

now you're pressing them farther than you thought they'd  
go  
i've lost my mark, it's best to let go  
the salt's between us as it sticks in the folds  
we side in the swell, we both have to know

\*which side are you on  
i won't be here that long  
off the rail it's awfully stale  
i'd never thought that i'd turn down the offer to fail

watch them get smaller to the shore in the cold  
arms hold me up, the legs kick a hole

she is the comfort ,somehow brings me in  
the sands to stand, we don't have to know

which side are you on  
i won't be here that long  
we rise in the swell  
we rise in the swell  
off the rail it's awfully stale  
i'd never thought that i'd turn down the offer to fail