

Hollow High

Christopher Dallman

I remember when this thing
Was so fresh and new
I remember when this wasn't just
Something to do to get through
Something just to get through

I was fifteen, I think
In the woods a few trees deep
Back behind my parent's house
While they were fast asleep, I took the leap
And the slope of the day seemed less steep

This sweet smoke it pulls me gently
Like a sunlit lullaby
Floats me soundless through this city
I'm a moonless midnight sky
But every night there's one breath
Where I see it's a hollow high
A hollow high
A hollow high

And now here we are
And this dark, gilded ride
Has left me on this sofa
So blank and nullified
And emptier, emptier on the inside

I'm a quarter way through
I'm not old but older
And my stroked of blue
Paint on longer and bolder
As time rushes on
I keep writing the same song

This sweet smoke it pulls me gently
Like a sunlit lullaby
Floats me soundless through this city
I'm a moonless midnight sky
But every night there's one breath
Where I see it's a hollow high
A hollow high
A hollow high

And it's so much sadder than it seems
I sleep at night but have no dreams
I sleep at night but it's no break
Aint so different than when I'm awake