

Nine-eight

Pale Forest

Big screen
Wide promises
not worth keeping
Would you even think of how I felt

In the dark
your hand in mine
not worth the weeping
Your hand on my chest

That big old ship sinking
like you and I

Let's call it over
let's call it over now
let's call it over

Walking home
your biggest show
not worth a night sleeping
Our arms entwined in life

That big old ship sinking
like you and I