

Doubting Thomas

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Have you heard about the ones who doubted
How they ran their fingers over your scars
Somehow they can make their shadows taller
It's like trying to read a book in the dark

All their pages flick under my fingers
All their words are like shooting stars
Leaves me slow cut, burning embers
So I can only guess just who you are

Fare thee well, I should've known by now
Fare thee well to the ghost
Who should have atoned by now
Fare thee well to the ghost
I shouldn't be scared by now

Cos I know
That something good will come around again

So tell my cousins that I'm coming over
They should know they shouldn't think too much
When every day is like a diamond dimming
I don't feel numb I just feel out of touch

I need something that will hold my rapture
Something tangible like bleeding gums
I used to think that If I stared right at you at you
I wouldn't have to see the things you've done

So we feel waves of something like nostalgia
For all these things we know we've never done
But your love is not a candle flicker
Just because you're standing next to the sun