

# Sweet Disaster

## Whitehorse

Galileo was bluffing  
It's just a mess out here  
There's no compass to guide us  
Through the flashes of violence and fear  
Pinball and a motor hum  
Black kettle in a riptide  
Sand bleeds through our fingers  
If time stands stood still in line  
You will get the best of me  
Worlds collide into recipe for disaster  
Sweet disaster Birthmark on a crow's foot  
Kilimanjaro or bust  
There are no mountains to move here  
You just do what you say what you must  
You will get the best of me  
Worlds collide into recipe for disaster  
Sweet disaster You will get the best of me  
Worlds collide into recipe for disaster  
Sweet disaster, sweet  
Light years and a pocket watch  
You can't get close enough  
To the rhythm of solitude  
Ashes to ashes to dust

Lyrics provided by  
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