

Quicksand

Belly

Don't hold the blame
I was down before you, down before you came
Each little wave that followed
Swallowed the one before

Lay down your blade
I was gone before, gone before you came
You're just the latest to wash up on shore
And beach at my feet

Is there a rock high enough to climb above
The tides that come, the tides that come
I'm calling it, I'm calling it
I pull you free of this quicksand

Gulls up on the gutter
Shouting at us, shouting at each other
Remind me winter's come
And one stiff wind will blow off this thin love

God, what a waste

Of a worthy promise
One we nearly made
Long as we're pretending, let's pretend it ended well

Is there a rock high enough to climb above
The tides that come, the tides that come
I'm calling it, I'm calling it
I pull you free of this quicksand

Is there a rock high enough to climb above
The tides that come, the tides that come
I'm calling it, I'm calling it
I pull you free of this...

Is there a rock high enough to climb above
The tides that come, the tides that come
I'm calling it, I'm calling it
I pull you free of this quicksand