

Contact was questioned from the boulevard.  
Head colds in frozen weeks of summer holds.  
I'm fine, I'm fine I'm waiting on the line.  
We sent ourselves in on the gray card scale

Hold my hand,  
Storms are sand.  
And sand is said,  
To be sad.

Longwinded Cambridge medicative care.  
Head first the motor runs, the motor must run!  
They confiscated every accident,  
And turned ourselves in on our selfish turns

With visitations from the underwhelmed,  
Five years she fears to hold my broken head.  
Why were you gone? Why were you gone so long?  
She is the reason that I still believe...

Hold my hand,  
Storms are sand.  
And sand is said,  
To be sad.

Cover your eyes in the pouring rain  
Cover your eyes, everyone is all the same  
Cover your eyes in the pouring rain  
Cover your eyes, everyone is all the same

Far away.  
Far away.  
Far away.