

# New Atlantic, Wire And Stone

Separate back down to what we were.  
An overcoat, barely holding out the cold.  
Like wearing your insides,  
I have lost the light in you.

I'd like to take you around to that old place.  
The streets and the sounds and the love.  
Dividing fields with wire and stone.

And i have lost. and i have lost.  
(we'll make it better when we're holding on tonight.)

Separate now, back down to what we were.  
I know that i want to. and i know that i want you.  
And i have lost.