

# Carving Oswego

Elliott

So this is how it is without your love.  
So this is perfectly fitting that I sense your body rising up.  
You're a comfort to taste but I wake to no one there. So you're tracing over  
All these curves cut in you.  
So you traced them all to me. And I'm afraid that it's out on me  
And it's all so clear now.  
The word is out on me  
That I'll finally be found. Somebody's tracing over,  
Somebody's dragging over,  
Somebody's tracing over me.  
Tracing over me. This is how it is without you.  
You are the tap that's reaching me.  
Volcano eyes that keep me warm  
I turn for heat but I wake to no one there. So you've traced my number.  
So you've gathered it all up.  
So you're catching up to me. And I'm afraid that it's out on me  
And it's all so clear now.  
The word is out on me  
That I'll finally be found. Somebody's tracing over,  
Somebody's dragging over,  
Somebody's tracing over me.  
Somebody's tracing over me. Somebody's tracing over me.  
Somebody's tracing over,  
Tracing over,  
Tracing over,  
Tracing over,  
Tracing over,  
Tracing on the line that made me,  
Tracing on the line that made me,  
Tracing on the line that made me free.

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