

## Off a Cliff

### The Spill Canvas

If we're all gonna wind up dead  
Maybe I should cut my loses; quit while I'm ahead  
But you won't let me go. You insist I see the good in me, even  
when you don't

Set sail right off a cliff  
With no regard to how you carry on if I were to be gone

If, if if, we're all gonna turn to dust  
Make sure I'm mixed in with you and I won't put up a fuss since  
it's all just in my head.  
A friend of me, a little hopeless drawn, erase everything I said

Set sail right off a cliff  
With no regard to how you carry on if I were to be gone  
Set sail right off a cliff  
With no regard to how you carry on if I were to be gone

Rusty joints don't fail me now  
Keep me afloat while the dam overflows  
One track mind don't turn on me  
Conviction so stale, every night I derail

(If we're all gonna turn to dust. If we're all gonna turn to dust.)

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