You haven't changed at all
Not much does in a frame on a wall
The paper's tarred and brown
If I hold you too close, you blur
Fearing it will fade away in darkness

So throw it overboard

And the next time we hit shore

I will stay behind

But she's washed up on the shore

Her salty spit her pours so pure

Leaves me choking on the sand

And her waves come in again

And she takes my hand

Gotta hold myself away
By blocking out the light of day
I can't hold you the way that I used to.
A picture you truly are
All legs and suicide
And where there's no room for lies
She lies across the breeze
Calling to me