

Landslide

Bo Bruce

We're staring at the second hand
And messages from foreign lands.
There's blood on me, there's blood on you
It's killing me, it's killing you.

Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide
All of the time we wasted waiting for the right time.
Huwhoa-oh-whoa
Huwhoa-oh-whoa
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)

If falling rocks should break us They told us that's when we would climb.
The thicker skin could not be moved
But there's blood on me, there's blood on you.

Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide
All of the time we wasted waiting for the right time.
Huwhoa-oh-whoa
Huwhoa-oh-whoa
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)

Call out the is shining
Call out the sky's breaking
Call out the don't Call out the don't
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)
Sinking slowly drifting through this falling landslide
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)
Huwhoa-oh-whoa
Huwhoa-oh-whoa
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)