

Eyes To The Wind

The War on Drugs

I was sailin' down here on the wind
When I met you and I fell away again
Like a train in reverse down a dark road
Carrying the whole load
Just rattling the whole way home

Have you fixed your eyes to the wind?
Will you let it pull you in again?
On the way back in?
I'm a bit run down here at the moment
Let me think about it babe
Let me hold ya

There's a cold wind blowing down my old road
Down the backstreets where the pines grow
Where the river splits the undertows
But I'd be lying to myself if I said that I didn't mind
Leave it hanging on a line
Lost inside my head
Is this the way I'll be denied, again?
So I'll set my eyes to the wind
But it won't be easy
To leave it all again
Just bit run down here

There's just a stranger
Living in me

As you set your eyes to the wind
And you see me pull away again
haven't lost it on a friend
I'm just bit run down here at the moment
Yeah, I'm all alone here
Living in darkness