

Pinnochio

Future Islands

From a hole in the floor -- to a fountain of youth
You stepped to the door -- all your hair in your hands
Wet through the shoes, and the calendar spun
On the porch -- by the moon
Your words trailing off like a fading balloon

Today, you became real
In the quiet light, you stayed
And the child you found, you changed
With your head in your hands, you sang

You sang in deep blues by the window pane
With the whole world crashing into your skull
You found the darkest place to lay your weary head

And you sang Oooh...