

Noah Kahan, Halloween

I'm sailing away to a place I'm afraid of
The dawn isn't here
The sun hasn't rose

I'm drinking my days with the coastal longshoreman
They got money to make
And children back home

And the last that I heard you were down in New Orleans
Working your days at the print

I drink 'till I drown and I smoke 'till I'm burning
Your hands are all over my scent

I worry for you
You worry for me
And it's fine if we know we won't change

Collect every dream
In these old empty pockets
And hope that I'll need them some day

But the wreckage of you I no longer reside in
The bridges have long since been burnt
The ash of the home that I started the fire
It starts to return to the earth
I'm leaving this town and I'm changing my address
I know that you'll come if you want
It's not Halloween but the ghost you dressed up as
Sure knows how to haunt
Yeah you know how to haunt

It's an Ode to the hole that I've found myself stuck in
A song for the grave that I've dug

There's a murder of crows in the low light off Boston
And I see your face in each one

I'm losing myself in the tiniest objects
I'm seeing my life on a screen

I'm hearing your voice in a strange foreign language
If only I learned how to speak

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I know that you fear that I'm wicked and weary
I know that you're fearing the end
But I only tell truth when I'm sure that I'm lying
So I'm setting sail once again