

Sunsets Over Salt City

Blitz Kids

If I only had a heart or at least some moving parts.
Just enough to keep my engine running on the oil I've got.
If you show me what you are and seal up around my scars,
I will help you slide your jagged edges in amongst my shards.

So take me as I am,
These are the bones that I was born with.

Your eyes look like they've seen too many sunsets,
Your hands feel like they've held too many fires.
And your feet are worn from walking the wrong road too many times,
But that's what makes you beautiful to me, beautiful to me.

If I only knew the way to get through a single day,
Without letting my dark passenger find solace in my space.
A way for heaven scent to cause an argument
Between us both that drains our day of joy and I reset.

So take me as I am,
These are the bones that I was born with.

Your eyes look like they've seen too many sunsets,
Your hands feel like they've held too many fires.
And your feet are worn from walking the wrong road too many times,
But that's what makes you beautiful to me.

I'm done with pretending that I'm ill or worse,
I'm sick of this burden and through with its curse.
And it's time to believe in the man underneath,
Not the boy overcome by his grief.

Your eyes look like they've seen too many sunsets,
Your hands feel like they've held too many fires.
And your feet are worn from walking the wrong road too many times,
But that's what makes you beautiful to me.