

Matt Pond PA, Measure Four

those sailors came again tonight
they measured everything in sight
they took the last peace of my mind
i'm fading back into the sea
you won't even hear me breathe
it takes a step and then it dies

every time you want a story
i come off so drunk and boring

we've wasted the idea of the sun
you ought to catch the light and run
you have to blame someone
those sailors came again tonight
they measured everything in sight
they took the last peace of my mind

every time you want a story
i come off so drunk and boring

and a promise you to tell the truth
i promise you to tell the truth