

## 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