

# Between Pacific Coasts

## The Promise Ring

Down the lane, I breathe out loud in half frozen air  
And the black amnesias in heaven are lighting a half moon on the stairs  
Down the lane and I bite my lip when I breathe out loud  
Wrapped in Japanese paper all the way around And California can't see the sun rise  
Smoke doesn't climb like it lingers  
And California can't see the sun rise  
Smoke doesn't climb like it lingers  
And California Runs long on a broken, broken lung  
Runs long I breathe out loud in half frozen air  
I bite my lip when I breathe out loud  
I bite my lip when I breathe out loud, loud, loud, loud, loud

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