

Old Friend

Future Islands

I whisper the tongue like an old friend
I cherish my time here alone
I wait in the eyes of the passing nights,
To help me laugh brushfires again
By the swallows sleeve, I'm a new hand
Cutting out the shapes that burn me
I can touch the mouths of these child gods
And these true minds that hurt man

And the will will go up
To the crashing sails
And the crushing wails
Of my old pan
This wind screams while I'm asleep
And dreams that these white eyes
Will smile again

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To the crashing sails
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I take to the road like an old man
I cherish my time here alone
I process the lines of the passing lights
Losing myself, I change my plans

By the western walls, I'm a cursed hand
By the eastern seas, I'm hardly wrong
I can swing myself down from these trees
When I crave a glimpse of weary sands

I whisper the tongue like an old friend
I cherish my time here alone
I swing myself down from these trees
To help me laugh brushfires again