

Nada Surf, Sea Knows When

sea knows when
shy of blue getting through
dodging pain from me and you
it's my cave, my last ideal to put the bed out in the hall
we're diving now
we're plotting charts and finding faults
we're making lists down in the vaults
i have no angel to watch me fall
sky of blue and i told you
that i don't know how i should do
i wrote it down, i threw it out
now i find i'm left without
and the sea knows when it's going to end