

Darling, I

31Knots

More water
So the blood will not boil
setting course for
The crooked straights
Make me smile

The destination
is never where
I want to be

1: 12
Thus what's spoken
Never has
Its own remorse

What I mean is I
offer no, no

Trust

1: 51
Darling, I am letting go
Without a word to justify
'Cause studies show
More than half the time
We move our mouthes, we're full of shit

It's a renaissance of language
A renaissance of language
A renaissance of language
A renaissance

2: 42
More water
So the blood will not boil
open road
Take us in and drive a while

3: 22
A renaissance of language
A renaissance of language
A renaissance of language
A renaissance
We're full of shit
A renaissance