

All Points

James Vincent McMorrow

In the canyon I was started young
In the ocean, in the valley run
There was hope that time would disappear
in the smoke and when the valley clears And I think about the cold air
I've been thinking about cold air And I was (I was) in the dark
I was (I was) in the dark, I was In imaginary destiny
reached the palms and stretched around the skin
Every breath that echoes endlessly
every point to ever let it leave Still I'm thinking of the cold air
always thinking of the cold air And I was (I was) in the dark
I was (I was) in the dark, I was Tripping the call, distance is you
Lifting it out, we kept it with odds
Thinking the motion that been hurt
Sitting in my fortress still I'm in the dark
Spilling in to fallness of it all And I've been thinking bout the cold air
always thinking of the cold air And I was in the dark
I was in the dark, I was

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