

Harbor

Matt Nathanson

My idols are cracking and breaking apart piece by piece
I brush their dust off my pedestal and through the cloud I've
kicked up I can just make out your face
In a world of plastic people, I know You're real
I'm just a confused child, a ball of raw emotions shouting my
hollow threats at you
I'll kick and I'll scream and I'll call you names
But when my storm blows over you I'll always hold me the
same
In a world full of bullshit emotions, I know you feel
I can fall far away from my judgments
I can fall far away from my ignorance
When you cradle me in your arms
In a world of plastic people, I know You're real
In a world of bullshit emotions, I know you feel
Under blankets, under the shelter of your skin, you warm me
from within
I never want to leave your arms for this long again.

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