

Dig Up

Rolling Blackouts Coastal Fever

Down, your face is down
Your eyes are deep as the Mariana
I stand by
Under marigold light, seabirds in flight
Salt on the breeze, crickets for company
Crickets and you

I don't know why you cut me up this way
Putting a cloud on my Saturday
We're down in the hole, we can't just stay
And decorate it tastefully

Fibreglass walls are closing in all around us
I fear the moment's passing us by
Digging up
Blue sky

Here we go again, my best friend
My only one, my Angelina
Hear me, Angelina
I'm deep in my prime, out on the grind for you
Catch of the year, man for all seasons
Would you agree?
And there it goes, our only chance
Look at it shimmer, out in the distance
Say, "Bye, bye, bye"

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