

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
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