

# Guillemots, Clarion

All the notebooks in the world can never hold the lives I hold  
But I've gotta make them real  
It's like covering a bird in solid steel  
All of these thoughts that I conceal  
Through silence

All the hearts in this red world can never hold the love I hold  
But I'm throwing it away  
It's like swimming in oceans made of clay  
Swimming in circles 'round the bay  
So blindly

Well feed me out to the lions  
My hearts a lion  
Feed me out to the lions

well I make excuses pass the buck  
I play the crowd but it's down to me not luck  
When the lights are on

The dreaming clouds they're living in  
They try to hide their master fear  
But their tears they catch on fire  
And as they drop they dance with my desire  
Don't think a plane could get much higher  
(plane could get much higher)  
Higher than I do

Just on imagination, just on hope  
Just on the thought that you will someday have a face  
Give me a beat and real sound  
Maybe some feet will reach cold ground  
To find you

Well feed me out to the lions  
If I say this one more time  
Feed me out to the lions

I beg, I hope, I wish, I pray  
But that's not gonna send me on my way  
When the lights come on