Ransom Notes

SOHN

There was a time
When the mountains kept their place
They stood in line
And they waited back the gaze

No one could see
No terrain now is a rock
No feet could find
Near the heart of old road bluff

The hills are worn
The place about growing pains
The earths are closed
The mountains had their way

The kids have grown
And they watched it from above
Now Iâ€™m alone
And I see no way to run

(Chorus x2)
We float on the breeze
We are held to a ransom
We are bones on the riffs
Waiting for the waves, the wavesâ€¦

We floatâ€¦
We are bones

(Chorus)
We float on the breeze
We are held to a ransom
We are bones on the riffs
Waiting for the waves, the wavesâ€¦

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