

Confessions

Ziggy Alberts

The lighthouse tower will guide me, I know
But oh, how these sirens have been singin' me these sweet stories
Of a, an ember change to the tones
I drew your freckles from the thumbprints you left
Runnin' your hands up and down my chest
This familiar creak of old wooden floors

Oh, oh, she's got me on my knees like it is Sunday
And I woke up at church
Except your head's laid on my chest and my confessions never hurt
And I can't be your bad boy, love, but I can burn for these sweet amber curves

See, I don't want what I can't have, I want something I can hold to
And it's okay to say there's things that, darlin'
We gotta work through, let it all out

Left side of starboard, true north out at sea
Moving through leeward wind, dingoes howlin' in the cross-shore
Reminds me, love, that it's you I adore
Tell me how I'm supposed to keep
From rippin' the doors off this damn ship that I built
I was out at sea, afloat and overboard

Oh, oh, she's got me on my knees like it is Sunday
And I woke up at church
Except your head's laid on my chest and my confessions never hurt
And I can't be your bad boy, love, but I can burn for these sweet amber curves, ah, ah

See, I don't want what I can't have, I want something I can hold to
And it's okay to say there's things that, darlin'
We gotta work through
Because I don't want what I can't have, I want something I can hold to, mm, mm
But it's okay to say there's things that, darlin'
We gotta work through, let it all out