

## (Something)

The Microphones

The foggy air around us was blinding  
The foggy sea was loud behind it  
Its foggy breath breathed its water into our lungs  
And we curled up around it  
And we were deafened by the sound of foggy waves' crash  
It's still ringing in my ears  
But my ears and lungs are nothing  
Compared to my eyes, I saw something  
In the sand that swept me off my feet  
Oh, the blow

Oh it's pulling out in tide tows  
And rising back in misty wave throws  
Forever churning up its boiling strength  
And with the faster that the car flies  
Stick your head out of the window  
And find it beating hard and sweet into my face  
And in a moment when time slows  
The air gets so wide and thick  
And fuels a force that blows a hole right through the chest  
Oh, the blow