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 aroundAnd 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 CaliforniaRuns long on a broken, broken lung
Runs longI 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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