Iceland

Caravels

city in rust, along the bottom edge
time creeps slow
when you spend it all counting down
city in mud, softened to readjust
make big change
when you live your life day to day
don't think much of what i've loved
you're to blame
for all that i will and won't become
i'm a victim of the repercussions
of this place
we're all that's been built and been torn down
what tremendous weight you have
burdening your every move
spread out miles and miles
over streets and new concrete
how your shoulders must be sore
and your patience must be tried
i bet you can feel the weight
on every new face you meetall the sights to see
all the gifts to reap
seems too good to be true
all the bets to place
all the time to waste
seems too good to be true
it's just a matter of time
before you notice it's all
smoke and mirrors
the secret's out
all the fortunate
are the obstinate
they get away
as fast as they cani'm seeing the best of you
(all i've ever known)
when i'm glancing at a map
(is time away from home)all the regrets and fears don't want to leave
mistaking you for who i'd like to be
find yourself alive without a soul
losing track without a homei'm washing myself clean

i'm digging myself deep
into a hole i don't want to be
i'm washing myself clean
i'm digging myself deep
into a hole i don't want to be
don't want to see
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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