

# 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