

The Thinnest Of Maps

Weatherbox

It's midday in the town
All the people drive around
With the cars that they afford
With the gold in their drawers
You need money to get you by
You need anything to get you high
You don't eat or sleep or talk
And you've been drinking around the clock
Pills and boats and suns
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake
Bays and grains of sand
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake
I found you in between
My skin and the sheets
Tonight I'm selling clothes
Tonight I'm coming home
Pills and boats and suns
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake
Bays and grains of sand
You're selling clothes

I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake
The thinnest
The thinnest of maps
The thinnest
The thinnest of maps
The thinnest
The thinnest
Pills and boats and suns
I'm selling clothes
I'm coming home
(What child here has crossed this road?)
And bays and grains of sand
You're selling clothes
I'm sailing home
(What fish world has sunk this boat?)
The thinnest
The thinnest of maps
The thinnest
The thinnest of maps
Threads and vines and glass
You're selling clothes
I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake
Pills and boats and suns
You're selling clothes

I'm coming home
I'm wide awake
I'm wide awake