

Recollections

Night Moves

Gonna take just a trip to feel out what I've been trying to hide
I don't know, how it happened
Gonna glean now a new kind of proof that is likely all I've needed to move
All I know is I can take it
Recollections that I hardly want to be done
All I know is I've been mistaken

... And to think about the times that I could not change, ohhh

Tell me when you want to ride
Throw it all away at times
Hung upon the setting sun
Show me your lies, pale sleaze, blank cry
Anything would be alright
Shuffling through your disguise

Gonna make just a wish to plead that the stillness doesn't come to ring
But that I can paint it

I'm burning out
Well is running dry
Can't imagine why
Showing me truth, salt breeze, clay shrine
Revelation screened
Painted on as though they seem

And it's all of, all of your own
Recollections that I hardly want to be done, all I know is I've been mistaken
And it's all of, all of your own
Recollections that were once seen have been undone
And it's all of, all of your own
All of, all of, on your own