

Fault Lines

Rosie Tucker

You love the city when you're knee-deep in confetti
One big hazy birthday party on a Sunday
I loved you plenty like I tried to love the city
But my favorite's still the glittering from far away
Okay, okay, okay

I fled the county, headed deep in the Mojave
Where the sky is wide and hungry when the sun's high
I felt the desert dream of where an ocean used to be
I'm drowning in a memory of high tide
Alright, alright, alright

California aches in her tectonic plates
She waits to make a break into the sea
Crying for a quake, mourning empty lakes
Crying without water isn't easy
Ha ooh, ha ooh

I love the city like a homemade house of holies
Like the sidewalk shrine you only ever pass by
And if some summer's eve the tremors bring us to our knees
You'll say you saw it coming in our fault lines
Alright, alright, alright

California coughs, the high is wearing off
She's trying to get by without the rain
When I'm borne aloft to somewhere green and soft
I'll watch the wildfires from an airplane
Ha ooh, I love you like a hillside up in flames