Bell X1, Offshore

You haven't changed at all
Not much does in a frame on a wall
The paper's tarred and brown
If I hold you too close, you blur
Fearing it will fade away in darkness

So throw it overboard
And the next time we hit shore
I will stay behind
But she's washed up on the shore
Her salty spit her pours so pure
Leaves me choking on the sand
And her waves come in again
And she takes my hand

Gotta hold myself away
By blocking out the light of day
I can't hold you the way that I used to.
A picture you truly are
All legs and suicide
And where there's no room for lies
She lies across the breeze
Calling to me
Calling to me