

# Volcano

Charlotte Martin

Covered in another layer-where'd you go  
Tasting like another flavor I don't know  
Come on come on come on come on come on out of there  
Into the bright mathematical I'll call it a dare

There is not another way out of this mess  
There is nothing left inside to repress  
Come on come on come on come on come on back to me  
Into the arms into the arms you're supposed to be

I'm running out of angles  
Left here just to dangle  
Over your volcano

Give me something broken that I can fix  
Show me something hard to see that I'll miss  
Sarcasm never got me far-so what anyway  
An autopilot shopping cart I'll take anything you give me

I'm running out of angles  
Left here just to dangle  
Over your volcano  
I know there is so much better  
Better than this weather  
over

Who said this was logical? Probably me.  
Thought I was methodical with my gripped gloves  
I can't look down I can't stare directly in your eyes  
All of this heat has got to mean that I'm closer baby

I'm running out of angles  
Left here just to dangle  
Over your volcano  
I know there is so much better  
Better than this weather  
Over your volcano  
Volcano  
Volcano  
Volcano