

Clean

Ruston Kelly

One, two
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Born under the thunder
Thrown onto the waves
Told to rise above the clouds
To find my brighter days
I don't remember when it happened
But I remember how it felt
Something slipped away
And I became somebody else

In the summer stars, I see
Someone I used to be
Just a kid again
With the sky in my hands
Flying free

I gave up on El Dorado
So I started painting stones
Lived under a life so big
I shrunk into my clothes
Talking to my shadow
Mumbling in the night
Covered up the windows
'Cause the light would hurt my eyes

And in notebook twenty-three
There's a boy I used to be
Stuck in his head
Picking bugs from his bed
And dying to be free

I ejected from the jungle
Hallelujah, peace at last
But once I got out of the woods
I thought I never would look back
And I hate that it still lingers
And I hate that it's this hard
Longing for the very things
That scare you in the dark

In the creaking door, I hear
Those shadows reappear
They try to pull me in
But now I'm tied to the wind
And I'm blowing out of here

I don't wanna be a preacher
I don't wanna be a saint
I just came here with the word
That you can learn from all the pain
Whatever may be Heaven
However you believe
Something circled in and pulled me out
And I got clean

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