

# Pale Forest, Nine-Eight

Big screen  
Wide promises  
not worth keeping  
Would you even think of how I felt

In the dark  
your hand in mine  
not worth the weeping  
Your hand on my chest

That big old ship sinking  
like you and I

Let's call it over  
let's call it over now  
let's call it over

Walking home  
your biggest show  
not worth a night sleeping  
Our arms entwined in life

That big old ship sinking  
like you and I