

I cut corners on the carpets now.
I danced quarters on the windowsill.
The summer left me to a different fate.
This drastic urge will take some time to find its weight.
I run head on into traffic in the afternoon.
I log the longest miles alone at night inside my room.
Where all directions lead right back to me;
all my ambitions swim like driftwood through
my dark sea of sleep.
And it'll take some time but the dawn will come,
yeah the tide will rise.
Her eyes swelled up in the bars of soft lights. I drank and
watched her laugh and then we sang out loud in the dying
streets. And I was so drunk my heart floated
like a feather in the breeze.
I got so high off all the blinking lights,
the colors painted in the night.
Midsummer Classic blue and gold-
Our City casts it's shadow.
The kettle boil heads for a roll.
Sundowning's never getting old.
And underneath this crooked moon
I can smell the night begin to bloom,
the northern wind will change again
and my geography will bend back and forth
across the map until I reach the end.
And it'll take some time.
But the dawn will come-
yeah the tide will rise.