

Old Lace

Into It. Over It.

Glossed over
Did you notice I've been lost at sea?
My mind's an island drinking deeper from the ship's debris
Here's some driftwood for the fire
Here's the spark beneath the spire, well
Despite a tendency for standards, I'm a second guess
I've trained my vision to retire if the world's a mess
So when the wreckage pulls me under, I'll
Slow my breathing to the tide beneath the covers

And set sail
Sailing much too slow
A sudden swell, swallowing me whole
An old boat for new lows

Well, let me carry you through
Past the old lace and ivory
The tall grass and ivy
The light of the moon
We'll hide between dunes and lay to ruin

Set sail
Sailing much too slow
A sudden swell, swallowing us whole
An old boat for new lows