

Blue Drift

White Lies

Here comes that venom, shake and cold
Makes a boy out of big bones
And I am humbled, and I fold over quick
Where dreams grow, rain will fall

I'm in a car I cannot drive
Down the hill to your grace
A broken puppet to the sky as it spins
Oh blue drift, save my face

So sick of my wonder, wanna break my feeling
I'm off my tracks and the wheels are screaming
No now, all future, no hand is healing
I'm on my back and the dark is feeding

I'm in a house built for the dead
Trying to find a window
Once hidden songs weigh down my head
Their tunes all regrets of old heroes

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I'm off my tracks and the wheels are screaming
No now, all future, no hand is healing
I'm on my back and the dark is feeding

Blue drift is taking me home
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This is my friend who never cared
This is my dog that never came home
And I would trade whatever bled
For just to live to new ways and a heart of stone

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