

Blue Stone

Songs: Ohia

Alone or in company, the city makes me nervous
you know i'd rather be
with little Sorrel or your house
or a little bit further
where i'd be standing with my reassurer
such an engine speaks such gear words
a sight for a civillians prayer
an American on the Dorsett shore
runs for it(x3)
to risk the pathetic again tonight
such poverty compells us to perfect our pride
run for it(x3)