

Landslide

Matt Webb

I'm looking at you on deck for a landslide
All skyline blue and car crash white
Long moved away from where I should be
I still struggle deep into the night
Hear an impact sound
A dirty ballpark ground
I can let this bruise
I can hate the news

In the middle of your bloodshot eyes
I see you long for the summer
When all the time in the world was yours
And the rest never mattered
I can see through the middle your sorry eyes
That always change their colour
That saying goodbye don't mean what it used to
Stuck beneath a landslide

In your hands I see your lifeline
Twist and turn, you're rough all right
Tip toeing back to where I should be
I struggle deep into the night
Hear an impact sound
Don't turn around
I can let this bruise
I can hate the news

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