Untitled 6

T.E.F.

Well I lost my taste for the company of airports and cars
We flew through the year and avoided the dust and the rocks
We stood in the way of a tank 'til we bored and we stopped
So never show doubt in your hand 'til you know what they got
And touch me or don't
Just let me know where you've been
Well drop me a line with a hook and some raw bleeding bait (1, 2, 3, 4)
Well I am uncaught and still swimming alone in the lake (5, 6, 7, 8)
Shimmering under a moon made in anger in May

(I was the one who was always repeating it)
I'm shimmering like a penny out of reach in the sand
(Shimmering like a coin that can't take the weight
You never listen to anything)
Touch me or don't
Just let me know where you've been
I'll leave it alone
I'm sure there's someone who knows where you've been

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