

# Gryner Emm, The Good You Make

Hide up high by the landslide  
Sirens don't make it to Heysham  
This time of year empty time of day  
Drain away the maze OK  
No one needs to say a word  
Burn the M6 and forget the world  
Nothing underneath the dark sky needs to  
Pull you down or kill the sound of  
The good you make  
It's a word you say  
There are some times that you save me  
It's a soundwave shape  
It's a myth you break  
There are some times that you save me  
Digging down deep for the answers  
Dropped my tears in the Cherwell  
In the name of you and your whispering moves  
And your point of view  
No one needs to come around  
I sang myself high back to town  
Nothing underneath the dark sky needs to  
Pull you down or kill the sound of  
When the legion of plasticine men floods the sky  
I hold on tight  
You'll find me in one of your famous trees  
It's all I need  
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