

She's There

Rolling Blackouts Coastal Fever

Touch of her skin like summer rain
She's there, she's there
One bottle in, runnin' through my veins
Her hands are in my hair
I live on the outside of everything
She's there, she's rare
Under the sun, I speak her name
But I can't hear it, I can't hear it

Stuck on the edge, she said
Time, it's a river
Only one way
Down together

I open the letter, but the writing's wrong
I should've done better, but the time rolls on
I open the letter, but the writing's wrong
I should've done better, but the time rolls on

Open a window, in the air
In a mirror, she's there
Every time I speak her name
There's a cold shiver through my veins

Stuck on the edge, she said
Time, it's a river
Only one way
Down together

I open the letter, but the writing's wrong
I should've done better, but the time rolls on
I open the letter, but the writing's wrong
I should've done better, but the time rolls on

All my accidents breathe in time
All my accidents breathe in time
All my accidents breathe in time
All my accidents breathe in time