

Psapp, Dirt Is Falling

Leave our things
Leave them wrapped in dust
Protect our things
Wrapped in a film of us

Touch them sometimes
To remind them whose they are
And let the layers build up
Dirt is falling in the dark

Commit them to bags
And filthy frames
As your air blows past them
Sometimes whisper their names

Touch them sometimes
To remind them whose they are
And let the layers build up
Dirt is falling in the dark

I fell out of pace
I favoured newness over you
Yet I still like to think
That our things are always true

Touch them sometimes
To remind them whose they are
And let the layers build up
Dirt is falling in the dark

This is just a hiccup
In a bigger sea of plan
Oh, I sit here, I sway
To preserve what I can