

Matt Pond PA, Devil In The Water

Tonight the sounds are from the ceiling
they turned up to be a floor
strained on muffled conversations
the eyes hesitate for more

laying low but not escaping
find by contrast what is free
hear reminders in the spacing
the time when it is hard to breathe

the sun on the street
looks good to me
burning and gold
for a while it's hard to see where we come from

let's go to the sea
take memory
buried in sand
'til the tide comes in and drowns it

no one's pulling up the floorboards
to find out how we can stand
stop throwing salt outside the windows
looking hard to see it land

the sun on the street
looks good to me
burning and yellow
for a while it's hard to see where we come from

let's go to the sea
take memory
buried in sand
'til the tide comes in and drowns it

no one knows what anybody knows
no one knows what they're thinking about
spend our time guessing, spend it all
spend our time guessing, spend it all

when it's over, why can't it be gone...