

# Echobelly, Point Dume

Drove yourself to the end  
To the Point of Dume  
On the summer breeze

Broken sails on the shore  
Like the wayward bones  
Of the way you were

Out of time, out of choice  
Like the lines from the songs  
You used to know

Where are the Wilson brothers?  
Endless summers?  
Midnight drifters?  
All gone too deep

Drove yourself to the edge  
To the Point of Dume  
No-one to hold you here

Sold your highs for the lows  
From the valley to the coast  
You used to know

Where are the Wilson brothers?  
Endless summers?  
Midnight drifters?  
All gone too deep

Where do they go?  
Where do they go from here?