

Drawing Out The Line

Noah Gundersen

Drawing out the gap, picking at the scab now
Making it harder while making it good
Pulling out the line, no compass threads the needle through
Looks like I got my hooks in you, and you got yours, too

Where the light goes somewhere down the corridor
How come I can only love you more after you're gone?
Holding your hand out across the great divide
Getting tangled in the ties that bind
My, oh my

Straight up off the path, kicking up a cloud of dust
Muddying the water fucked my mind
Trying not to laugh, show me where the stitches go
Scattering the ashes, settle our score

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Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm, mm...

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