

Colour Revolt, Mattresses Underwater

There are places
Some of us can't face yet
And even though we see it
We just swear God's sleeping
So we say,

"Ash to ash, dust to dust,
We're all gonna die so we have to
trust in something"
though we know it'd be nothing
but it's gotta be something

Now we mean it
in our homes where we're sleeping
We call it mattresses underwater but the gutters are seeping
So we say,

"Ask and ask and we'll return
The same old favors till its our own turn"
We got ash in our pockets and dust in the urn,
Another forty years for you
And yours to learn

Love was made like a ship at bay, never to see waves
We'll probably all crash anyway

When we see it we don't believe it
We've got our faces made for smiling, but we are weeping
We got ash in our pockets and dirt in the urn
Another forty years for you and yours to learn
You say, "all you ever talk about is dying and it's getting so old"

And we say, "love was made
Like a book or a page just ripped out but we never read anyway"
And you say "love was made like a ship at bay never to see waves"
We should probably get used to it, but we don't

Now I see it...

She's got her hands in her pockets and she's walking around
She's got a face made for smiling but she's making a frown
She says, "all you ever talk about is letting us down
If you ever see me dying, just put me in the ground"