

Bitter Water

Blind Pilot

Most of my years are bitter water
They come back crawling through the cracks in the sandstone
Come back owning everything I own
Each stroke, each breath for something after
And I get caught swimming in the dead tide
I get caught in the crab holes

Don't send me old photos
I got the tick, ticking of those summers in my bones
Don't send me old photos
I got this dead on feeling I won't need them where I am going

Most things I say are bitter water
And I'm not trying to make a record of my love
I don't even want to remember it all

So don't send me old photos
I got the tick, ticking of those summers in my bones
Don't send me old photos
I got this dead on feeling I won't need them where I am going

Where I am going