

# White Out

## Jets Overhead

Walk your wounded walk to me  
Silent sighs  
From your gallery

Talk your wounded talk to me  
Hollow eyes  
Wish to see

I can't tell you what you should do  
No lock for your key

Caught in a silent white out  
Washed all your clothes too clean  
All quiet for the man who  
Paints nothing there to see

No one told you how to be  
You took your time  
Found your feet

Time has spent your last belief  
Of where to go  
Who to be

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