

# White Lies, Blue Drift

Here comes that venom, shake and cold  
Makes a boy out of big bones  
And I am humbled, and I fold over quick  
Where dreams grow, rain will fall

I'm in a car I cannot drive  
Down the hill to your grace  
A broken puppet to the sky as it spins  
Oh blue drift, save my face

So sick of my wonder, wanna break my feeling  
I'm off my tracks and the wheels are screaming  
No now, all future, no hand is healing  
I'm on my back and the dark is feeding

I'm in a house built for the dead  
Trying to find a window  
Once hidden songs weight down my head  
Their tunes all regrets of old heroes

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I'm off my tracks and the wheels are screaming  
No now, all future, no hand is healing  
I'm on my back and the dark is feeding

Blue drift is taking me home  
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This is my friend who never cared  
This is my dog that never came home  
And I would trade whatever bled  
For just to live to new ways and a heart of stone

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