

Matthew Ryan, Drift

hitting it hard hitting it long
up all night trying to write this song
there's no way that you'll forget what i said
there's no way you'll forgive me
look at that slow southern sun
hover and burn over everyone
cool air that blows just rattles the vent
i've only always said what i thought i meant
i'm inclined to give up this time
i'm inclined to drift or crawl
postcards use short words
deserted lovers got what they deserved
only wish that you had turned to say
"it's all right i'll still love you anyway"
watch that crow as it floats from view
radio towers and dark hills drift
photographs are pinned and stretched across
every promise i broke every smile you lost
i'm inclined to give up this time
i'm inclined to drift or crawl