeThe kind you can't conceive
The kind you can't believe
With prickly little thorns
Sharp tiny teeth
They're hungry for the threads
Hanging from your sleeveWaiting on a path
The kind you can't conceive
But wish you could take
And wish you could leave
You wish you could see
I wish you could see
It leads you to meAnd fly in the face of the sun
And you float in the tides of the moonAnd fly in the face of the sun
And float in the tides of the moonIn the tides of the moon
In the tides of the moon
In the tides of the moon
In the tides of the moon

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