

# A Loss For Words, Wrightsville Beach

Paint a picture as we're walking on the street, a collage of paint, cement and steam. Just like Deja.  
[Chorus] Let the waves crash down. They'll swallow all of us and wash away those memories we tried to hold on to.  
How did we get so damn far by ignoring everything? You were the sand beneath my feet, eroded by time.  
[Chorus]  
All I ever wanted was a cool, dry place to rest my bones. Not to drift along with this current forever.  
[Chorus]