

Mud

Nicolas Jaar

Come in
Don't leave
Grown man
Can't see

Figures out
He can't be
Sunken with the crown

Old man
I can't see
You're in the way
I can't see me

We must confess
Illusions number time

A drunk man's on the lead
Skies and all bleed
And no one can hear
The cry from the ground

It's something to dig

There's something in the mud
There's something in the mud
There's something in the mud