

Hot Water Music, The Ebb And Flow

I get deflated thinking about this now
but i've got got so far away
from where I thought I would be
and this town with it's burning air
and downpour everyday is weighing hard on me.
But I can't fight the ebb and flow,
it's still pulling me.

And shifting all the time,
the ebb and flow pulling me with it,
asking me all the time to give into it.

I'm equating this town
as this thing that defines me
but where I go I still will be.
And i'm wrong so long as I remain
letting the past hold on to me,
letting myself get lost in it.
But I can't fight the ebb and flow,
it's still pulling me.

And shifting all the time,
the ebb and flow pulling me with it,
asking me all the time to give into it.