

Pounds and Pounds

Nathaniel Rateliff

And it's out of breath
And it's spinning around,
In love with the sound of it's own voice,

And it's toughest skin has been stretched so thin, it's invisible to us

And if I forget will your hand be soft and guide me through it?
And above all the rest I can't seem to pound my fist in deep enough...

There is no end without you

There is no end without you
There is no sun to keep us warm in the winter
Without you
I am... I am... I am... without you