

Off a Cliff

The Spill Canvas

If we're all gonna wind up dead
Maybe I should cut my loses; quit while I'm ahead
But you won't let me go. You insist I see the good in me, even
when you don't

Set sail right off a cliff
With no regard to how you carry on if I were to be gone

If, if if, we're all gonna turn to dust
Make sure I'm mixed in with you and I won't put up a fuss since
it's all just in my head.
A friend of me, a little hopeless drawn, erase everything I said

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Rusty joints don't fail me now
Keep me afloat while the dam overflows
One track mind don't turn on me
Conviction so stale, every night I derail

(If we're all gonna turn to dust. If we're all gonna turn to dust.)

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