

# Johnathan Rice, Behind The Frontlines

Behind The Frontlines

Blue light of morning palm trees in rows  
The end of my affair with the west coast  
I was already dressed when she opened her mouth  
And decided to give up the ghost  
Helicopters the coast guard and radar screens  
All the haunted and lonely technology  
I&#039;ll cut all my times with the dead and the dying  
I have been wasting my time  
In need of a substance to steady my hands  
I&#039;m gonna make the most of this day&#039;s plans  
Falling in love with the shivering engines  
Falling in love with the prettiest sound

I&#039;m on your side  
Behind the frontlines

A tear in the fabric that no one could see  
But your heart was always unraveling  
I gathered the twine as it trailed from behind  
And collected it all in my coat  
The Pacific Ocean you claim as your own  
The vineyard the graveyard the grapes and the bones  
Falling in love with the weight of the water  
Falling in love with the taste of the ghost

I&#039;m on your side  
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On drugs in the dark with the one I love  
That my friends is where I wish I was  
Tied up in twine with the dead and the dying  
And dragging back home under her control  
She&#039;s looking for someone to settle her debts  
And I always settle for the silhouettes  
Falling in love with some back lighted stranger  
Falling in love and going into the red

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