

Haven

All The Luck In The World

We tore my shirt just back from school
And in an old beginning we found something new
Through a single slot the sun lit the room
I watched it rise to you're eyes
But you just slept right through
And i knew then I'd do anything to never leave the room
Your spine leads my hands
as I count the indentations
Oh you shake like bare arms on a street
when puddles crack beneath our feet
Both reflecting our ideals and resolutions and our fears
But in the haze I see you clear
You're a rush of colour in a fifties film
You're a prisoners hands on a moving train
And I'm tied to you
I'm tied to you
I'm tied to you

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