

Let's Do Things We Don't Do In Real Life

Amyst

The ocean sings of violet,
The sweet taste of salt brings you back,
The memories of you and me,
The sweet taste of salt, the memory of you sails me free,

Fly away back to the place that kept you sane on lonely days,

Let the waves tuck you in,
And pass you on to the currents,
The current will take you,
I'll watch from the shore as you peacefully drown,

Fly away back to the place that kept you sane on lonely days,

You tread water like a bird in the wind,
So desperate as if you want this