

# Ashes, Ashes

Deaf Havana

I was getting sick of the traffic and all of the tickets I couldn't pay  
So I sold my car and took the bus back to the corner of Churchfield Way  
Where I lost myself in the faces of people I swear I'd met before  
It felt like my own feet were someone else's, I couldn't work straight anymore

If we drive away to the places I love the most  
When my lungs collapse and my heart turns black  
I'll give my ashes to the coast

I found myself in a fishbowl and I didn't leave my house for a month  
What's the point in trying in conversation if you don't have the strength to talk?  
But it's alright I said, I'll stay here and lie away for days  
And count the spiders on the ceiling, until my mind withers away

If we drive away to the places I love the most  
When my lungs collapse and my heart turns black  
I'll give my ashes to the coast

And I hope that I would see your face again, and I hope that you would be alright,  
And if I could find a leg to stand on, or something, maybe I could take control of my own life  
And if I could find a leg to stand on, or something, maybe I could take control of my own life

If we drive away to the places I love the most  
When my lungs collapse and my heart turns black  
I'll give my ashes to the coast

Give my ashes to the coast  
Give my ashes to the coast  
Give my ashes to the coast  
Give my ashes to the coast