

Sometimes the Sea

This Is the Kit

What is this, what is this?
This gloominess is so
I saw you, I saw you
But all four shoulders were stone cold
It happens, It happens
Almost every time
I try to hold onto
Things that aren't even mine

A few crumbly bridges
Between you and me
To mend or to move on?
To fix or to flee?
'Cause we used to be brothers
But people leave each other, don't they?
Now I've lost you, I've lost you
We floated away

But my life it is good
And I have what I need
And sometimes the wind
And sometimes the sea
And often the rain
And slightly the sun
And sometimes I sit still
But mostly I run