

# Landslide

Bo Bruce

We're staring at the second hand  
And messages from foreign lands.  
There's blood on me, there's blood on you  
It's killing me, it's killing you.

Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide  
All of the time we wasted waiting for the right time.  
Huwhoa-oh-whoa  
Huwhoa-oh-whoa  
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)

If falling rocks should break us They told us that's when we would climb.  
The thicker skin could not be moved  
But there's blood on me, there's blood on you.

Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide  
All of the time we wasted waiting for the right time.  
Huwhoa-oh-whoa  
Huwhoa-oh-whoa  
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)

Call out the is shining  
Call out the sky's breaking  
Call out the don't Call out the don't  
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)  
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)  
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)  
Huwhoa-oh-whoa  
Huwhoa-oh-whoa  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)