

Harbor

Matt Nathanson

My idols are cracking
And breaking apart, piece by piece
I brush their dust off my pedestal
And through the cloud I've kicked up
I can just make out your face

In a world of plastic people
I know you're real
I know you're real

I'm just a confused child
A ball of raw emotion
Shouting my hollow threats at you
I'll kick and I'll scream and I'll call you names
But when my storm blows over
You'll always hold me the same

In a world full of bullshit emotions
I know you feel, I know you feel

I can fall far away from my judgments
I can fall far away from my ignorance
When you cradle me in your arms
When you cradle me in your arms

In a world of plastic people
I know you're real, I know you're real
In a world of bullshit emotions
I know you feel, I know you feel
I do, I do

Under blankets, under the shelter of your skin
You warm me from within
Under blankets, under the shelter of your skin
You warm me from within
Under blankets, under the shelter of your skin
I never want to leave your arms
For this long again