

The Good You Make

Emm Gryner

Hide up high by the landslide
Sirens don't make it to Heysham
This time of year empty time of day
Drain away the maze OK
No one needs to say a word
Burn the M6 and forget the world
Nothing underneath the dark sky needs to
Pull you down or kill the sound of
The good you make
It's a word you say
There are some times that you save me
It's a soundwave shape
It's a myth you break
There are some times that you save me
Digging down deep for the answers
Dropped my tears in the Cherwell
In the name of you and your whispering moves
And your point of view
No one needs to come around
I sang myself high back to town
Nothing underneath the dark sky needs to
Pull you down or kill the sound of
When the legion of plasticine men floods the sky
I hold on tight
You'll find me in one of your famous trees
It's all I need