

Walking Blind

The Lost Trailers

Tide keeps creeping, squeezing me to row.
Sad surrender of the summertime of my soul.
Water will you wash me down and away.
Carry me home, to the place where I need to lay.
Carry you there and halfway here again.
Trying to freeze-frame, when the second hand seems to spin.
I wonder can you tell me how to keep on flowing to then from now.

There's a quiet and a rest,
It ain't that bad, but far from the best,
And my dream keeps getting pulled away from me.
And the time I wait will be my time to tell
If I'm walking blind or if I'm running well,
And my dream keeps getting pulled away from me.

Rain crash harder, leave a ripple on my front page.
Flood rise higher to drown out my age.
Wave break down over me; send me walking to where I need to be.

There's a quiet and a rest,
It ain't that bad, but far from the best,
And my dream keeps getting pulled away from me.
And the time I waste will be my time to tell
If I'm walking blind or if I'm running well,
And my dream keeps getting pulled away from me.