

## White Noise

Gaz Coombes

I'm walking over shaky ground  
I'm going to stay behind you  
But I'm sinking in the quicksand from the start  
We're the kings of dead ends, we are the ones  
Always descending  
Just treading water after dark

I'm always trying to tell you  
I've got problems  
That I can't work out  
I'm always trying to tell you  
I get lonely  
And you're all I've got

The morning sun is waking me in waves  
A two fingered gesture  
I won't second guess her anymore  
And all the broken pieces washed up on the beach  
Somehow remind me  
Are those days still out of reach?

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