

Titus Was Born

Young the Giant

Titus was born
Under the eye of a storm
Rainwater carried his bed
Around the world and back again
Oh, all the things he had seen
Life is a dream
Drifting at sea
It's so hard to believe

And so, Titus would grow
Taller and strong as an oak
Rainwater stuck in his head
It filled him with words left unsaid
Of all the things he might be
Drifting at sea
At night he would dream

Of all stumps at bay
To wash the pain away
Rain's falling
Falling on you

And the stone he was driving
Washing away
All the trees on the island
Rainwater, rainwater
In the eye there was a silence
But he washed it away
Crashing rocks by the sirens
It's falling on you

Rainwater, rainwater
It's falling on you

And the stone he was driving
Washing away
All the trees on the island
Rainwater, rainwater
In the eye there was a silence
But he washed it away
Crashing rocks by the sirens
It's falling on you

Rainwater, rainwater
Flow on the inside of you
The rainwater's falling on you
Falling on you