

The Hoodies, Surface

You know the things I've never told.
All the bad dreams and the good times I have known.
I can see the fire in your eyes.
It burned bluer the moment it met mine.
And tell me where you're from, and are your motives pure?
Fancy meeting such a lovely face like yours.
And I'd love to hold you in my arms.
You've got your mother's smile.
And I'd love to surface where you are.
Seems it's been many miles.
You've got the simplest little tell.
It's telling me everything I need to know
before we get to "tell me what's your name?"
And what are you gunning for?
Fancy meeting such a tortured soul like yours.
And I'd love to hold you in my arms.
You've got your mother's smile.
And I'd love to surface where you are.
Seems it's been many miles.
And call me reckless now
but don't you let that light go out.
It's the only thing helping me see.
And hold on to what's left,
lock it up inside your chest.
A treasure, for whoever sets you free.
And I'd love to hold you in my arms.
You've got your mother's smile.
And I'd love to surface where you are.
Seems it's been many miles.
I always watch you when you're sleeping with memories.
Outside your conscience glows, so white and clean.
You've got your golden halo.
I've got my eyes shut tight.
You're never out of mind, just out of sight