# New Land

## Emma Pollock

Hold up your glasses, Shout for the masses
Here we go, And so begins the show
And not for the first time, We step on the fault line
And just like that, We watch the fireworks start
Oh, Sleep, If you can
You said it was alright, You said it was just
Another night, But your eyes betray the fight
And as for this new land, Well it's not what you had planned, right?
Of love, For this life is stale as tough
Oh, Sleep, If you can

Tell me that it isn't true, The things you say he did to you
For my rage flies, And a man dies
So this is what I'd like to do, But I don't think that you want me to
'Cause people are listening, And watching and pointing
They're looking for windows, And dreaming on porches
So don't say a word if you want to be here in the morning, In the morning
So it all ends here, Almost a way
Out the door, And I'm suddenly fixed to the floor
Oh, Sleep, If you can

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