

Aereogramme, Living Backwards

I'm dead in the water,
A silhouette turning over, I'll wait for you here.

And I keep forgetting,
Where I meant to be, oh so far, yet, oh so near.

So tell me, just what are these gifts that you bring?
This life is amazing, the colors keep changing.
And I'm sure we shouldn't be wasting away.
My rotting history will find its place.
So don't go so cold. So don't go so cold.

I'll not be afraid
it's taken this long
to come back again

and this time I suffer
the fate of another
a ship full of bones
and all things considered

I walked with my hands held out
I walked with my hands held out to you and all that's good.

and I'm sure, we shouldn't be wasting away.

Living backwards, I'm living backwards...