

Carving Oswego

Elliott

So this is how it is without your love.
So this is perfectly fitting that I sense your body rising up.
You're a comfort to taste but I wake to no one there.
So you're tracing over all these curves cut in you.
So you traced then all to me.
And I'm afraid that it's out on me and it's all so clear now.
The word is out on me that I'll finally be found.

Somebody's tracing over,
Somebody's dragging over,
Somebody's tracing over me.

This is how it is without you.
You are the tap that's reaching me.
Volcano eyes that keep me warm I turn for heat but I wake to no
one there.
So you've traced my number.
So you've gathered it all up.
So you're catching up to me.
Tracing on the line that made me free.