

## Charcoal Gray Above

The Spill Canvas

Water collects on my eyelashes  
And I am screaming my fears to the charcoal grey above  
And I'll take all the sandles and seashells for myself  
You hands will never, ever touch them

The wind hits the rocks  
The soundtrack to my thoughts  
Just walk away, don't even think about it  
You wouldn't understand if you tried

And all these things belong to me  
The shore and all its beauty  
And as the waves crash over me  
My body is tumbling to the bottom of the sea

And all these things belong to me  
The shore and all it's beauty  
And as the waves crash over me  
My body is tumbling to the bottom of the sea  
I want to sink eternally  
I want to sink eternally  
You're the sand beneath my feet  
The sand beneath my feet

Last, but not least, I will repeat  
You are the sand beneath my feet  
Last, but not least, I will repeat  
You are the sand beneath my feet

Sand beneath my feet  
Sand beneath my feet