took the ride up
to the well for the town
i had to see the view of the green

lighting the fire to the words in the way i could hear you breathe i could see you see

we want to make up a list of sound the repetition we will not turn down

we put our backs down
to the tall grass turned gray
it helpe to breathe
it helped to see

we want to make up a list of sound the repetition we will not turn down

from the gas station we stole
the idea there's nothing to know
but it's the open tract of land
it's the hardest part for you to understand

i could run home in the night
without signs or streets or light
to the door where you stood still
i could see the spaces in the woods we filled

below us was time
and it won't go away
i want to see and i want to breathe