All Points

James Vincent McMorrow

In the canyon I was started young. In the ocean, in the valley
run. There was hope that time would disappear, in the smoke and
 when the valley clears.

And I think about the cold air. I've been thinking about cold a
ir.

And I was (I was) in the dark. I was (I was) in the dark, I was
. (x2)

In imaginary destiny, reached the palms and stretched around th
e skin. Every breath that echoes endlessly, every point to ever
 let it leave.

Still I'm thinking of the cold air, always thinking of the cold
 air.

And I was (I was) in the dark. I was (I was) in the dark, I was
. (x2)

Tripping the call, distance is you. Lifting it out, we kept it
with odds. Thinking the motion that been hurt. Setting in a fir
e I can't stand the dark. Spilling in to fallness of it all.

And I've been thinking bout the cold air, always thinking of th
e cold air.

And I was in the dark. I was in the dark, I was. (x2)