

# Pinnochio

Future Islands

From a hole in the floor -- to a fountain of youth  
You stepped to the door -- all your hair in your hands  
Wet through the shoes, and the calendar spun  
On the porch -- by the moon  
Your words trailing off like a fading balloon

Today, you became real  
In the quiet light, you stayed  
And the child you found, you changed  
With your head in your hands, you sang

You sang in deep blues by the window pane  
With the whole world crashing into your skull  
You found the darkest place to lay your weary head

And you sang Oooh...