Black Wave

The Shins

This goose is cooked, these tongues are tied,
Around the block and airborne blind,
But looking on the brighter side,
There's far less to which I'd be obliged,In the meadow where the black breeze blows,
Where underneath the waves, you were most alone,
Can you hear a subtle, aching tone?
Through the water, through the Earth, trimmed up bone,Looking on the brighter side,
Looking on the brighter side,
Looking on the brighter side,
Looking on the brighter side

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