

Tybee Island

Future Islands

No illusions
No replays
Heads are watching, currents wave
Bodies huddle
Birthing flame
I'm a watchman
I'm a slave

Now I'm safe
Now I'm grave
Now I'm safe
And I walk away

If my head slips beneath the sand...
If my head slips beneath the sand...
If my head slips beneath the sand...
If my head slips beneath the sand...