

Wouldn't it be nice if we were close
But pretending that we were could kill the ghost
Maybe I cooperate
But I'm done
That's not breaking news
You cannot turn the volume down
As you choose

Somewhere in a house across the sea
Maybe in a distant memory
Now and then you reappear
Out of nowhere
Like some ricochet
Now you wait against the current in
Our old bay

Shimmering underneath the sea
Sentimental echoes spark my memory
Hard to make believe nothing means anything to me

Rehashing the wounded patriarch
On a tattered throne with a broken heart
From a home where you don't earn your stripes
You have to demand your rights
But you'll never win
If you try

But in some corridor
Flickers a poor stubborn light
I can't put it out
Or burn it down
I cannot turn this ship around, around

We're almost emptied out
Sentimental echoes, cynical with doubt
Hard to make believe nothing means anything to me