

Art Of Fighting, Sycamore & Sand

there's a place I know of in the western state
lost to any map that you can find
streets are made of cobble getting older
houses fade like coal after a fire
I don't know where I'm going
somewhere I don't need to have a plan
I don't know who I'm fighting now
anyone who falls across my hand
say no more, I'm gone
and who is emptier than who?
still you're waiting there against the black
just to see me coming back
but I don't think I'm likely to do that
I'm gonna be so different if you find me
you wont even realise I'm your man
slow and sure the coast will redefine me
turn me into sycamore and sand
I don't know where I'm going
somewhere where the water meets the land
I don't know why your troubling now
nobody can change who I now am
say no more, I'm gone
and who is emptier than who?
still you're waiting there against the black
just to see me coming back
but I don't think I'm likely to do that
no I don't think I'm likely to do that