

Quicksand

Max Jury

Running low this fever's got me so cold
Burning slow I'm tired of being on hold

I need to get away no more hallucinating
Get away no more useless information
I need some silence some desolation
I don't mind if I have to drive all through the night

I want empty beaches and desert highways
Only guided by moonlight

To a distant wasteland
Getting lost in the quicksand
Taking me further and further and further and further away

I need to rip the cage and sleep out in the open
Get away from second hand emotions
I need some silence, some desolation
I don't mind if I have to drive all through the night

I want empty beaches and desert highways
Only guided by moonlight

To a distant wasteland
Getting lost in the quicksand
Taking me further and further and further and further away

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Post card skies, endless roads
Backseat love to the rhythm of the radio
It's calling me, pulling me
Like a rope in the sand I know I should've never crossed

To a distant wasteland
Getting lost in the quicksand
Taking me further and further and further and further away

To a distant wasteland (to a distant wasteland)
Getting lost in the quicksand (lost in the quicksand)
Taking me further and further and further and further away