

Diving

Remo Drive

When the feelings are too much to take
When the ice is certain to break
When your wrists are bleeding blue
And your moods are that color too
Thinking of what I had
Smiling, but still sad
Shaking deep in my bones
Knuckles white, skin growing cold

As I come up for air, I'm sinking down
Own and become with a frown
My friends are all tethered down
I confess the same for myself
Dumping over drinks, send me and shout it out
Shout it out

As I come up for air, I'm sinking down
Own and become with a frown
As I come up for air, I'm sinking down
Own and become with a frown